APRIL 13, 1946 10c

Liberty

CIT
By
Bool

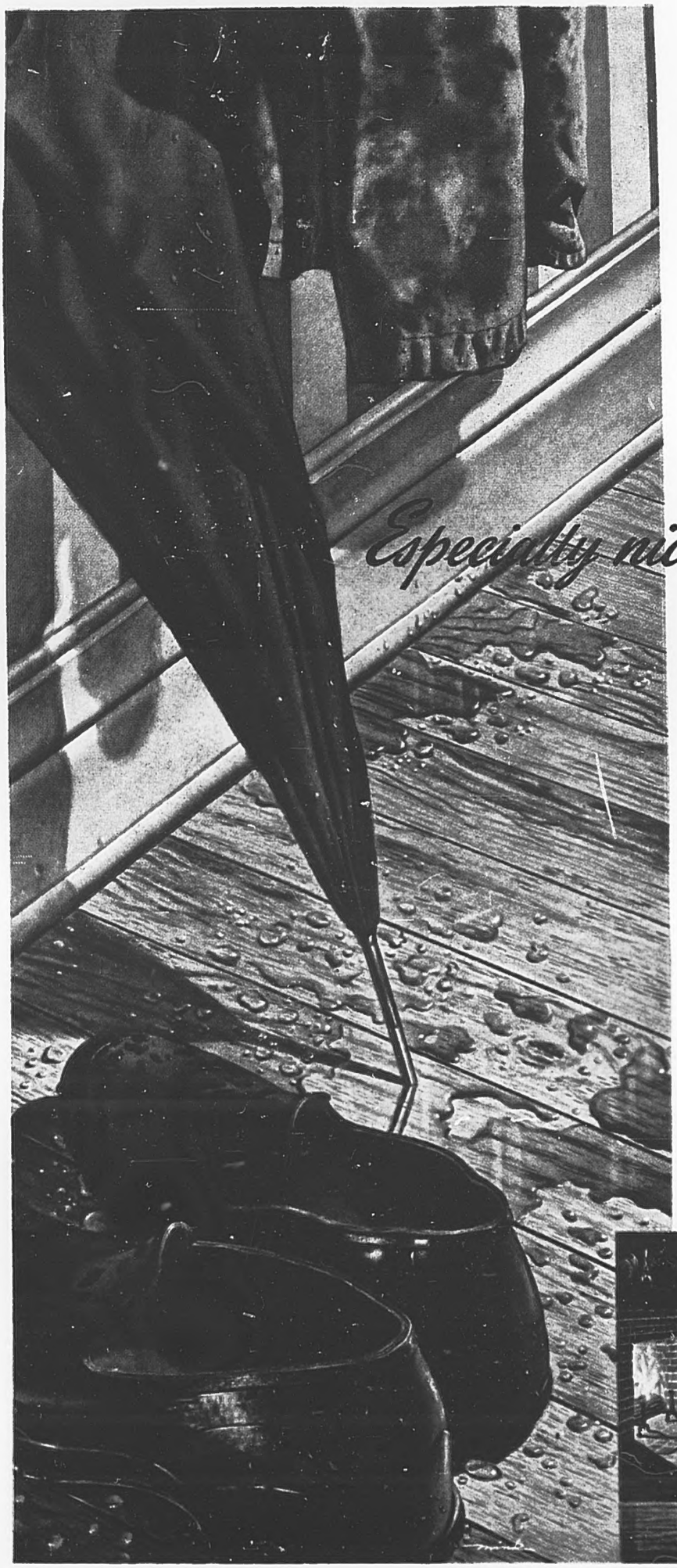
2/8/7
JOS TOOKER
460 W 34 ST
NEW YORK N Y
A x 2/16

BY ERNST LOTHAR

True and tender chronicle of a happy childhood

THE UNFORGOTTEN MAN

Born January 30, 1882 — Died April 12, 1945



Especially nice
After a nasty day
Is that highball coming soon.

For the whiskey and ice
Always seem to play
A pleasant and cheerful tune.

H. E. Kelley

Especially nice after a nasty day

There's a touch-of-quality about Old Thompson that makes it really something to look forward to. That's because this whiskey is blended in Kentucky by Glenmore in the inimitable Glenmore way. Pour Old Thompson in that pre-dinner drink and reach the height of highball enjoyment.

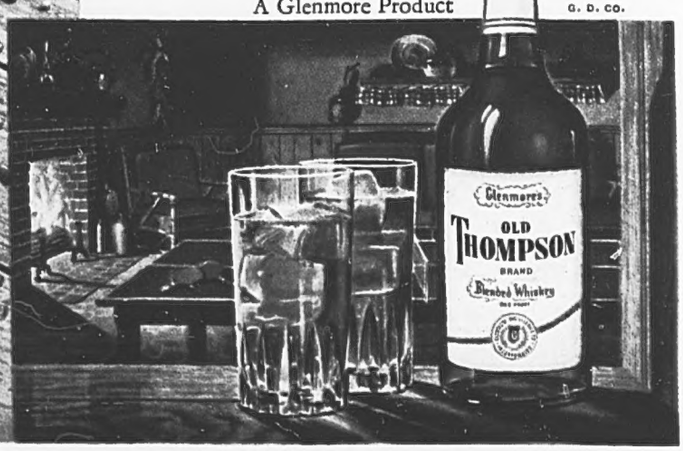
Blended Whiskey—86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits

Glenmore Distilleries Company, Inc.
Louisville, Kentucky

OLD THOMPSON
Blended Whiskey BRAND

A Glenmore Product

© 1946 G. D. CO.



A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

"Didn't your teacher know anything, Mommy?"

DAUGHTER: Didn't she even know about gum massage, Mommy? Didn't she? In school we—

MOTHER: Princess-Face, you're my daughter and I love you. Only sometimes . . .

DAUGHTER: But Momm-mmee! You brush your teeth with Ipana but you don't massage your gums with it! You—

MOTHER: Stop squeaking!

DAUGHTER: But teacher says soft foods don't give your gums enough exercise and so everybody should massage their gums after they brush their teeth because healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth, and—

MOTHER: She says that?

DAUGHTER: Yes, Mommy, because she says otherwise gums might get flabby and tender. That's what we learn at school. Yes, and see that "pink" on your tooth brush, Mommy? Well—

MOTHER: And I used to call you my Bundle from Heaven! What about it?

DAUGHTER: Mommy, you should've seen the dentist about a week ago when you first saw it! You should've, you *know* you should've!

Ipana and Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers

PRINCESS-FACE may be a little on the officious side . . . but she's one of the millions of school-children today who know more about modern dental care than their parents. In thousands of classrooms all over the country, teachers are explaining the need for gum massage . . . its importance to sound gums and bright teeth.

And backing these teachers up, a national survey shows that 7 out of 10 dentists approve this routine—recommending regular gum massage.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," don't ignore its warning. Make a date to *see your dentist right away*. He may tell you that your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage," as so many dentists do.

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is designed to help the gums. So you can see why a nationwide survey shows that more than twice as many dentists personally use Ipana as any other dentifrice.

TODAY'S

Motorola

RADIO WILL FIT & MATCH

THE CAR YOU DRIVE

TOMORROW!

Motorola is specifically designed to Fit and Match the car you're now driving . . . but more than that, Motorola is easily and quickly transferred from car to car. Here is the radio for your car that is so good it has become the standard for comparison in car radio.

Motorola delivers broadcast voice or music with living room richness and quality. It plays under the most difficult conditions . . . where ordinary radios often fail completely. No need to wait . . . have your Motorola installed right away.

Look in your classified telephone directory for a nearby Motorola dealer.

ORIGINATORS OF THE FAMOUS "HANDIE TALKIE"

Motorola AUTO Radio

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO 51

In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Edward Maher, Editor

Associates

Jim Bishop, *Executive Editor*
William E. Rae, *Articles*
Kathryn Bourne, *Fiction*
Helen Greenwood, *Books*
David Brown, *Mss. Editor*
Sid L. Hydeman, *Art*
Lee Pasquin, *Management*
Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood*
Stacy V. Jones, *Washington*
Carlton C. Porter, *Photo Editor*

★ ARTICLES

Citizen Sinatra, *Paul Gallico* 15
These Curious Careers, *Oscar Schisgall* 16
Those Flying Windmills, *Harland Manchester* 18
What's Coming in the Movies, *Elizabeth Wilson* 20
Cub Room in Tokyo, *Victor Boesen* 22

★ STORIES

I'll Marry You Then—Short Short, *Jay Wilson* 26
Big-Time Operation—Part I, *Mitchell Wilson* 28
Fall Guy, *Edwin Rutt* 30
Pink Lady, *James Ronald* 32

★ PICTURES

The Camera Eye 24

★ BOOK CONDENSATION

The Door Opens—*Ernst Lothar's deep and touching record of Vienna childhood—abridged to a reading time of one evening.* 35

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
On the Beam 13
Books in Review 50
Crossword Puzzle 50
Veterans' Bulletin Board 63
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary 64
Liberty Goes to the Movies 72
Woman-Talk 74
The Thropp Family 78

★ EDITORIAL

Are We Talking Ourselves Into War? *Paul Hunter* 82

Cover: The Unforgotten Man

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

President, Floyd B. Odlum; *Executive Vice-President*, Paul Hunter; *Vice-Presidents*, Homer Rockwell, Lester Tunison; *Sec. and Treas.*, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; A. J. Cutler, *Circulation Director*

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, April 13, 1946, Vol. 23, No. 15. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1946, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

FOR YOUR LIBRARY

Free copies

as a new member of the

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Grimms' Fairy Tales

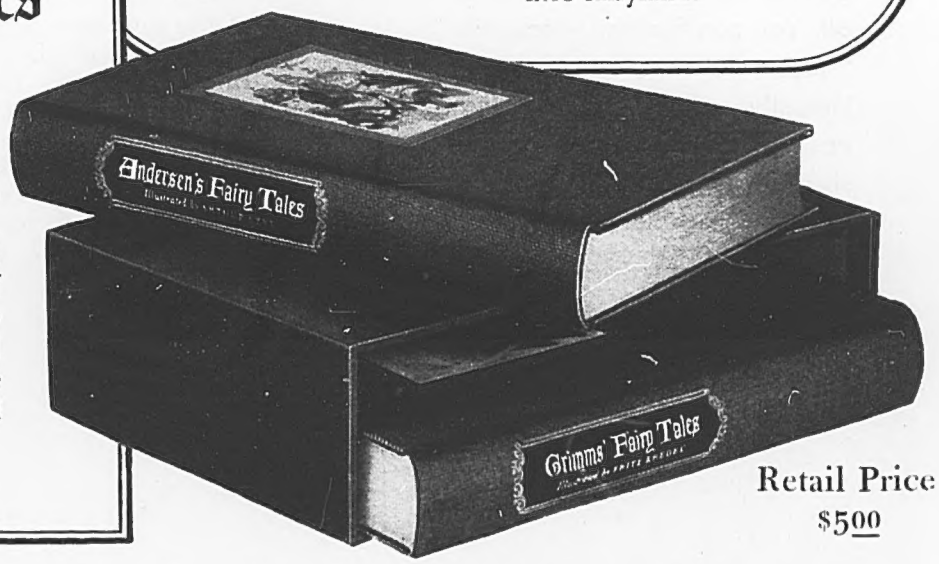
Illustrated by Fritz Kredel

IN the tales of the Brothers Grimm, the child and adult meet on common ground. Here, vividly retold, is the folklore which in itself is the very story of humankind. Mr. Kredel's many beautiful water-colors, and delicate and fanciful line drawings, are magic casements opening into fairyland.

Andersen's Fairy Tales

Illustrated by Arthur Szyk

THE tales of Hans Christian Andersen appeal forever to the essential child in all of us. Now Arthur Szyk has illustrated this new edition with a wealth of color and fancy. *Andersen's Fairy Tales* has always been a household necessity; Mr. Szyk has made the present edition a household treasure.

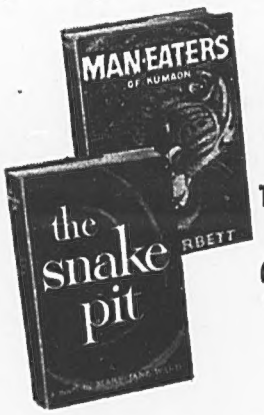


Retail Price
$5.00

THE KIND OF BOOKS CHOSEN BY THE CLUB'S FIVE JUDGES

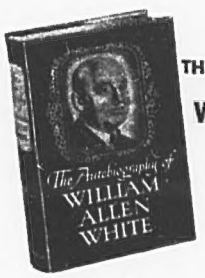
Begin your subscription **WITH ANY ONE OF THEM**

ARCH OF TRIUMPH
BY ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
Price to members
$2.75



MAN-EATERS OF KUMAON
BY JIM CORBETT
and
THE SNAKE PIT
BY MARY JANE WARD
(double selection)
Combined price to members
$3.00

BRIDESHEAD REVISITED
BY EVELYN WAUGH
$2.50



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Price to members
$3.00

TO JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

SIGNING and mailing the coupon enrolls you. You pay no fixed sum as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and obligate yourself for no fixed term. *You pay for each book as you receive it,* no more than the publisher's retail price, and frequently much less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and other mailing expenses.)

As a member you receive a careful prepublication report about each book-of-the-month (and at the same time reports about all other important new books). If you want the book-of-the-month, you let it come. If not, you specify some other book you want, or simply write, "Send me nothing." With every two books-of-the-month you buy, you receive, free, a valuable book-dividend like the two books offered above. Last year the retail value of books given to Club members was over $9,000,000.

Your only obligation as a member is to buy no fewer than four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period, and you can cancel your subscription any time after doing so. (*Prices are slightly higher in Canada.*)

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB A844
385 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive free copies of ANDERSENS'S FAIRY TALES and GRIMMS' FAIRY TALES, and for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month from the Club each full year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

Name.....
Please Print Plainly

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (if any) .....

State.....

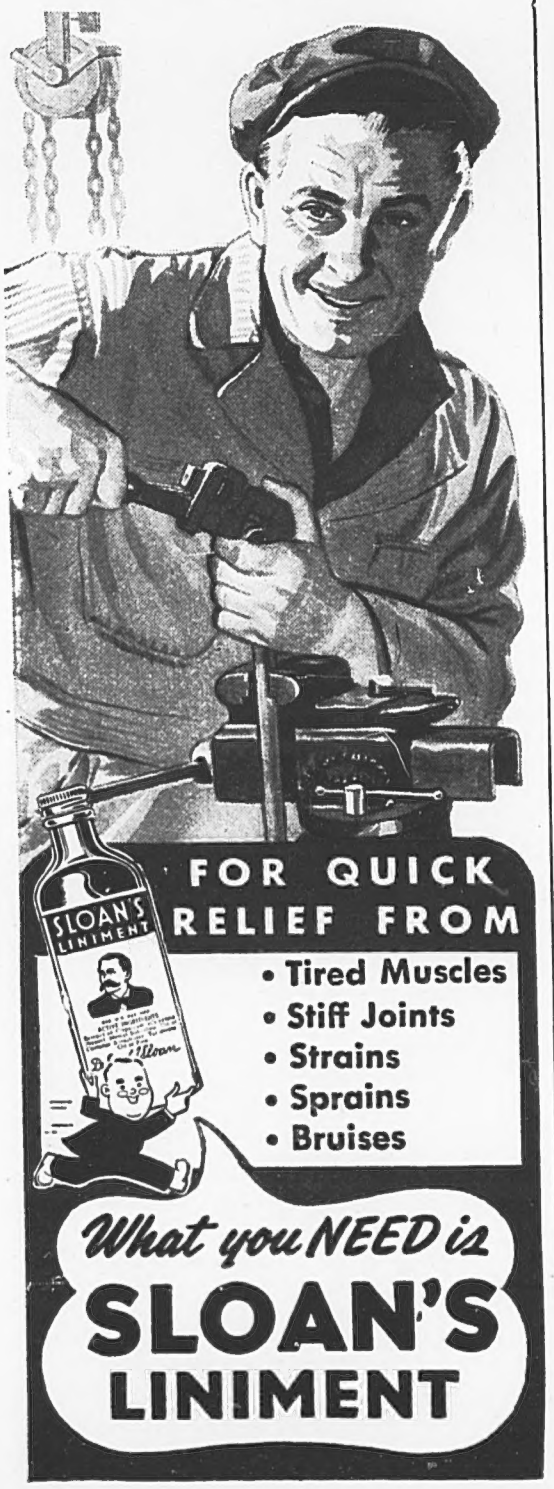
Begin My Subscription With.....
(choose one of the selections shown above)

.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Limited.

Hardworking MUSCLES rely on SLOAN'S

Why suffer the torture of muscle soreness! Take the tested way to quick relief — just pat on *Sloan's Liniment*, pat out muscular aches and pains. No slow, painful rubbing, *no trouble at all*. You can feel this wonderful "heat treatment" go to work instantly—stimulating, relaxing, easing that nagging pain. Your simple way to solid comfort.



VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

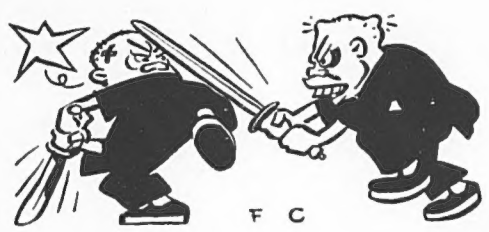
DON'T DISTURB THE DEAD

DAYTON, OHIO—I have just read Sgt. P. F. E.'s gripe in Vox Pop (January 12) about returning the bodies of soldiers to this country. He says in part: "Senator Hill is basing all of his facts and figures on what wives and families want."

That's not true. I am the mother of one of the eighteen-year-old boys killed in the Bulge. Does the sergeant think I want his broken body disturbed? I believe I express the sentiments of the majority when I say, "Emphatically no!" The idea was hatched by one more vulture with an idea of getting rich on the profits of such a deal.—*Mrs. G. B. W.*

HANDS OFF

WILKINSBURG, PA.—I think that Sgt. D. W. P., who writes in Vox Pop (February 16) that the United States won China's war for her, is mistaken. True, the U. S. A. provided China



with armaments and supplies, according to lend-lease. But she had also granted millions of tons of gasoline and scrap iron to the "wonderful military machine" of Japan, who returned it in a sneak attack on Pearl Harbor.

The civil war in China is a fight of political thought and reforms, which may be compared with the American Civil War. If the U. S. A. is to direct China's activities, as Sgt. D. W. P. suggests, the Chinese will have a right to think the U. S. A. is no better than Japan, because that is what Japan tried to do for years. —*P. K. S.*

LET THE MAJORITY RULE

AUBURN, CALIF.—The vicious race hatred in the letter by H. P. (Vox Pop, February 16) is the very essence of Fascism. H. P. seems much disturbed that states with a large majority of Negro voters might be governed by Negroes, if democracy were allowed to invade the South. And pray tell me, H. P., what is democracy, if it isn't rule by the majority? What divine power endows the "proud old families" with the right to rule over another people? And what worse condemnation can one find of that selfsame rule than H. P.'s own words that in this modern age the South permits a majority of its people to be uneducated and poverty-ridden?—*Jerome Koch.*

REBUTTAL

TRINIDAD, COLO.—I think the letter by Leavonia Thompson (Vox Pop, February 9) is one of the rudest I have ever read. If she, as a Negro, doesn't like the South, let her stay away.

It makes me boil that an American could have such a lowly opinion of the South. Nothing can beat the South where good living is concerned.—*Mary Belle Thompson.*

NO MONOPOLY

PROVO, UTAH—I disagree with Stanley Frank, who states in his article—Poor Little Big Guys, (February 23)—that the big player is monopolizing the game of basketball.

No one man can beat a well-coached team that has a fast break, intelligence, and sufficient intestinal fortitude.

However, I have a suggestion for the Rules Committee: No player, while in the act of shooting a field goal, may have his hand or hands above the plane of the top of the basket.—*Dan B. Dougherty.*

WHO'S MISTREATED?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—That letter from E. S. Cathriner in Vox Pop (March 2) made me laugh. The poor land-

lords, he says; they're victims of so much injustice and high-handed politics.

What about the underhand tricks that the poor tenants are subjected

(*Continued on page 8*)

"Don't you dare drive that car!"

Sharp with anxiety, the voice of Bob Ryan's wife arrested him as he opened the garage door. She knew that Bob had neglected to get auto insurance. And she knew from an experience in her own family that one auto accident could cost them their home . . . mortgage Bob's salary for years to come.

Does Your Auto Insurance Really Protect?

Yes, auto insurance is vitally important—and it's equally important to have the *right kind*. That's why State Farm Mutual pioneered such features as double-the-usual public liability and property damage insurance . . . liberal medical pay . . . 80% collision coverage! Today you and your family can be protected against virtually every loss which may occur as the result of owning and driving an auto.

Under State Farm's famous "More for Your Money" insurance plan, the cost of adequate protection is so low no driver can afford to be without it. No wonder State Farm Mutual is the world's largest auto insurance company! More than 1,200,000 policyholders share its benefits. And, wherever you might drive into trouble, one of State Farm's 6000 agents in the U. S. and Canada is at your service. Contact your State Farm Agent today. He'll show you why all auto insurance is NOT alike . . . how State Farm Mutual's is different in ways that benefit you!

YOU MAY SAVE 3 WAYS WHEN YOU BUY YOUR NEXT CAR! Through the STATE FARM BANK PLAN you (1) save on the purchase price; (2) save by borrowing from a cooperating bank and avoiding high "finance charges;" (3) save on insurance. See your friendly State Farm Agent today or write State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois for address of agent near you. Also, secure *FREE BOOKLET* which describes this 3-way savings plan. It also gives you basic facts about life, fire, auto, personal and residence liability insurance.

See Your State Farm Agent Before You Finance Your Next Car

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

Pacific Coast Office: Berkeley, Calif.

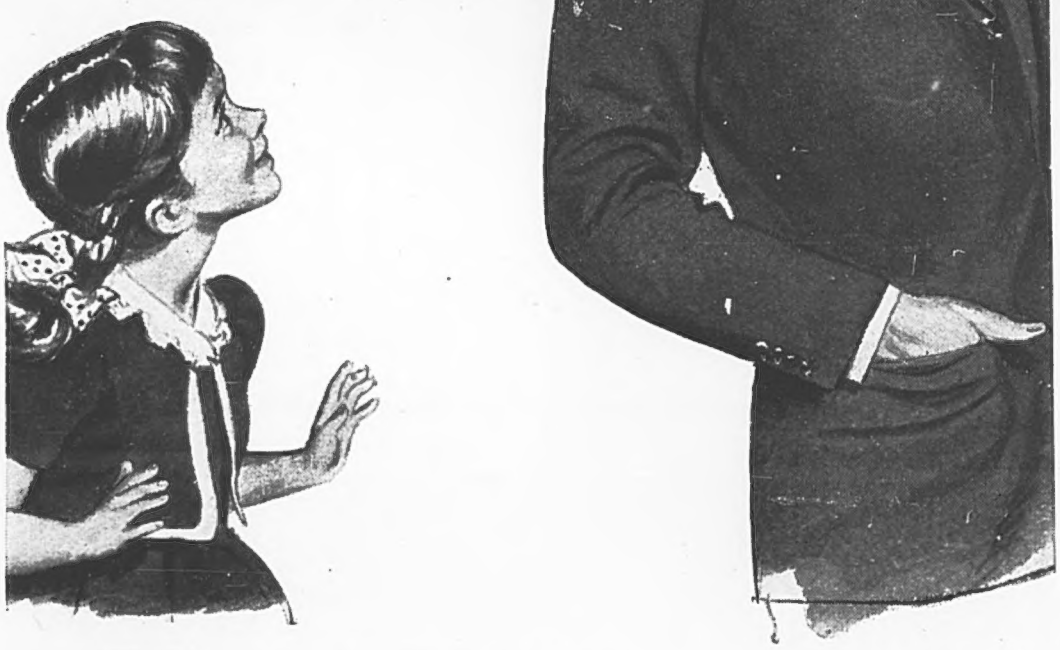
Canadian Office: Toronto, Canada

Now, a minute'll make you the handsomest man you've been in years!

In just 60 short seconds, Son, you can now get all the scalp-tingling stimulation, the Hollywood-Here-I-Come good looks that you've missed all these years! BECAUSE . . .

Vitalis

and the "60-second workout" are back!



Yes, Vitalis is back! Now you can get *genuine* Vitalis at your nearest drug counter. Get some today . . . and start tomorrow with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." Treat yourself to the handsomest head of hair you've had for months and months!

Vitalis and the "60-second workout"

Just one minute to look magnificent! 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your tight, dry scalp (this routs loose dandruff, prevents dryness, helps retard excessive falling hair.)

Now . . . 10 seconds to comb, and look at you! Ever think you could look *that* good? Get that Vitalis today!

Product of Bristol-Myers

(*Continued from page 6*)

to? In order to rent an apartment, they have to buy furniture (worth about $25) for $500, they don't get enough heat, or their iceboxes are on the blink and are never fixed. And those are only a few of the dodges.

If they complain to the OPA in order to get what's due them, their landlords will either rent the apartment to someone else, or make it so uncomfortable for them that they have to get out. So they grin and bear it, because if they don't, they'll be sleeping on a park bench.

No, sir, you can't get me to shed any tears for the poor misunderstood landlord.—*Ben Steiver.*

WHAT SCARCITY?

TUCSON, ARIZ.—The bright boy who compiled the information concerning the scarcity of males in these United States must have had his tongue in his cheek. Divorces, instead of being on the decline, seem to be on the increase. And, as far as I can see, there's no lack of seconds to take the places of the ousted spouses.—*D. G. Hinson.*

VERDICT—SPANK 'EM

ALLENTOWN, PA.—One of the most poignant questions of the day is juvenile delinquency, especially among teen-age girls. Forums and discussions of the question are absurd. All

the understanding judges in the world won't do as much good as one judge who orders these girls' fathers to administer a sound spanking in the presence of the court, and to continue the same treatment when they get home.—*George Bostrom.*

LOOK TO THE PRESENT

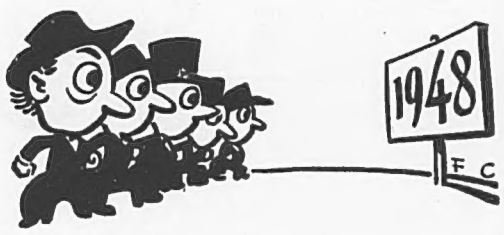
ANDERSON, IND.—I have no desire to dispute the facts as reported by Mrs. E. W. H. of Agawam, Massachusetts, who in Vox Pop (February 23) defends Britain's recent war contributions. But it is still well known that if it were not for the Cliveden Set in England and the investments that were held in Germany by such highly placed people as the late (and I do mean late) Mr. Chamberlain, who signed the pact at Munich, this war could have been nipped in the bud as far back as 1937, when Germany started supporting Franco in Spain.

Of course America is guilty on that score too, because if we in America had insisted that we join with Britain in economic sanctions at that time, there wouldn't have been any chestnuts for us to pull out of the fire.

It is too late now to fuss about who pulled out whose chestnuts, but we had better find out the facts about what is going on NOW in Argentina and in Spain, where most of the trouble started before. Let's not dilly-dally again while those who like war start another one by lying about Russia or any other country. Those who helped us to win the war are our friends. But if we are to remain friends, Britain had better keep her promises better than she is doing today in Palestine.—*Mrs. Dan Rossin.*

THE TIME IS NOW

BOSTON, MASS.—The year 1948 is a long time away, but that doesn't



seem to bother the politicians. Already the big news is whether Truman is going to run again, or whether Dewey is going to lead the Republicans to victory. Stassen is making speeches with an obvious eye on the Presidential nomination, and armchair strategists are pointing to Chester Bowles, Jimmy Byrnes, and President Conant of Harvard. It's all pretty silly, it seems to me. If we'd concentrate on the problems of the present and come up with a few sensible solutions, 1948 would take care of itself.—*Howard Curvane.*

COROLLARY

DES MOINES, IOWA—For one of your fillers (March 2) you quote Frank Vanderlip: "A conservative is a man who does not think that anything should be done for the first time."

Here's my corollary to that: "A progressive is a man who does not think that anything was ever done right."—*Ben R. Vardaman.*

CUT THE PSYCHOSES

KANSAS CITY, MO.—What goes on in Hollywood lately? Have they gotten bored with all the normal people or have the normal people turned into a bunch of neurotics? Every time I go to the movies, the hero or heroine has killed his brother or somebody and is having nightmares

(*Continued on page 10*)

Here's why most Farmers prefer Champion

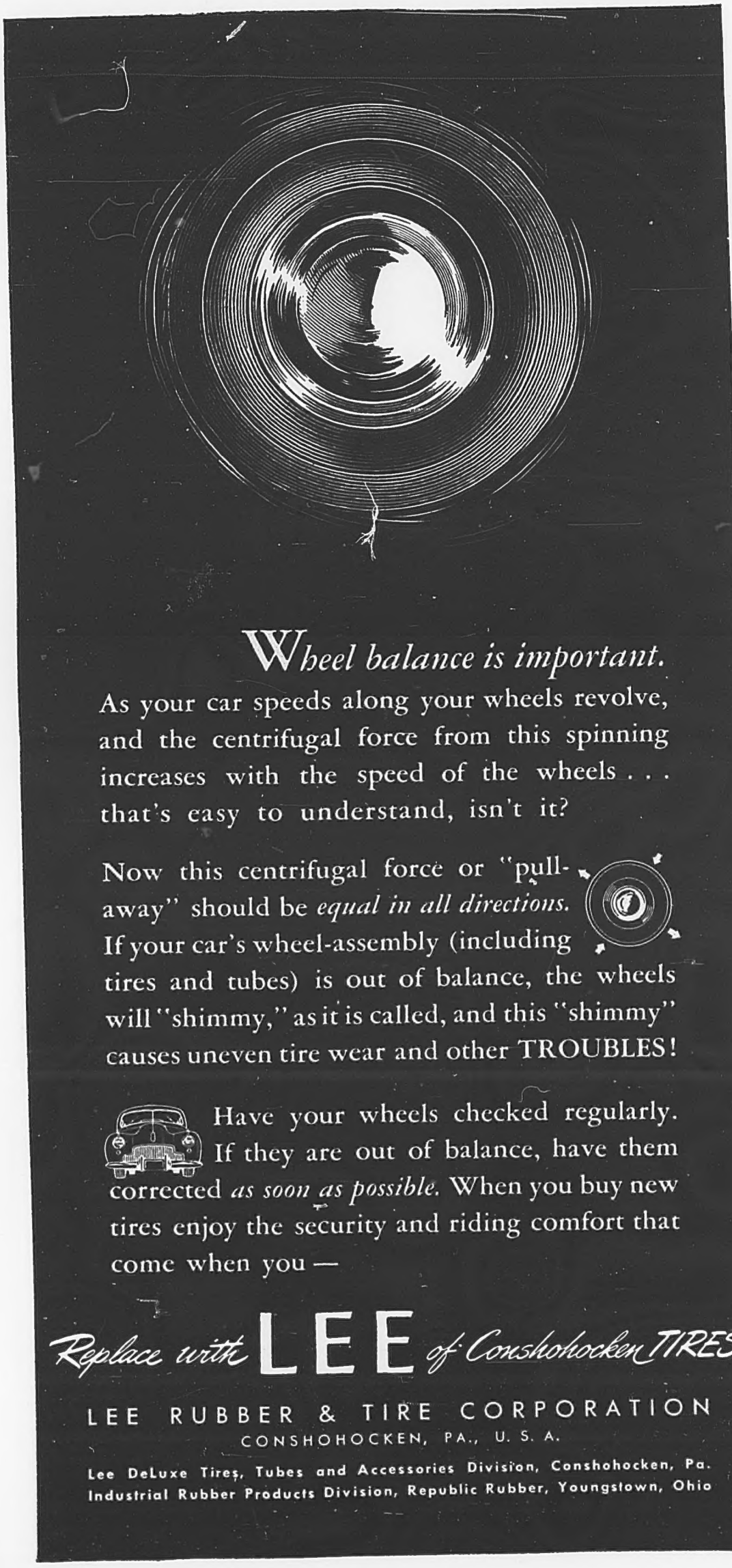
SPARK PLUGS...

THEY'RE DEPENDABLE!

The American farmer is by far the most proficient user of cars, trucks, tractors and stationary engines. As such he is a qualified expert on engine performance.

Survey after survey has proved that farmers prefer Champion Spark Plugs in overwhelming majority—powerful evidence that you can depend on Champions for better performance in every engine. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, O.

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS . . . DEMAND DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS


Wheel balance is important.
As your car speeds along your wheels revolve, and the centrifugal force from this spinning increases with the speed of the wheels . . . that's easy to understand, isn't it?
Now this centrifugal force or "pull-away" should be *equal in all directions.* If your car's wheel-assembly (including tires and tubes) is out of balance, the wheels will "shimmy," as it is called, and this "shimmy" causes uneven tire wear and other TROUBLES!
Have your wheels checked regularly. If they are out of balance, have them corrected *as soon as possible.* When you buy new tires enjoy the security and riding comfort that come when you —
Replace with LEE of Conshohocken TIRES
LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA., U. S. A.
Lee DeLuxe Tires, Tubes and Accessories Division, Conshohocken, Pa.
Industrial Rubber Products Division, Republic Rubber, Youngstown, Ohio

(*Continued from page 9*)

about some skeleton in the closet. And then there's a long period of psychoanalysis, during which fantastic dreams come to life and the dear, dead past is shown to have warped the career and personality of our protagonist.

I'm sick and tired of all this psychological rigmarole. Why doesn't Hollywood get wise and give us some pictures of people like you and me? —*Angela Tyrone.*

GO WEST OR NORTH, YOUNG MAN

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—As an ex-G.I. who was stationed in various spots in the South, I resent the current influx of advertisements which urge the public to "come to the beautiful South" on vacations. For my part,

I wouldn't be caught dead within a hundred miles of the Mason-Dixon line.

During the war, servicemen paid full prices for the movies and all entertainment, and were given to understand that hotels wanted civilian clientele only.

My advice to anyone who's scouting around for a vacation spot now is—go west or north, young man, but stay out of the South.—*Peter Barge.*

REMEMBER THE FACTS

GRANTS PASS, ORE.—Mrs. Earl Carmine (Vox Pop, February 16) wants us to do away with the causes of war, but not to mention atrocities because such talk only breeds hatred.

Nonsense! It was Germany who burned the books which taught them to scorn hatred and who tried to teach hatred of all non-Aryans. We mustn't forget that.

The more atrocities we hear about, the better. Maybe that will keep the people hep to the facts.—*J. J. Summers.*

THEY'RE NOT HEROES

ST. PAUL, MINN.—I have just read the article, What Happens When People Starve, by Herbert S. Zim (February 16), and I disapprove. The experiment is no doubt of the very best, but making heroes of conscientious objectors seems a little too much to take.—*Walter Bromerick.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

SCIENCE EXPERT

HARLAND MANCHESTER, author of **THOSE FLYING WINDMILLS** (see page 18), could use a helicopter himself. When he's not catching his breath in New York, or hibernating on his farm in Vermont, he's poking into research centers and production plants throughout the country—observing new machines and methods and interviewing scientists, inventors, and engineers. Time and again he's scooped the field with his articles on aircraft, electronics, plastics, and communications. An ex-newspaperman turned science writer, he's recognized as a topnotcher in his field.

A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP

WHEN Mitchell Wilson got married five years ago, Liberty gave him a wedding present—a check for the serialization of his first novel. And we've been friends ever since. His latest is the two-part story, **BIG-TIME OPERATION**, which starts in this week's issue. The thirty-two-year-old author is an experimental physicist, until recently in charge of the research department for a big corporation. He's also the father of a host of short stories, three novels, and a daughter. His last book, None So Blind, has been snapped up by RKO as a vehicle for Joan Bennett.

NEXT WEEK

CAN civilized man survive the atomic age? Can he find some way to avert disaster, or is he going downhill to his doom? In **LAST CALL FOR WORLD PEACE**, Senator Joseph H. Ball sounds a grim warning, tempering it with advice on how to keep the world safe for our children. . . . Unlike Topsy, **THE GILDED EASTER LILY** doesn't grow. If carefully nurtured it coins money, too. Jean Muir takes a look at Oregon, where a fantastic, flash boom in bulbs is turning back yards into gold mines. . . . In the short story, **SKULDUGGERY**, Marjorie Carleton spins a rib-tickling yarn about an anthropologist, a blonde, and a human skull. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, **ONE ANGEL LESS**, by H. W. Roden, is a fast-moving murder mystery, packed with action, horror, and love linked with danger.

If your car feels like *this*...it's time for

MARFAK Chassis Lubrication

THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

If your car feels weary and worn, especially over rough pavement, change to *Marfak* Chassis Lubrication. It's made to give you cushiony driving ease from one lube job to the next — not for just a couple of hundred miles but for at least 1,000! Tough, shock-resisting, *Marfak* resists squeeze-out. Applied by chart, never by chance. Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car "that *Marfak* feeling" now!

You're welcome at

TEXACO DEALERS

FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

SKY CHIEF GASOLINE

HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

MARFAK LUBRICATION

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Tune in the TEXACO STAR THEATRE starring KENNY BAKER Sunday nights — Consult newspapers for time and station

Of Topmost Choice

One sip of **OLD TAYLOR** and you'll see how truly this noble bourbon follows the finest tradition of Kentucky distilling. Here is the embodiment of generations of skilled effort—here are mellowness, bouquet, and flavor found only under Kentucky's most honored labels. Take that sip now and see why **OLD TAYLOR** so richly deserves the place it holds among bourbons *of topmost choice.*

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Bottled in Bond—
100 Proof

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Confused about transatlantic air service? No wonder! There's been such a lot of publicity. Here are plain facts to straighten you out

THERE are three U. S. air lines flying to Europe today. In addition, British Overseas Airways and SILA, the Swedish intercontinental air line (and soon to be joined by the Danes), are flying regular schedules to Baltimore and New York respectively.

The three U. S. carriers are Pan American World Airways, American Overseas Airlines (formerly American Export Airlines) and TWA, which is now being called Trans World Airlines.

Pan American is flying a daily landplane schedule from New York to Eire (Ireland), whence transfer is made for other points in Europe. As soon as the rate question is ironed out (perhaps by the time this appears in print), PAA will fly into London, and its service should soon be extended from London to Brussels and to Prague. Later this route will continue through the Balkans to India.

Pan American also has a southern route, at this writing not operating because of rate difficulties with the French. It goes to Bermuda, the Azores, Lisbon, Barcelona, and to Marseille. The Azores will be open to commercial traffic within a month or two. The Barcelona Airport should be available for use by spring. Bermuda, Lisbon, and Marseille are O.K.

American Overseas Airlines, which got under way first with a full complement of schedules to Europe, is flying every day from one or more U. S. big-city terminals to Eire and thence to London, except that every Friday one of the planes skips Eire and goes direct to Copenhagen and Stockholm, offering the first U. S.-to-Scandinavia service and reciprocating with the Scandinavian service to this country.

As of February 19, American Overseas was to start serving Amsterdam, the Netherlands, and shortly to begin a regular service to Berlin and Warsaw. American has been carrying good traffic loads.

The third carrier, TWA, has inaugurated Constellation service from Washington and New York to Paris, the first U. S. air-line service to that important capital. By the time this appears in print, TWA will doubtless be flying to Cairo, Egypt, via Rome and Athens, and will have to stop at Geneva, Switzerland, as soon as the airport there is enlarged. In due course TWA will have a southern operation via the Azores to Madrid, on to Egypt via North African points, and thence on to India. TWA's traffic to and from Paris will be very heavy this year. The business to Egypt should also be good.

Both Pan American and British Overseas Airways are flying frequent trips to Bermuda. No passports are required, and the fares are low. Then Pan American has an every-other-week flight to Leopoldville, Belgian Congo, via Lisbon, Dakar, and Monrovia. It is an important route for business trips, but isn't recommended —not yet—for tourists.

Who is flying to Europe these days? Primarily business and government people. You have to have a good reason to go in order to get a passport. Visas are needed from countries to be visited. But gradually the State Department restrictions are being removed, and one of these days the tourist will find that Europe is an easy overnight trip, inexpensive and comfortable.

Republic's new XF-12 Army photo reconnaissance plane, forerunner of the Republic Rainbow which bids fair to be the fastest passenger-transport plane in the world.

14 KARAT GOLD POINT (Extra large for strength)
IRIDIUM TIPPED —for smoother writing and longer wear
QUICK STARTING —even flow
FILLS AT A SINGLE STROKE
Hard to believe
SMART COLORS —deep pocket clip
LIGHT WEIGHT —perfect balance
A quality pen with all this for only
$3.50
Yours for years ...with every essential writing feature of pens costing twice as much!
VENUS
by the makers of the famous VENUS Pencils
AMERICAN PENCIL COMPANY

Next time you leave your car for service

1

Remember to have your lights checked

Next time you leave your car for service—an oil change, for example, be sure to ask for a check-up of your car lighting. A recent survey shows that one out of four cars has one or more essential lamps burned out.

Your headlamp may need to be replaced, or you may be driving with a burned-out stop light or license plate marker and not even know it! For safety's sake, why not find out?

Cutaway view

2

Get G-E, the lamp that *does not grow dim!*

You enjoy "new-car" lighting all the time by using headlamps that *do not grow dim!* Road and laboratory tests prove that the average General Electric Sealed Beam Lamp maintains 99 per cent of its original light output right up to the end of lamp life.

Take advantage of this improvement in car lighting next time you need a headlamp. Be sure to ask for a General Electric "All-Glass" Sealed Beam Lamp—the strong, rugged lamp that *does not grow dim!*

"ALL-GLASS" SEALED BEAM

G-E LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Crooning into a microphone is one thing, but to lay your career on the line, as Frank Sinatra has, in a one-man war on intolerance calls for a fighting heart. He has it

Citizen Sinatra

BY PAUL GALLICO

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Here's Sinatra in that famous Gary speech—before the mayor jumped on him.

EARLY last November there was a strike of students at Froebel High School in Gary, Indiana. White boys were striking against the presence of Negroes in their classes. Racial tension ran high and there was danger of the strike spreading to five other high schools in Gary. At the invitation of a committee of a parents' group organization and the Youth Builders of America, Frank Sinatra, the radio and movie singer, went to Gary at his own expense to talk to the youngsters and try to persuade them to go back to school.

On November 3, a brief Associated Press story appeared in the New York Herald Tribune under the headline "Plea by Sinatra Fails to End Strike in School." The concluding paragraphs of the story read as follows:

"Mayor Joseph Finerty told of a talk with Mr. Sinatra before the singer left the city. The Mayor said he gave the singer a 'dressing down' for some of his remarks at the student meeting.

"The Mayor said Mr. Sinatra had indulged in 'some personalities.' He added that he told Mr. Sinatra that although his motives were appreciated, his remarks were 'most unfortunate,' and were 'a disservice to the cause and the community.'"

Out of the curiosity of an ex-newspaperman, I became interested in finding out the nature of the remarks that caused the worthy mayor to give Mr. Sinatra a "dressing down." I went after the information myself, and later in this story I will give it to you.

But to appreciate the incident you first have to know something about Sinatra. Not the Sinatra everybody knows—the wistful and anemic-looking crooner whose mooings into a microphone whip teen-agers and bobby-soxers into frenzies of hysteria. I mean Citizen Sinatra, 135 pounds of leather-tough fighting man who, singlehanded and at the risk of his career, is out in front to combat racial bigotry.

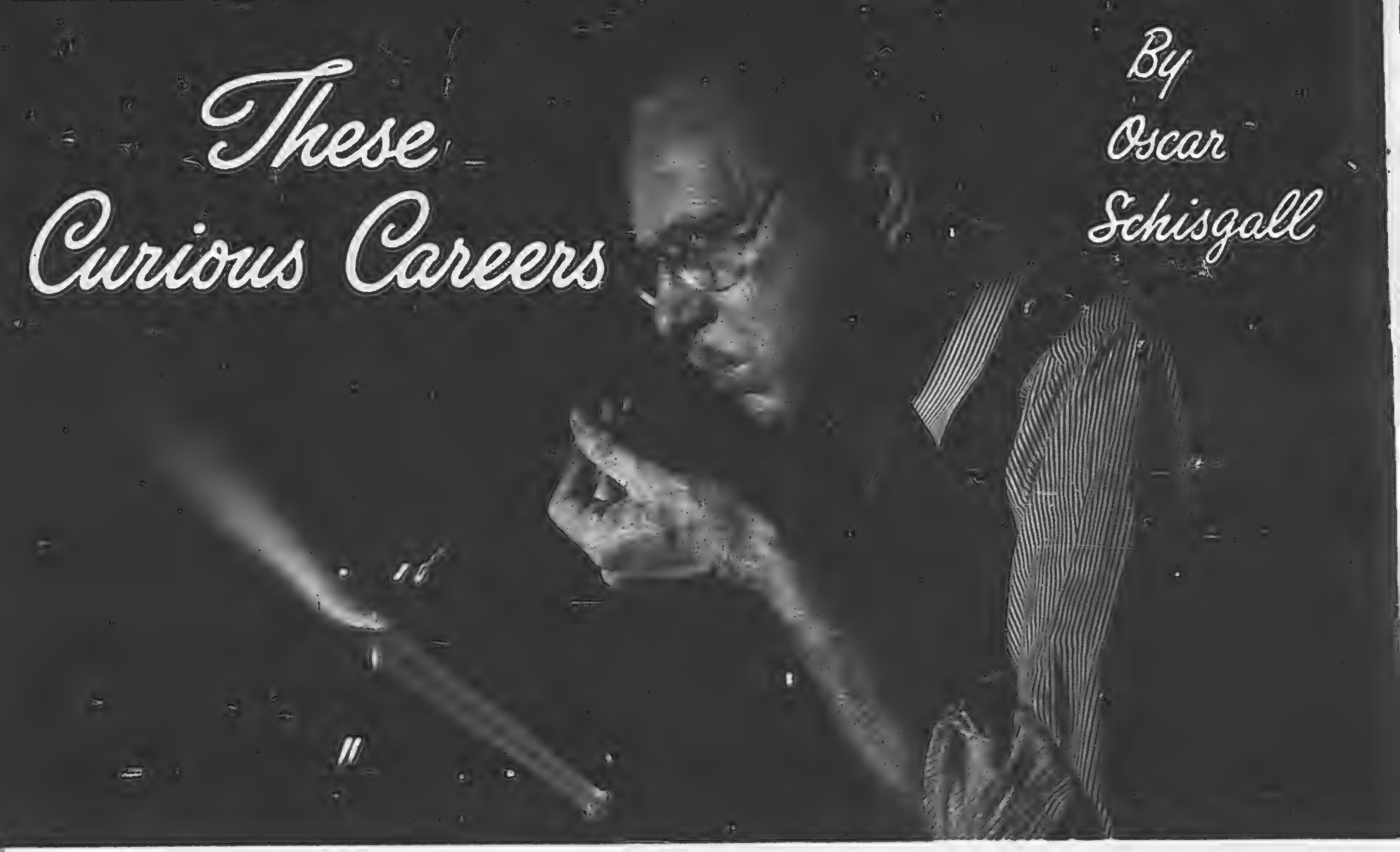
Citizen Sinatra believes in the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights to the point where he goes out to fight for them. He practices what he preaches. And here is a sample of what he preaches, taken from an address made before the World Youth Rally:

"Kids normally like other kids. They get along pretty good together until some misguided parent finds out that her little boy is playing with another little boy named, maybe, Sammy Levine. So a couple of days later her little boy tells Sammy that they can't play together any more because his mother won't let him play with Jews. This is a terrible thing. What's pathetic about it is that it breaks up a kid friendship. Nobody's got any right to do that, because that's the kind of friendship that's important to the future development of this country, one child's fondness for another. What kind of set-up would that be in a country that was founded by Pil-

(Continued on page 61)

These Curious Careers

By Oscar Schisgall



This federal employee is a glass blower who makes odd-shaped vials and tubes for cancer researchers in Washington.

At first blush, you may be inclined to laugh at the government employee who changes his clothes sixty-four times a day, and the bull exerciser may not win your sympathy, but read on, taxpayer—you may change your mind

AT Bethesda, Maryland, there is a government employee who builds windows in live mice to see what's going on inside them. Another public servant gets paid for making ice cream. Still another's odd duties require him to change his clothes sixty-four times a day. And you can't overlook the fellow who is supported by the taxpayer for counting the feathers on new-born chicks—or the man who sits on the hub of a big wheel cracking a whip while bulls hitched to the wheel's perimeter walk around him by the hour. And there are many more fantastic jobs in government.

Dr. Glenn H. Algire, who builds windows in mice, works at the National Cancer Institute of the U. S. Public Health Service. In cancer research, this window-building allows scientists to observe the actions of the mouse's blood vessels, as well as of its tissue cells, under all kinds of stimuli. Thus the progress of a cancerous tumor among the cells can be watched from day to day.

Once Dr. Algire had explained it to me, his job no longer seemed strange. Instead, it seemed desperately important.

"If you really want to see a *strange* job," he said, "come into the next laboratory and meet Miss Shelton."

He cracks eggs by the thousands to test shell strength. Pressure varies from two to nine pounds.

Miss Emma Shelton, it turned out, is the custodian of 1,800 bits of living tissue in test tubes. The tissues are taken from mice. She feeds, bathes, nurses, and photographs them—and keeps them growing through the years. Tissue culture isn't new; it has been in progress since 1907. But at the National Cancer Institute it is done on a tremendous scale. Since these tissues can be treated with any desired culture, they make it possible to observe the progress of disease in living cells without the use of living animals.

"What I do may seem like a strange job," Miss Shelton said, "but if you really want to see strange work, you ought to visit Mr. Kueck, our glass blower." Maybe she saw my startled look, for she explained, "Like every research laboratory, we often need special apparatus—vacuum tubes and such—which cannot be bought. So the government has given us an expert glass blower to provide it."

I spent an hour with Mr. Kueck, watching in fascination as he blew all sorts of retorts, tubes, and bubbles.

But what of the man who spends all day making ice cream? He works for the Bureau of Dairy Industry in the Department of Agriculture. His name is Alan Leighton, and he's a physical chemist. Though he makes enough ice cream to keep a good part of America happy and cool, he does it to study the whipping properties of various mixes; and the results of his research are given as free practical suggestions to the entire ice-cream industry.

I left, then, to seek information about C. W. Knox, who has spent years in counting the feathers on newly hatched chicks.

Mr. Knox, it developed, works for the Animal Husbandry Division of the Bureau of Animal Industry. He wasn't alone in counting chicken feathers; another man with the same odd passion, C. D. Gordon, worked with him. They have recently proved that the number and the quality of chicken feathers give a clear indication of the type of broiler one may expect, and of the age at which that broiler will be best suited for America's table. Concerning their work the Bureau says:

"*Estimated value of the discovery*: Very conservatively $500,000 a year, at present, and more as the information becomes more widely used. The estimate is based on greater value and more economical production of broiling and frying chickens of which more than 100,000,000 annually are being raised commercially in the United States. . . .

"*Estimated cost of discovery*: Approximately $8,000, based on expenses and salaries of two scientists for parts of three years."

Mr. Knox also has a colleague who spent several years on the government payroll breaking eggs. He is Joseph Quinn, and as he cracked thousands upon thousands of eggs, he recorded the force necessary to break the shells. He found some eggs break under a pressure of from two to four pounds, while others withstand a pressure of six to nine pounds. In view of the fact that broken eggs mean a loss of over $1,000,000 a year to the poultry industry, any research that leads toward the production of tougher eggshells is worth a great deal.

And speaking of chickens, there's that little item about the man who has to change clothes sixty-four times a day.

He works for the government at the Bankhead-Jones Laboratory in East Lansing, Michigan. He tends sixty-four chicken coops in which, under rigid controls, he studies chicken diseases. Obviously it would ruin his research to carry the feathers or the germs of one coop into another. Therefore every time he steps out of one, he makes a complete change of clothing. Not so strange, once you understand his reasons.

What was really puzzling, however, was the report of the man at Beltsville, Maryland, who sits placidly in the center of a wheel to which bulls are hitched, cracking his

(*Continued on page 70*)

Government scientists make "windows" of skin in mice; then researchers see tissue growing right under their eyes.

LIBERTY PHOTOS BY HOWARD L. LURAY

Rain or shine, Uncle Sam's bulls must be exercised. It's Glenn Perkins' job.

He burns up $150,000,000 a day in worn currency or redeemed bonds. This load is war savings stamps of World War I.

Since last fall, Floyd Carlson has commuted to work by helicopter—18 miles by air, 21 by car. He gets a good-by kiss promptly at 8:48.

Carlson, test pilot for Bell Aircraft of Buffalo, parks his experimental buggy in the back yard, regardless of weather. A two-minute warm-up . . .

Facts, figures, and fallacies about today's helicopter: the amazing, double-jointed ship that needs no airfield, can stand still in the air, and makes local, commercial air travel a practical reality

Those Flying Windmills

BY HARLAND MANCHESTER

IT was closing time, and Floyd Carlson, homeward-bound, said he would give me a lift. So we climbed into his helicopter, rose lazily over the plant and winged our way across the outskirts of Buffalo. Four hundred feet below, autos were cautiously negotiating icy roads and watching stop signs. We were doing seventy, but it seemed like crawling. Soon Carlson pushed a lever and spiraled gently down over a snow-covered suburban street. He blew his horn and a hand waved at a window. He lowered the whirling flying machine into his back yard beside the outdoor fireplace, threw a blanket over the engine, and was home.

Floyd Carlson, the world's only helicopter commuter, is chief test pilot for Bell Aircraft's helicopter division. He has been making the daily flights between the plant and his vest-pocket lawn just to prove that it can be done. When I rode with him, he hadn't missed a trip, even on days when regular airplanes were grounded.

This doesn't prove by any means that we're all going to helicop to work in a few years. There is no indication yet that the helicopter will ever be a popular-priced private vehicle, or that any aircraft will ever take the place of the family automobile in economy, safety, ease of operation, or convenience in doing multiple errands.

But it has been given a thorough workout during the war years, and is now ready to take on commercial jobs. Half a dozen manufacturers are getting inquiries backed by cash from miners, ranchers, big farmers, transportation firms and others who are confident that they can make the machines pay, because the helicopter is the only carrier ever invented which can take off or land on any open spot on the earth's surface.

The accuracy with which these craft can be guided has to be seen to be believed. If you are going 40 m.p.h., you can stop the craft in about 40 feet after applying the controls; an automobile going at the same speed needs 84 feet to stop in after the driver steps on the brake. You can draw a chalk mark on the ground and set a helicopter down on it precisely.

Last spring, word came that nine Canadian airmen were downed in the inaccessible bushlands of Labrador and faced death by cold and starvation. Two airplanes mounted on skis flew to the rescue. One plane took out two men and the other cracked up, evening the score. Then melting snow barred further plane landings. There was only one way to save them promptly. A rush call was sent to Floyd Bennett Field, where the Coast Guard quickly dismantled a Sikorsky helicopter and stowed it in a big C-54. It was flown to Goose Bay and reassembled, and soon it was gently descending beside the wounded men. In a few days it had brought the entire nine to safety.

Soon after this there was an SOS from Burma. A young private, victim of an air crash, was stranded on a 4,700-foot peak. An Army helicopter was packed in a transport and flown halfway around the world from Wright Field. It whirled its way to the mountain crest, where no airplane could land, picked up the G.I. and brought him to safety.

The helicopter is fast becoming the chosen instrument for air-sea rescues, for it can hover over a distressed ship in spite of high seas and pick men off the deck by means of special hoisting equipment.

. . . and he's off, straight up. Gasoline for a round trip: 90 cents, against 55 for cheaper car fuel.

Circling the house, he gets a parting wave from his wife, Evelyn. Neighbors salute, too.

LIBERTY PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN

He reaches the office at 9.20. By car, he'd need 40 minutes, even in good dry wheeling.

At Floyd Bennett Field, Commander Frank A. Erickson, a leader in the development of this new device, hovered over me in his Sikorsky windmill as I stood in the snow waiting to be "rescued." A pulley on the side of the fuselage paid out a seventy-five-foot steel cable with a hook on the end, which I snapped into a ring on the harness which I wore. The motor-driven hoist pulled me swiftly up beside the cabin door, where it was a simple matter to swing into the seat beside the pilot. It was as easy and jerkless as going up an escalator. Only a few days earlier, this type of hoist had been used in a gale to rescue two seamen from a barge stuck on a reef off the Connecticut coast. It is now installed on about sixty helicopters in the U. S. services.

And for those who cannot even sit up, there is a stretcher which can be lowered to a ship's deck or a lifeboat, then pulled up snugly beneath the frame of the helicopter for the homeward trip. To complete the equipment, there is a loud-speaker mounted on the helicopter, through which the pilot can shout instructions to those to be picked up, and if the pilot needs further information about the plight of the crew, he can lower a telephone on a cable and talk with someone on deck while he hovers aloft.

So far, all helicopters in regular use have been Sikorsky ships. About 400 were used in the war by the Coast Guard, the Army, and the British services. Their wartime mileage ran to over 2,000,000, which may seem small, but we must re-

(*Continued on page 59*)

What's Coming in the Movies

Hollywood has had its Gish sisters, Doug Fairbanks, and Boris Karloff eras, and now it's lionizing Van Johnson—but tomorrow's films, the shadow merchants figure, will have to reckon with global tastes

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

CARTOON BY
BILL O'BRIAN

WE talk a lot about going to the movies. But do we ever stop to think where the movies are going themselves? It is a question that Hollywood is seriously asking itself these days. Will the postwar era bring new triumphs for our films abroad, or will revitalized foreign competition challenge the supremacy of the American motion picture? Will the new movies be more seriously concerned with contemporary problems, or will they mainly provide "escape" from the troubling times?

These and similar questions are furrowing the brows of Hollywood's producers. On one point at least they all agree: the motion picture has become an international industry. As with our diplomacy in years to come, the future of the screen depends upon reciprocity among nations—a sort of world-wide give and take that will allow a free passage across oceans and national boundary lines of ideas, talents, and the films

themselves. It is a trend that may some day be realized by the showing in France of a Russian film produced in America with a British cast.

There is nothing revolutionary in this possibility. The film has felt for years the force of ideas from other lands. The "suspense" melodrama, for instance, is easily traced to the early English thrillers that Alfred Hitchcock made in his own country before coming to Hollywood. The psychological movie had its roots in the early German experiments in this kind of film. And the British have so successfully perfected the documentary form that Next of Kin, one of the early security films made during the war by the Ministry of Information, was released on both sides of the Atlantic and won acclaim as a straight motion-picture drama. Employing a similar technique, The House on 92nd Street has opened new vistas in the United States for the imaginative treatment of factual themes on the screen. Even the "new realism" in our recent motion pictures is not new at all. The French film, Grand Illusion, made many years ago about the last war, anticipated the excellent films Hollywood has been producing about this one.

International exchange of ideas is not only conducive to better motion pictures but it is essential to the welfare of the new world the war has wrought. "Showing peoples and nations and individuals how to get along together," says Jack L. Warner, vice-president in charge of production of Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc., "is the motion-picture screen's responsibility of present and future. The free flow of information is the best preventive against war infections and against the misunderstandings, bigotries, and intolerances which fester wars. The screen can and must provide that unhampered flow of information."

IT is an opinion in which most of Mr. Warner's confreres concur. Samuel Goldwyn, independent producer and one of the original pillars of the film industry in Hollywood, declares that "The producer must realize that he will be helping to shape the world of tomorrow."

Charles W. Koerner, who was executive vice-president in charge of production of RKO-Radio Studios, Inc., said, shortly before his death last February:

"Within the next year, production horizons will be broadened to cover the world. Our new scope in making motion pictures will be almost limitless. It will not be a question of just releasing pictures made in other countries, but an exchange of personalities and story properties as well. For example, James Hilton's So Well Remembered will be made in London very shortly with a joint English and American cast and with an American producer.

"The same holds true in Mexico, where Steinbeck's The Pearl is being produced in both Spanish and English with a cast that speaks both languages fluently. The script was worked out by Jack Wagner, a Hollywood writer, and Emilo Fernandez, Mexico's leading director.

"Recently I had the opportunity of getting firsthand information in England, France, Germany, and Mexico on production activities so that we can correlate them. I believe that stories will now be made with world-wide appeal and motion pictures will function as the greatest possible influence in international understanding and good will."

"As never before in its history," says Darryl F. Zanuck, vice-president of Twentieth Century-Fox in charge of production, and a colonel in the Army Signal Corps during the war, "the motion picture industry is conscious of its social and moral obligations to the nation and to the world. . . . We will try to meet those obligations as far as lies in our power."

William Goetz, president of International Pictures, Inc., says: "No longer can American film producers . . . disregard the rest of the world." Mr. Goetz speaks also as co-owner of the recently organized United World Pictures Company, the formation of which is perhaps the most significant single event in the motion-picture industry within the last fifteen years. Jointly owned and controlled by International and Universal Pictures in Hollywood, and J. Arthur Rank in Great Britain, the new organization will ensure world-wide distribution of sixteen motion pictures every year—eight to be produced in England and eight in Hollywood. The arrangement between the English and American interests allows for the exchange of stars, technicians, and properties. The facilities of both the Universal Studios in Hollywood and Rank's companies in Great Britain will be available to the men producing pictures for United World. It is the

(*Continued on page 80*)

Tokyo correspondents of seven nations enjoy this club bar. These Americans represent newspapers and syndicates.

Cub Room in Tokyo

BY VICTOR BOESEN

NUMBER ONE Shimbun Alley is a five-story red-brick building on a narrow side street in the burned heart of Tokyo. It overlooks the headquarters of the "Japan Liberal Party," one of the few adjacent structures not gutted by the B-29s. That the "Liberalists" chose this location, affording an excellent view of the goings and comings at Number One, is thought by some skeptical residents of that hostel to be no coincidence. For Number One is the home of Tokyo's foreign correspondents, representing the press of seven nations: the United States, England, France, Russia, China, Australia, and the Philippines. These are the men who, for the first time, are providing an unclouded window into Japan.

The correspondents' housing problems date back to the early days of the occupation when the Army, having taken over the Imperial and Dai-Iti hotels for its brass, disapprovingly suffered the correspondents to stay, temporarily, at the Dai-Iti with the lesser officers. The Imperial, filled with admirals and generals, was out of the question; it was virtually out of bounds.

> A nose for housing is as important as a nose for news to Tokyo's foreign correspondents. What they came up with is no Waldorf, but it sounds like a lot of fun

Soon a high tide of colonels, mostly from Washington, rolled in on the Dai-Iti. So all officers below the rank of major, without regard to combat record or length of time overseas, were hustled out of the Dai-Iti to sleep on cots in unheated office buildings. Unquestionably the correspondents would be next. The Pentagon colonels, who kept coming thick and fast, openly showed their displeasure at the continued residence of the newsmen. They actually screened off a corner of the dining room, putting a large sign on the barrier: "Reserved for Colonels Only."

Sensing which way the wind was blowing, and having no rank and no other place to go, a few of the correspondents who arrived late simply holed up at the Dai-Iti without signing in.

Declaiming briefly on this suspected practice one day, Colonel W. R. Blakeley, thin-lipped and of hard demeanor, told his chief, Brigadier General LeGrand A. Diller, headquarters public relations officer, "If I could find out who they are I'd throw them to hell out of there!"

General Diller finally put a quota on newsmen for the entire East. In some sections of the Orient, such as

Korea, he even banned certain categories of correspondents entirely.

This was it. The newsmen, who by that time had foresightedly begun negotiating for the building in what was to become Shimbun Alley, passed up by the Army as unsuited for billeting, closed ranks. They formed the Tokyo Correspondents' Association. Howard Handleman of International News Service was named its president; Donald Starr of the Chicago Tribune, first vice-president; William Dunn of the Columbia Broadcasting System, second vice-president; Don Caswell of the United Press, treasurer (succeeded by Ralph Teatsorth, also of U.P., when Caswell shortly returned to the United States); and Cornelius Ryan of the London Daily Telegraph, secretary.

A LITTLE later General MacArthur, who was said to have known nothing of his press chief's action, issued an order abolishing the quota, with the proviso, face-saving to Diller, that the correspondents agree to be responsible for their own billeting. The newsmen's willingness to assume this responsibility was already known, and they promptly issued a statement for the record that they would take in all qualified comers at Shimbun Alley.

By this time they had acquired their proposed quarters, known officially as the Marunouchi Kaikan (building) and owned by Mitsubishi. Then the task of making the building habitable was begun. The interior was coated by the dust of ages. Mysterious microscopic life raised welts on anyone who sat in the fat filthy chairs of the lounge. The four floors of individual dining rooms, one story done in native style for geisha parties, required partitioning into smaller units for living quarters.

There were no showers. The plumbing was sparse and unreliable. A hundred windowpanes were missing. The heating system, including all pipes and radiators, had been removed for munitions purposes. The wires of the lighting system smoked from an overload of too many lights. To avoid the annoyance of exploding fuses from this excess freight, the Japs had simply removed the fuses and jumped them with wire.

The native contractor, produced by the Army, who took over the renovation, soon lost his enthusiasm because he didn't know who his employer was. This confusion in his mind was raised by the questioning presence of a man from the Japanese government, a man from Mitsubishi, and the man with the original lease. Each wanted to know who was going to pay the 75,000-odd yen all this was going to cost.

Donald Starr cleared their minds. To the government emissary he said, "You took out the pipes, boilers, and radiators to make shells and bullets to throw at us. Now you put them back."

(Continued on page 75)

When the club advertised for help, this is what happened.

LIBERTY PHOTOS BY TOM SHAFER

The dining room could be in New York's Fifties—but Mitsubishi's the landlord.

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

THANKS ANYWAY, GOD—G.I.s paid for an operation on Gianfranco Cabbia, an Italian boy blinded by the kick of a German's horse. Though surgery failed, he still prayed devoutly before Johns Hopkins' statue of The Divine Healer.
INTERNATIONAL

SOMETHING NIFTY IN BACKYARDS—This quarry-sized rock garden is one of the fabulous sights on the Hong Kong estate of Aw Boon Haw, reputedly China's richest man. The U. S. sailors are dwarfed by its splendor.
WIDE WORLD

HIS LUCK IS ALL HARD—All the way from Lincoln, Nebraska, Milton Archer drove his Model A, his wife, and nine kids to Los Angeles to take a job. But he couldn't find a home. A tire blew. And the sun beat down.
INTERNATIONAL

THE YOUNGEST CRITIC—This little girl's mother is riding her through Washington's National Gallery of Art. The government now provides strollers for parents who cannot leave their tots home.

NO RAIN?—Bill Woodfield, Jr., Shrine potentate of San Francisco, came to Miami all set for rain, but the cherubs soon proved that Florida's sun could outshine his propaganda.

I'll Marry You Then

BY JAY WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS ATWELL

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

Pete had come back from the wars a major—and he couldn't get over it. Well, Midge loved the guy and so she set out to reconvert him

BEFORE the war he'd been just Pete Hathaway, a nice, clean, tall kid. Midge and Pete had gone all through high school together. It was all settled that they'd get married as soon as Pete got his college degree and found a job. Only, the war caught them, and Pete, like thousands of kids, went directly into the service after he graduated.

They were so much in love that I suggested they get married right away and have a couple of months together before Pete went in. Only, they didn't look at it that way. Midge said, "Pete will want to do the darnedest job he knows how while he's in. It wouldn't be fair to make him pull any punches because he had a wife to think about."

Well, Pete did the darnedest job he knew how. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in infantry before he went overseas, and a first lieutenant within a week after D Day in Normandy. He kept right on doing the darnedest job he knew how. Pete didn't pull any punches. He must have worn out a string of guardian angels. At the end of the war he was a major with a chestful of decorations — our town's number one war hero.

For about a month after the major got back, Midge wasn't worth an hour's pay at the office. All through the months he'd been overseas Midge had taken on all the war-aid work she could, in addition to working in the office. She'd been cheerful and she'd get a little misty every time Pete was promoted or decorated—she was so proud of him. But she knew, as we all did, that it was nothing but phenomenal luck that was bringing him through the things he did to get all that recognition. There had been an underlying tautness in Midge during those months. When the major came home she went straight up in the clouds. The major was invited to be guest speaker by one club or civic organization after another, not only in our town but also in neighboring towns. Midge would go with him and sit in the back row and watch him. He was worth looking at, too: tall, brown, and every inch a soldier with all those ribbons on his battle jacket.

But after about a month, Midge stopped going with him when he was invited to speak. She was coming down to earth again. She had stopped bubbling and laughing.

"What gives?" I asked her one evening as she was about to go home. She said, "I guess a war is a pretty big thing to take in your stride."

"Huh?" I said.

"I suppose you know the major has been trying to get a job?"

It was the first time I'd heard her call him the major the way the rest of us did. I thought I detected a shade of overemphasis.

"Well, that's fine!" I said.

Midge shook her head. "Not so good. There doesn't seem to be a job open that is suitable for him."

"That's a lot of bunk!" I exploded. "Why, he's just about the best known and most liked man in these parts!"

Midge nodded. "Yes, the major certainly is." She looked at me seriously. "Assuming there was the opening, what job would you give the major here on the Clarion?"

I started to say I'd give him a swell job. But I didn't. There wasn't a job I could give him on the Clarion that I would have the gall to offer him.

"That isn't fair," I said. "He doesn't know anything about newspapers."

Midge smiled. "Name me the business he does know something about."

Well, of course, I couldn't do it. Midge had put her finger on the unpleasant fact of life that a hero's civilian value is no greater than what it was before he went to war. In the major's case it was that of a kid just out of college.

"Look," I said. "I wouldn't worry about it, Midge. Look at the way he went up from scratch in the Army. With the same stuff he'll go places fast as a civilian."

"Sure," Midge replied. "But he's got to have a place to start from. People are ashamed to offer a beginner's job to a chestful of medals. It's a sort of mess."

"Oh, it'll straighten out all right."

"As far as I'm concerned," Midge said, "it's straightened out. I'm through with the major."

I suppose I yelped some sort of objection and said something about how much in love they were and so on. She smiled.

"Pete was the one I loved; not the major," she said. "The major only loves the major. It's just one of those things. Don't get haired up about it."

THE phone had to ring just then, and when I was through, Midge had gone. But I was still brooding about it later that evening when the major roared in.

"Come on!" he shouted. "You're going with me to talk sense into Midge! She's out of her mind. Said our engagement is off!" He glared at me. "Well, what are you waiting for? I've got to get the midnight train to Unionville to speak tomorrow and I want this straightened out before I go. Come on, let's roll!"

Well, I went.

I felt like a fool sitting on the edge of a chair in Midge's living room. One look at Midge and I knew there was nothing I could do to help the major. She was entirely at her ease. Nothing short of a baseball bat could have knocked her off balance. She smiled pleasantly at me.

"When the major went to get you," she said, "I made some coffee. We'll make a real wake of it."

She went out before I could gather my wits to protest. The major glared some more at me. "What did you let her do that for?" he demanded. "We haven't much time. When she comes back, you talk to her like an uncle. I can't seem to get anywhere with her."

I started to get sore. The major seemed to think he was still in the Army, the way he was throwing his weight around. Then I felt like laughing. He was really a nice young guy.

Only, he didn't know it and I didn't know how to tell him.

Midge came back carrying a tray

I thought the major was going to explode. "You . . . you burned them!" he choked. "Uh-huh," Midge said. "Ribbons and all."

with a coffeepot, cups and saucers, and a plate of cakes. She was still smiling and her hand was steady as stone as she filled the cup she gave me. She handed the major a cup and began to fill that, too, as he held it.

I was beginning to feel more than ever like a fool when the major yelled and Midge said, "Oh, I'm so sorry!"

Midge had poured coffee all down the front of the major's battle jacket and trousers.

The major was trying to keep his temper.

"Now, how can I get this cleaned by traintime?" he demanded.

Midge put the coffeepot down on the tray. She seemed to know exactly what to do. "Take them off right away," she said. "I'll sponge and press them in the kitchen. No one will ever know it happened."

Grumbling under his breath, the major emptied his pockets and took off his uniform. Midge laughed a little.

He was a rather ridiculous sight standing there with his long, hairy legs coming down from his shirttails.

"Damn!" said the major, when she'd left the room with his uniform. "She's playing for time. She knows we could prove she's so wrong if she stayed in here with us."

"Would you want to argue her into taking you back?" I asked.

He looked at me and for a moment he wasn't the major. He was just Pete Hathaway and he was hurt and puzzled. "I don't care how I get Midge back," he said, "just so I get her back. I don't understand what's got into her. She seems to be sore because I did a good job in the war. It doesn't make sense."

I was about to tell him that he didn't make sense, when Midge came back. She didn't have the uniform with her.

"Well, that's that," she said. "The stains are gone."

"That was quick work," I commented.

Midge nodded cheerfully, "Out in the back yard," she said. "You can do wonders with kerosene and a match."

I thought for a moment the major was going to explode.

"You—you burned them!" he choked.

"Uh-huh. Ribbons and all."

HE stared at her, unbelieving. Then he waved his arms. "But what am I going to wear to speak in?" he shouted. "My other uniform won't be ready at the cleaner's until next week!"

"Haven't you any civvies at home?" Midge asked.

"Civvies?" the major gasped. "Civvies? Good Lord! They don't want me in civvies!"

"Why not? The war is over!"

"Damn it, you don't understand. Who am I in civvies? Just Pete Hathaway. Who ever heard of him?"

Midge went over and stood in front of him. The top of her head only came to his chin, but she looked up at him and began jabbing her finger into his chest until, backing away from her, he came against his chair and had to sit down.

"I've heard of him," Midge said. "He was a guy with so much on the ball that he got to be the important major I just buried out in the back yard—and I hope the neighbors don't mind the smell of burning wool. He is now a guy with indecently exposed long, hairy legs who has got to go out and find a job without benefit of ribbons and get to be a very important civilian the same way he got to be a major." Midge sat herself down on the lap constructed out of those indecently exposed long legs and pulled at his hair until his head shook. "And when Pete Hathaway gets a job like that, he gets me with it. Understand, stupid?"

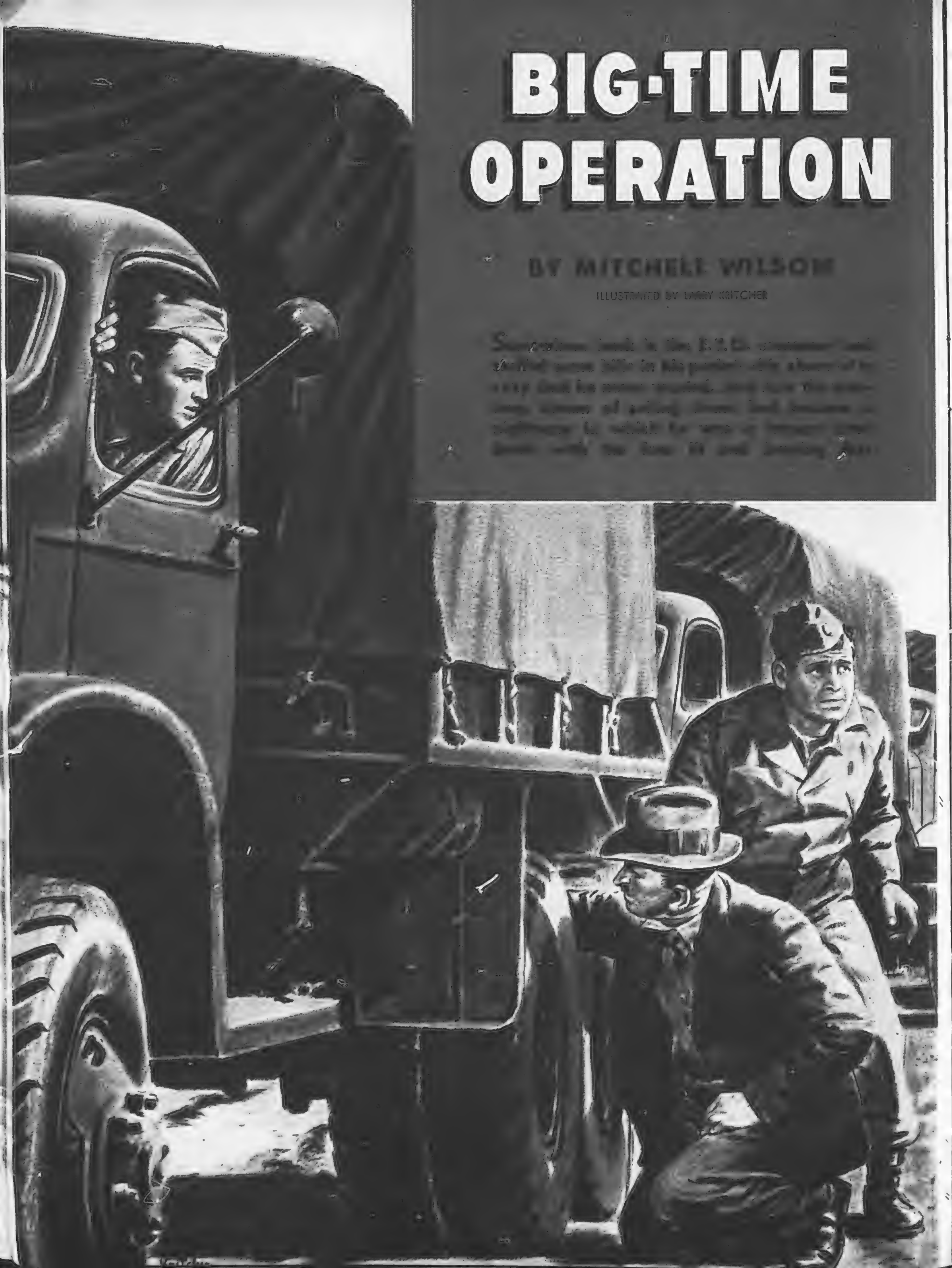
When I saw the sheepish grin start to spread across Pete's face, I got up and—unnoticed—left.

THE END

BIG-TIME OPERATION

BY MITCHELL WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER



IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

ABBOT stood on the transport deck, hidden from the view of the other soldiers by a massive wind scoop and the high catwalk over the cargo hatches. All he wanted was a moment's escape from the continual contact with other men. But that wasn't what was really troubling him. The Army had suddenly become unbearable because of this tremendous tension building up inside him. If he were alone for even a little while, he could think things out.

Although he was only twenty-four, his rigid and drawn face looked older. He stood, fixedly staring down at the water and then unconsciously dug a hand into a pocket and drew out an enormous roll of bills in American currency. In the same motion with which he drew out the money, his hand moved outward to throw the roll into the sea. But his fingers refused to open. Four thousand dollars was a lot of money; it could solve a lot of problems.

But the insistent voice which really belonged to Abbot, to the Abbot which could talk to his closest friends, the voice which had said "Oh, God damn it!" and cracked when Levitan had died—that voice continued its chant: "I'm no crook, I don't have to be a crook!"

Abbot couldn't get his fingers to release the money. They seemed paralyzed; and then, on another impulse, he peeled off several bills at random and in a frantic haste he threw those few away. The updraft of air from the overhanging stern caught the green money and held it suspended for a moment, turning each bill over lazily. Turning end over end, the money soared away to fall into the ship's wake.

Abbot watched the money disappear and felt a temporary relief. At least when they caught him—he never thought of it as *if*—he could show that he was not so bad—he would be a crook for thirty-five hundred dollars, not four thousand. But in another moment he knew that he had done a foolish thing, and he rammed the roll of money back.

He walked up the catwalk to the short stretch of level deck. As he descended the forward stairs, another soldier appeared out of the gloom—a huge man, who, despite his hugeness, seemed squat and powerful. Abbot stopped, suddenly positive that O'Dowd had seen him.

O'Dowd said, "Hiya, kid." His eyes weren't kind.

"Hello, O'Dowd," said Abbot, and turned as though to walk away.

O'Dowd caught his arm. "Where you going, kid?"

"No place."

"A rich kid like you?"

"Lay off," said Abbot. He was afraid of O'Dowd because O'Dowd didn't have sense enough to worry about what was hanging over both their heads. All that O'Dowd cared about was the money.

"Four grand ain't enough?" O'Dowd put his hamlike hands on his hips in mock amazement. "Well, well, the big dough certainly goes to some people's heads!"

"O.K., O'Dowd, O.K." Abbot tried to turn away again. "Just don't talk about it, will you?"

"You're a prize jerk, kid. Ain't I your pal? Who else in your whole lousy life ever let you in a big deal but me? Some gratitude!" He laughed contemptuously.

"I don't want to get into any trouble," said Abbot quietly. "Listen. I've got a mother and a girl—I'm set for a discharge. I want to go home. I don't want to spend the next twenty years in the brig."

"So what? Who wants trouble? Why don't you be like me? Be bright, Abbot. Kiss your dame goodby, choke your old lady, and you'll be free, and that's the end of your trouble. Get into the big time . . . ."

But Abbot wasn't listening. He looked past O'Dowd's shoulder and saw another figure approaching. The trench coat made him an officer, and when Abbot saw the face, his stomach tightened.

"For God's sake, shut up!" he whispered.

"What's eating you?" O'Dowd asked. Abbot turned so that his back was to the approaching officer.

"It's that lieutenant," Abbot said. "It's *the* lieutenant, you big dope—the one who detailed us the trucks!"

For the first time O'Dowd's brazen assurance began to wilt.

"Are you sure?"

"I see that damn face every night in my dreams," said Abbot bitterly. "Turn around, will you? Do you want him to see you?"

Slowly O'Dowd turned and began to walk forward with Abbot. But the footsteps on the iron deck continued. The two soldiers stood very still, and then, behind them, the footsteps came to a halt.

Abbot closed his eyes and knew that this trip home was a fraud. It would be half a lifetime before he would see his mother.

There was a yellow flare of light as the officer lit a cigarette, and then the footsteps continued. They hadn't been seen.

In the dark hallway she came close to him. "You'll see, baby," he'd whisper. "Someday we'll have it all."

BEFORE Abbot entered the Army, his big treat had been to go down to the rehearsal halls where the big-name bands practiced. Abbot was learning to be a clarinetist, and of the saxophones, on which any clarinetist must be able to double, he preferred the tenor. He would sit quietly in a corner with the friend who had brought him, and keep his eyes trained on the second saxophonist. Even before the man blew the first few tentative notes to be sure he was in tune, Abbot could tell that the man was good.

Abbot could never make his own instrument sound like that to himself when he played on one-night stands with a pick-up nonunion band for five or eight dollars a job. Whenever his mother would say, when she'd come home from work to find him practicing, "That's wonderful, son. You'll see. One of these days you'll be up there with the best!" he'd smile and reply, "Just watch me, baby," and wonder how he would ever tell her that he had nothing to give, that he never would have.

Sometimes he felt sick with trying, and asked himself how it was possible to fool everyone he knew. Agnes, his girl, would smile in such a way that he knew she loved him and didn't think that he was doing anything wrong by trying to be a musician. But then Agnes was wonderful and understanding, and he could be as serious as he liked behind the easy banter which they shared.

They were standing in the dark hallway of her apartment house and she came close to him, opening her coat so that he could slip his arms underneath.

(*Continued on page 52*)

The Spaniard began to look over the trucks and ask O'Dowd questions. O'Dowd kept his eyes on the road.

"Sandford," Delancey Cowles intones, "you are going to-ooo slee-eep!" "That's what you think," I mumbles, but he keeps repeating it. The next thing, Frederick is in the land of Nod.

Delancey Cowles, a masterful jerk, casts a Svengali eye on Connie, her old man, and the family bankroll—while Freddy, her steady, languishes in social and romantic bankruptcy. But faithful Al, Socrates of the soda fountain, as usual, confounds the villain

Fall Guy

BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY EDDIE BOWIE

I AM an authority on fathers, having one of my own and being wont to observe same closely. It is my considered opinion that fathers should be seen, not heard. Generally speaking, however, Mr. Ely K. Parker, paternal ancestor to the prospective Mrs. Sandford, gives me little trouble in the past.

I overlook Mr. P.'s custom of staring at me like I am low man in a hatful of ciphers, grabbing the newspaper, and slamming the door of his den—behind him. Ely K. dishes similar to sundry wolves around Shadow Orchard who seek, footlessly, to improve their time with his daughter, Connie.

Wherefore it occasions the scion of the Sandfords some concern when, one evening, I find Ely K. sitting spellbound before a wolf.

Connie herself answers my three rings.

"Sssh, Freddy!" She makes motions. "You'll upset father's concentration. Delancey Cowles is telling how to get out of a sand trap."

"Golf, eh?" I says. "Your old gent — Hey! Who's Delancey Cowles?"

A word anent Miss Constance Parker. Hair like the noontide sun breathing o'er a wheatfield, and deep dark blue eyes by Champlain out of Mediterranean. And from a distant day the tomato is earmarked "F. O. B. Sandford."

But now and again Constance tends to gaze upon the lurking droolie and perceive dream dust. On such occasions Sandford has to exert much wizardry to bring her back on the rails. And now I note from the timber of the cookie's voice, that we got an occasion.

Perturbed is the word for Frederick.

"Delancey Cowles?" breathes Connie. "Oh, Freddy! You'll see."

I do. The living room contains Ely K. Parker, upright on a straight-backed chair. And buttered gracefully over the divan is that which could be turned out by the Bethlehem Steel Company.

"Remember, Mr. Parker," Bethlehem Steel is saying, "left arm rigid, hit two inches behind the ball, go straight through with it. Why, I could get out of sand with a salad spoon."

My fated father-in-law speaks humbly: "Yes, yes. I understand. I—" Suddenly he discerns self. "Ha! George Sandford's boy, aren't you? Cluttered up this place before, haven't you? I—aagh, bah!" And he grabs the paper and bangs into his den like a grizzled bear.

Thereupon Connie presents Delancey Cowles.

Same is around six foot two, rangy, wiry. His eyes are gray and piercing.

"Glad to know you, laddie," says Delancey. He gives me back what once is my hand, currently macaroni au gratin.

"Freddy was in the Italian campaign, Delancey," says Connie. "Now he's in real estate."

"That makes us practically pals. I was at Okinawa. Now I sell insurance."

"Freddy won a medal," Connie chips in.

"Well," says Delancey, "I won four. But, forgetting that, this lad looks like an ideal subject, Connie."

I blink. Connie takes up the slack. "Earlier, Freddy, we discussed hypnotism. Delancey can hypnotize people."

"Baloney," I says.

Delancey snaps steel fingers. "Sandford," he says, "lie down on this couch! Connie will play soft music."

There is challenge in his voice and the Sandford who side-steps a challenge never breathes. So I stretch full length. "O.K., Professor Mesmer," I says tauntingly.

BUT I reckon without the excruciating day I put in for Schofield & Sons, the real-estate firm that enjoys my services after I leave the Army. As I relax and Connie draws Dreamy Delaware from the piano, a great lassitude steals over me.

"Sandford," Delancey Cowles fixes me with gray-bullet eyes, "you are going to sleep! To-ooo slee-eep!"

"That's what you think," I mumbles. But he keeps repeating it, Dreamy Delaware gets dreamier and —gosh! The next thing, Frederick is in the land of Nod.

A couple hours later somebody shakes me awake. Starting, I apprehend Ely K. Parker in dressing gown and slippers.

"Boy," roars Ely K., "do you take this for a flophouse?"

"Wh-where am I?"

Ely K. fumes. "In my living room. With your shoes on a slip cover."

"Where," I asks, "is Connie?"

He snorts. "How should I know? I'm only the girl's father. But maybe she and young Cowles went to the movies."

I spring up, horrified. "You mean that big drip kidded me into going shut-eye and then they beat feet?"

My intended relative shakes his head. "I fail to grasp, from your jargon, what Mr. Cowles is supposed to have done. But I consider him a very estimable young man. He helped my golf game and also repaired our icebox. We have had trouble with our icebox."

I am appalled. "Look, Mr. Parker," I says, "the guy's worming himself in. First, Connie makes like he's definitely atomic. Now you—"

Ely K. claps hands over ears. "Enough!" he shouts, and he ushers me into the ozone. Dismissed is the word for Frederick.

WELL, no end chagrined, I wend my way to Al's Soda Bar. Compared to the overlord of this oasis, King Solomon is a gibbering idiot. Wisdom shoots from Al like spikes from a cactus. No stranger can impinge upon Shadow Orchard without Al knowing all about him.

"Ah, my good fellow," I says to Al, "fashion a Fig Fantasy! Then rummage amongst the ivory for dope on a gumboil named Delancey Cowles."

Al whistles. "Don't tell me you've fallen afoul of that one, Freddy!"

"I'll tell nothing," I says sharply, "until my orders are executed in proper sequence. The Fig Fantasy, Al!"

This delicacy is a study in white and October tones. Deluge neatly arranged mounds vanilla ice cream in fudge and caramel syrup, equal parts. Add marshmallow. Cap mounds with maraschinos, and embellish edifice with ripe figs.

"Freddy," Al says, "it pleases me to find you in appetite."

I tap dish with spoon. "Kindly refrain, Al," I says, "from obtruding trifles. Now then!" I spill the evening's degradation.

"But, Freddy," Al says reprovingly, "you should never succumb to amateur hypnotism in the pres-

(*Continued on page 67*)

BY
JAMES
RONALD

"Miss Grey," said Mr. Wrenn, with a bow. "this comely youth is the apple of my eye, the comfort of my declining years. For my sake, treat him kindly."

Pink Lady

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

APART from a trick knee, Henry Waldo Winthrop was sound in wind and limb. He lived in Boston, at a boardinghouse whose landlady demanded references and tolerated no goings-on. At twenty-three, he didn't smoke, drink, or wear Hollywood neckties. At the office, he did his job with precision.

The switchboard girl had long ago decided that Henry was a cold fish. So naturally there was no come-hither in her glance the day she told him the boss wanted to see him right away.

The boss was balancing on his podgy knee a framed square of canvas about the size of a briefcase. Turning it in his hands, he showed the painted side to Henry. The impact was like encountering a nightmare in daylight.

"What is it?" asked Henry weakly.

"It's a lady. See, it says so on the label: 'The Pink Lady, by Théophile Grogot.' This blob the size of an apple is her right eye. Her left eye is that thing like a raisin, way up in the left-hand corner."

"I see."

"Wouldn't think anyone would be dumb enough to pay twenty thousand dollars for it, would you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I was. Six months ago. It was my wife's idea. You're not married, Winthrop?"

"No, sir."

"Well, women get these ideas. And husbands have to humor them. Anyway, every cloud has a silver lining. Now my wife is willing to sell The Pink Lady."

"Can't find a buyer, sir?"

"I've found one. It seems this Grogot was quite a painter, even if he *did* use the handle of the brush. There's a millionaire here in Boston who's spent a fortune collecting his work. He'll buy this one for the price I paid."

"That's fine."

"There's a snag. He won't buy unless it's certified as genuine by the world's greatest authority on the work of Théophile Grogot—an old chap by the name of Timothy Wrenn who has gone sour on art. He used to run a gallery in Boston, and all of a sudden he sold it and moved to New York. He lives in one filthy room and drinks like a fish."

"Then you'll have to get someone else."

"My buyer won't agree. It's got to be Timothy Wrenn or the deal's off. That's where you come in," he said gently.

"I?" said Henry, recoiling.

"You've got to go to New York and see this old rip. Humor him. Jolly him along. Drink with him."

"I don't drink."

"Well, get on his good side. Offer him a hundred dollars. Offer him two hundred. I'm counting on you, Winthrop."

Henry said slowly, "I really don't think—"

"You're happy in your work here?"

"Very happy."

"Then be on the midday train for New York."

HENRY was walking along the aisle of the parlor car, walking in orderly fashion to his seat, when his trick knee suddenly threw him in the lap of a girl who uttered a startled cry.

Flushed and apologetic, Henry sprang up and the trick knee tossed him at a fat man from whom he bounced into a porter laden with luggage. Landing with a thump on the floor, Henry looked for the leather case that held the painting and saw a foot in a high-heeled shoe about to descend on it. Grabbing wildly, he rescued the case but entangled it with the legs of the girl in whose lap he had fallen. Having jumped up a moment after he did, she was on her feet—but not for long. She sat down abruptly on the floor beside him. Glaring at him, she tried to speak, but the one word "*You!*" was all she could manage.

"I'm terribly sorry. It—it's my trick knee."

"If you know any other tricks, leave me out of them."

"I hope you aren't hurt."

She looked at the leather case he was hugging in his arms.

"Don't let it bother you. As long as your luggage isn't scratched."

"Allow me to help you up."

"Don't touch me. Haven't you done enough?"

One of the other passengers helped the girl up and she limped to her seat. When the train pulled out, Henry was staring gloomily out of the window. But he could still see the girl's angry face.

His hands were moist. His spine prickled. His forehead burned. All this was not mere embarrassment; it was much more. For the first time in his life he was in a state of confusion, and all because of two blue eyes that had blazed into his.

Furtively he turned his head. Staring at her exquisite profile, suddenly he knew. Beyond all doubt and misgiving, he knew. He had fallen in love. And life would forever be meaningless unless he could persuade this lovely girl to fall in love with him.

The first step was to get to know her. But Henry knew only one way. Someone you had known for years took you to her and said, "Miss Whozis, may I present Mr. Henry Waldo Winthrop?"

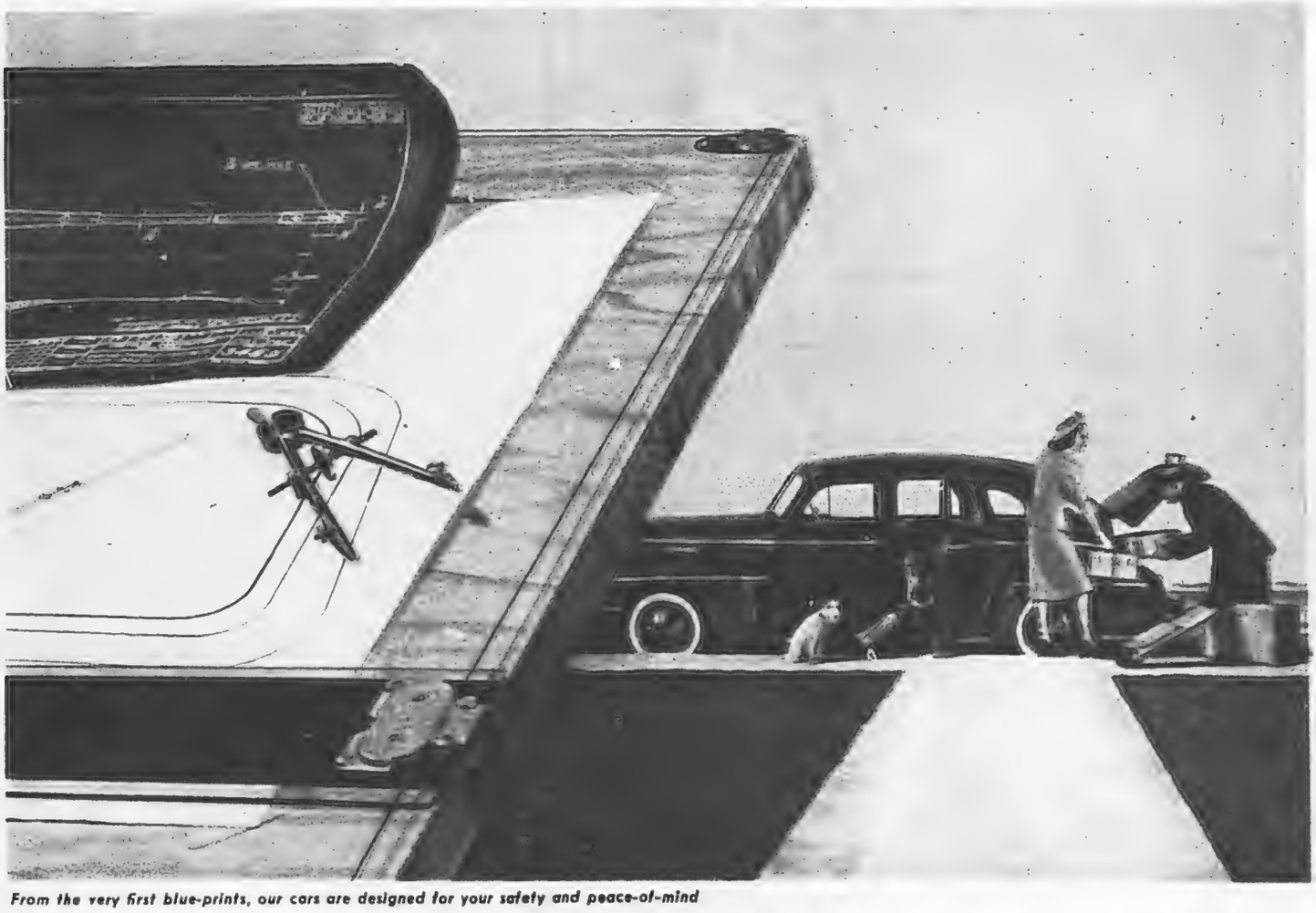
It struck Henry that he ought to apologize again for falling in her lap. But when he leaned forward to speak, the words froze on his lips. The (*Continued on page 64*)

Mix one part Back Bay Bostonian with two parts Greenwich Village, stir well with a devastating, blue-eyed blonde, and you have a literary cocktail that will give you the giggles. Sorry, only one to a customer

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER CORPORATION

IMAGINATION AND SAFETY

HOW IT PROTECTS YOU



From the very first blue-prints, our cars are designed for your safety and peace-of-mind

Imagination meets emergencies before they arise: it conceives safeguards in the engineer's mind, draws them into the plans, builds them into cars for you.

Imagination at Chrysler Corporation is responsible for many of the most important safety features in today's cars.

Imagination finds ways to make cars safer. It foresees the driving conditions you will meet, and engineers protection into the very design of our cars.

That's why so many of the most important safety features have been pioneered in Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars. And why these four have always been known as unusually safe cars to drive.

On the first Chrysler, *imagination* introduced 4-Wheel Hydraulic Brakes —new protection to match the new power and liveliness of that car. It pioneered the All-Steel Body to give you confidence on crowded streets and high-speed highways.

The same practical *imagination* worked out a better view of the road for the driver, easier control of wheel and brakes. It engineered a dependable, measured *margin of safety* into the vital parts of all our cars

As you might expect, *imagination* has engineered still further safety features into our *new* cars . . . New-Type Hydraulic Brakes that provide *more* control with *easier* foot pressure . . . Safety-Rim Wheels designed to prevent accidents due to tire blowouts. Both are exclusive on the *new* Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler.

REMEMBER THURSDAY NIGHT! . . . *The Music of Andre Kostelanetz and the musical world's most popular stars—Thursdays, CBS, 9 P.M., EST.*

Plymouth DODGE DeSoto CHRYSLER

PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Airtemp Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration **Chrysler** Marine & Industrial Engines **Dodge** Job-Rated Trucks **Oilite** Powdered Metal Products **Cycleweld** Products **Mopar** Parts & Accessories

The DOOR OPENS

By ERNST LOTHAR

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM ATWELL

Their devoted and understanding father has told of the important events in the lives of his two daughters: the first examination, the new hair-do, the Christmas presents. This is a true and deeply touching record of an enchanted childhood in gay Vienna.

The Examination

IT was an examination for the second grade, nothing more than innumerable other little girls had to go through. My only excuse for telling about it is that my daughter, Agathe, had to take it. We always believe that the things that concern us or our children are important.

The schools in the gay city of Vienna were strict. One learned a lot in them, among other things, fear. Up to now Agathe knew only from hearsay that there were such things as examinations and decisions. Only from hearsay did she know the things beyond the circle in which she had lived up until now—that world of woolen animals, of friendly dolls that continued to smile even when their hair was pulled out, the wallpaper with little roses. The news from beyond always started with "Once upon a time," which kept it at a pleasant distance.

One morning an unknown visitor stood at Agathe's bed, which was placed foot to foot with that of her younger sister, Hanni. His name was Duty. Then the sleeping child awoke and suddenly had to learn.

Only her poor health had permitted her to take the first grade at home as a private pupil. Between the general store and the dollhouse lay first a blackboard, slate pencil, counting board, and primer, which later gave place to a small bottle of ink, a red penholder, and an old tin box full of beans, grown especially for multiplication and division. Every morning from nine to twelve she studied in the nursery, and from next door I could hear that she was positive that seven less four left two. Then the voice of Fräulein rose and demanded that she be ashamed of herself. And Agathe was ashamed not to know how much was left when something was taken away.

Sometime later she had learned all of what was known

Copyright, 1945, by Ernst Lothar. Published by Doubleday Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.00.

as the study plan, for the first as well as the second grade, and now she was supposed to prove that she had mastered it. So an appointment was made for an examination at the school in Hegelgasse on Tuesday at eleven sharp. On the Sunday before, she was already a little depressed. At dinner the cherries didn't taste good to her, and when she went to bed she added to her prayers, right after the request for good weather and a little brother that she never got: "And let me know everything on the examination day after tomorrow, dear Lord." Then she sighed. Children's tears are nothing. But to hear a child sigh makes you immediately feel like crying.

On Monday Fräulein made her repeat everything from the creation of the world up to the Habsburgs. On Tuesday dressing took much longer than usual, since, as Fräulein said, a lot depended on the candidate's making a good impression.

"You're not excited, are you?" I asked as she tied her hair ribbon for the third time.

"Not at all," she said.

Hanni, who, to celebrate the day, had been allowed to

wear her best dress and had not even soiled it yet, regarded the event exclusively from the viewpoint of fun. For, as a reward for the examination, I had promised to take Agathe to tomorrow's matinee of the circus, which naturally also applied to Hanni. Since she wanted to do her share, too, she suggested a game of dominoes. Fräulein, on the other hand, felt that Agathe shouldn't think of other things just now, but I took Hanni's part.

So they sat playing opposite each other at the white table on which lay no more beans and notebooks, the dominoes rattled, everything was as usual. Suddenly time flew. We turned my brief case into a schoolbag, sharpened two more pencils just in case, then we were ready. That is, Agathe and I; I went along, since Fräulein had to stay with Hanni. We said good-by to everybody, even Marie, the cook, and Nedda, the shepherd dog, to whom the children always said good morning and good night. Hanni was the last to say good-by. She couldn't give Agathe her hand, neither the right nor the left, because she was holding her fingers crossed; she had heard that in the theater that brought luck.

Schwarzenbergplatz. Hegelgasse. The cool, musty, chill disinfectant smell of the Vienna schools enveloped us. Passing through that gate after a generation transformed you in a single breath into what you had once been in this same building—a pupil whose knowledge left much to be desired. Stairs and halls were silent; classes were going on, which made the severity even more severe.

And now I stood here with my child and she suffered the same fear which I had experienced here before. I grasped the little hand more firmly. "Don't be afraid, Agathe."

"I'm not," she said.

The man who came toward us asked her name. She told him. Then I gave mine and asked to be allowed to be present at the examination.

"Why?" asked the man. He was the teacher and had a smart, short little mustache and looked rather surly.

"It's her first examination," I answered, meaning it was her first acquaintance with unprotected life. But then, my answers in this building had hardly ever been adequate.

"Prompting is, of course, forbidden," the teacher said. He opened the classroom and let me enter too. Agathe had to sit in the front row. I nodded to her cheerfully. With that my part was ended.

I sat in the last row and listened to Agathe's first examination. It began with the German language. That that was a difficult subject was obvious from the examples given by the teacher—German authors who had never mastered it. Agathe mixed up the tenses. "In your home they don't seem to stress the value of good German," said the teacher.

"Oh, yes," Agathe said.

"I'd like to bet that you chatter French at home."

"With Mademoiselle."

"I see," said the teacher, and glanced at the last row.

Then the child had to read aloud from the primer until she got to a sentence at which the examiner said, "Stop!" "The faithful maiden served her knight," the sentence read.

"What kind of word is *faithful?*" Agathe was asked.

"A noun," she was about to say. I noticed it and cleared my throat vigorously. So she caught herself just in time to change it to an adjective, although she did think it was a noun.

"I must urgently request that you don't give any signs," the teacher said to me. And to Agathe: "What is the tense of *served?*"

"Imperfect."

"Thank God!" I thought.

"We don't say 'imperfect' any more, either. We say 'narrative form,' " the teacher said.

"In my book it says 'imperfect,' " Agathe defended herself.

"Books can become dated too. Ask your Herr Father. He'll agree."

I would have liked to tell him that this danger didn't exist any more since a special "narrative form" had been invented, but I restrained myself to the comment that Agathe's primer was accepted by the Vienna school board.

"Vienna isn't the world," remarked the young man, and started Agathe on writing. From his accent, he might have come from Sudetenland.

The capital *A* was good. So was the capital and the small *M*. He was dissatisfied with the capital *R*—it must bulge in the second, not in the first bend. Even a capital *R* has its development.

BUT what followed was worse. To test her knowledge of spelling, this was dictated to her: "How beautiful is the month of May. Exclamation point. The leaves on all the trees are green. Period." Anxiously she bent over her notebook and wrote with uncertain fingers. The beautiful May was all right. But she wrote "trees" quite incorrectly, said the teacher.

Was Hanni still holding her fingers crossed?

Agathe corrected the mistake. In spite of that, the atmosphere of anxiety in the examination room increased, and since the next subject was arithmetic, which was as hard for her as it still was for me, she turned around to look at me before the first question was asked. "Look at the blackboard," the teacher requested.

On the blackboard were numbers first to be added, then multiplied. Third, there was another question about trees to be answered. If anyone had asked me how many cherry trees were in an orchard where one half were pear trees, one third apple trees, and one fifth plum trees, I certainly wouldn't have known. But Agathe answered correctly, up to the last cherry. Small wonder they had tasted so bitter day before yesterday. Sitting in the last row, I thought the worst was over.

Suddenly there was silence at the blackboard.

"Seventy-three less nineteen," the teacher had asked.

Raising her face to him, Agathe stood in silence. Her slim body was tense. Her mouth didn't move. Her gray eyes filled with tears. She fought them and did not

cry. "You're weak in subtraction," said the teacher. Then followed a new subject.

It was called Knowledge of Life. How on earth a child not quite eight years old could have knowledge of life, I didn't know. I did know, however, that it wouldn't do her good to learn it before her time. In the second grade, knowledge of life was taught from colored pictures hung on the walls. This was a young man. What was the young man doing? He was leaving his house and home and farm to become a soldier. What did a soldier do? He fought and died. What did he fight for? For the fatherland. Agathe touched the pictures with a pointer and told what each one was. That was an emperor. That was the president of the Republic. Who was ruling now?

The president of the Republic.

Which was better, a republic or a monarchy?

A republic.

Why?

That she didn't know.

What was this picture?

A farmer.

What was he doing?

He was mowing with a scythe.

Right. He cut like Death. He saved the threatened homeland.

"Sing something," the teacher said. The knowledge of life seemed to have put him in better spirits.

Flushed with suppressed excitement, the child started to sing. Her heart was beating so hard that I could see it hammer at her throat. Her voice sounded tight. Her gray eyes were still moist as she sang Brahms's "Cradle Song." "'Good evening, good night. . .'" She was still struggling. At "'in the morn if God will, we will waken again,'" her voice floated free, clear and ringing. The blackboard with the figures vanished; there was no more scythe to strike like Death.

"You sing very nicely," said the teacher. Then he wrote her report. She was just adequate in writing, minus-good in arithmetic and in reading, very good in the knowledge of life and singing. She was ready for the third grade.

When she had it in black and white we both ran out and down the steps; we hurried to get home as quickly as possible with the good news. Suddenly Agathe stood still. "Is 'trees' the way I wrote it a terrible mistake?" she asked, remembering, frightened.

"Well, rather," I answered. "Only they're not as green any more when you know their spelling."

"Really?"

I said I couldn't prove it, but I thought so.

"That's funny," said Agathe.

Grief

It began almost as a game. Fräulein took a few things from the top drawer of her bureau and put them one by one on the table. They were in no way special things—a garnet brooch, a belt buckle, a carved brown wooden crucifix, a mother-of-pearl penholder, a cutglass paperweight with a colored view of Venice at the bottom, a rosary, three faded ribbons—small things, gifts of former pupils, faintly scented with lavender. Agathe remembered seeing them once before when Fräulein had first come to take care of Hanni and herself, and had unpacked her belongings. Hanni did not remember.

"Well, you were still too little," Agathe said, and as always when someone commented on her youth, Hanni replied touchily, "That doesn't make any difference." Full of curiosity, they stood before the trifling, exciting objects. Now came photographs, portraits of children, letters from children. "Look," said Fräulein, "I was with all of them. This is Rudi. This is Hans. And this is Lotte, whom I've told you about so often."

"Are they grown up now?"

"Yes, Agathe, all my children are grown up now."

Hanni tapped an old wooden Easter egg and asked, "Why do you say 'my children?' Were they yours?"

For a moment Fräulein gazed at the things on the table, past the eyes that were raised to her. Then she answered, "No, they were not mine."

"You see," said Hanni. She was permitted to fondle the treasures, to dust them and put them into a hatbox. It was fun.

However, two days later, when they came home from their walk in the park, Agathe, still in her hat and coat, ran up to me, almost beside herself with excitement, and said she had to whisper something in my ear right away. A lady in the park had asked Fräulein when she was leaving. She had just put her finger to her lips—like this—and that was all. Agathe was sure that she hadn't wanted them to notice. Was it true? Was Fräulein really leaving?

"Yes," I said.

Agathe swallowed. "Why?"

"Because you are attending public school now. Hanni, too, will go to school by fall. Fräulein, on the other hand, has found a new position and has to start on it right away," I said, pretending it was the most natural thing on earth.

Slowly Agathe took off her coat, then her gloves, which she folded accurately just as Fräulein had taught her. She took off her round brown leather hat; she ran her hand twice over both cheeks. Her movements were slow, as if with each one she grew more aware of the significance of her discovery. Finally she asked, almost inaudibly, "Does she leave soon?" I couldn't bring myself to tell her that she was to leave tonight, and simply said it wasn't definite yet. Agathe picked up her gloves, hat, and coat to put them into the closet. Near the door she stopped. "But I won't tell Hanni? Hanni might cry."

"You're right," I said. "Don't tell her."

IN the afternoon, to fill the gap, the children had a party and played "False Compliments." You secretly had to choose a partner who presented a compliment to the one he guessed had chosen him. Bad guesses used to bring merriment; it was a cheerful game. Today the children didn't laugh. Did they sense the little symbol? Unwittingly you missed your destiny while seeking favors from those who didn't care.

Fräulein, too, played the game. It was her turn with the compliment. She took one glance at the children huddled together, then bowed before Hanni. Correct. Hanni was a little flustered that Fräulein had guessed her right away, for this choosing was a kind of declaration of love, and to reveal it before the whole world embarrassed Hanni a little. To hide it, she said, "Oh, somebody told you."

"No," Fräulein said. "I hoped you would choose me."

"I see," Hanni said.

Later the children played horse races with tin horses and dice, and Fräulein found time for her packing. She bent over her suitcase. How often before had she had to pack her things like this? How often, after too many years, had she taken her heart in her hands like this to suppress her feeling for those on whom she had squandered it lavishly?

She thought of it as she packed. Others, too, took a job, left it when it was finished, and sought other work. But it was not their job to live with children! Somebody else's children, of course. But who knows what it means to live with children for years, day and night? "Oh, Fräulein watches them. Fräulein is so reliable," the parents said. Yes, Fräulein was reliable. She was the first to notice when they got sick, the first to worry, the first to stay awake. If Fräulein had been more careful. . . If Fräulein had gotten home sooner. . . How well she knew all the ready reproaches and ingratitude, she thought as she packed. You lived the life of others while your own life passed by. During all those years you had guarded every breath of somebody else's children. It was you who remembered where last summer's white sandals had been put, when Grandpa and Uncle Hans had their birthdays, how to make Agathe understand fractions, and how to coax Hanni to eat her porridge. You knew everything that was expected and you were responsible for everything. That's when children ceased to belong to somebody else, Fräulein thought. That's when they became your own.

Piece after piece went into the suitcase. The dic-

tionary, the speller, and the well-worn blue notebook in which she had jotted her examples that helped explain the difficulties of sentence structure, the cigarette box with the brown beans which were so helpful in learning multiplication and division—equipment of the day before yesterday and again for tomorrow. Will Agathe remember to carry the tens when I am no longer here? she thought. Hanni will have a hard time without me. She's so used to me. And at night she'll kick off her covers and catch cold. Who's going to get up to look after her? Fräulein blew her nose, quietly, as she had taught the children was becoming to a person of good breeding.

During supper Agathe hardly touched her food, and Hanni, who did not suspect, was deep in thought. "Fräulein," she said finally, "are you angry?" No. Nobody was angry. We talked, but nobody listened. Even Agathe, a little bit honored to be in on the secret, tried to carry her share of the conversation. "It was fun this afternoon, Hanni. Wasn't it?" she asked her sister, and looked at me as if to say that she could be relied on. "No," said Hanni. "It was no fun."

"Just wait and see," said Fräulein. "Next week everything will be green." I noticed how Agathe fought her tears. Next week! Fräulein wouldn't be sitting at the table with us any more next week.

I had planned to save it for a surprise, but I promised them now that day after tomorrow I would take them to the matinee of *Aladdin and the Magic Lamp.* It helped a little. Hanni asked cheerfully, "Fräulein, may I take my marionettes to the theater this time?" All permission, all restrictions came from Fräulein—impossible to think that it could ever be different. "We'll see," Fräulein replied softly. The tone of her voice puzzled Hanni. So Fräulein was angry after all. She frowned, searching for the reason. Because she had left her gloves in the park again? Or because she never managed to get the peak right in the small *r*? It was most likely because of the small *r*.

ONCE more, and for the last time, Fräulein put the children to bed. They alternated, as they had every evening for the many years. Tonight it was Hanni's turn to be undressed and washed first, because last night it had been Agathe's. That was only fair. With familiar methodical routine Fräulein undressed the child in the bathroom; the shoes go here, the socks go there, today as always. She soaped the washrag, caught the foam with her index finger, sponged around the ears with sure, deft, careful strokes, without getting the hair wet, and said, as usual, "Now the right, now the left, now that mean old foot there." And Hanni, as usual, splashed water wildly in all directions and demanded her duck. To such requests Fräulein had always replied, "Either play or wash. You cannot serve two masters at the same time, Hanni. Now stop it. If you don't behave at once I shall leave this very moment and never come back."

Today she didn't say that. Instead, she brought the duck. Yes, that's what she did, and the unexpected left Hanni speechless. She was in bed now with the wet duck. And with Fräulein's *permission!*

Agathe knew only too well. Soon she was washed and undressed too. Fräulein stood between the two white beds and said, as usual, "Fine. Let us pray."

They prayed, all three of them, as every night.

Now Fräulein had only to lift the sides of the beds, say good night, and light the little blue night lamp. But before she did she slipped up to each bed, took each child in her arms, and held her very close, kissing her on the eyes, on the mouth, on the forehead. She said something that sounded like good night and lighted the blue night lamp. Then she waited until they were asleep.

While she stood outside with me, and I was groping for words of farewell, Agathe appeared suddenly, barefoot, in her nightgown, white with fear that she might be too late. She clutched something in her hands. "Fräulein," she said, "so you'll have something from us too!" Quickly she handed her her new red silk hair ribbon and Hanni's amber bracelet and then hurried back because she had to cry. Back in bed, she held her breath. Outside she could hear voices, but she couldn't understand all the words. Only "promise" and "thanks" and "good-by." Twice good-by. Then the sound of the apartment door closing. Then silence.

Agathe lay with eyes wide open. Suddenly she knew the saddest word on earth. Good-by.

Herr Brown

Nedda was the mother. Who the father was we didn't know, for it was an accident. He must have been handsome and of the same breed, judging by his offspring; perhaps that was justification for Nedda's sacrificing overnight her reputation as a Fräulein of good family of German shepherd dogs. She was ashamed, nonetheless, because she had lost her figure; perhaps, too, because of her indiscretion. At any rate, she avoided Agathe and Hanni. One night, in the cellar where she had crept to hide, without knowing the father's name she gave birth to his three children. Two were charming and dark; we called them Pascha and Canio. Canio belonged to Agathe, Pascha to Hanni. The third was light brown. Herr Brown we called him, because over his forehead he had a crooked stripe that looked like a cocky little hat. He belonged to both children.

Newborn dogs can't see for twelve days. Like moles, helplessly blind, they grope for their mother who, because they are blind and she must feed them, does not leave them day or night. A great earnestness filled Nedda, a sudden awareness of responsibility.

She watched over them; she hardly ever slept. Without mercy the puppies demanded her attention; patiently she gave it to them, washed them with her tongue, nourished them with her body. Weak, she lay there and turned her wise head toward the children when they went for a walk, as if she wanted to say, "You can see I can't go with you as I used to. I am needed here. Excuse me, please."

One day the puppies could see. One day they could walk. The two dark ones developed rapidly, but Herr Brown, in contrast, lagged a little behind. He grew more slowly, blinked when the others could already see, waddled when they could almost run. And he was the least handsome. There was something wretched about his narrow face with its half-closed eyes, and his coat was dull, thin, skimpy. "Herr Brown is rather ugly," decided Hanni. She found other faults in him too. Above all he was very arrogant.

He lay quietly alone on his sawdust, while his brothers, tangled up in each other, tumbled around, whined, growled, or yapped shrilly. When he was called by name he willingly lifted his little head, tried in vain to prick his ears, and laughed. At least Hanni, who was an authority on the subject, insisted that he could laugh, and when she discovered that, she told him all the funny things that had happened during the day. Herr Brown not only laughed about them, Hanni claimed, he rolled over with laughter too. When I doubted it she crouched down to his little basket and told him the joke about the dismissal of the Finance Minister which I had told a guest at the table. The puppy dog wrinkled his upper lip, bared his teeth, grabbed with his front paws, and wagged his tail. That's how he laughed. I decided not to tell any more jokes about the administration.

When he was two weeks old Herr Brown went outdoors for the first time. His dark brothers, who had grown even darker and shinier while his colorless short pelt remained as skimpy as ever, moved along the sidewalk with no trouble at all. Herr Brown, on the other hand, groped uncertainly along on the soft pads of his paws. Whether from weariness or because everything surprised him so, he occasionally sat down and opened wide his eyes, which by now he could control. The children had their hands full with Canio and Pascha, who didn't want to keep in step. Herr Brown kept in step all right, and so they had to worry least about him.

The walk was full of surprises. An animal which didn't look at all like his mother or his brothers ran toward him, but the animal must have belonged to the family because only in the family circle would such an intimate approach be proper. The hard pavement ended. Another, more attractive color was on the ground, which felt soft, cool, and a little ticklish—but then someone cried threat-

eningly, "Will you get off the grass?" Herr Brown went back onto the hard sidewalk. Weren't the cool, soft places to be enjoyed?

Something fell, bouncing, just before him. It was round, colored, and challenging, so he bit into it. But again someone cried, "Give that ball up immediately, will you?" What was one really allowed to do? Herr Brown let go of the nice thing and sat down. After a little while it grew dark. The air was filled with a growling, whistling, roaring sound. Wetness beat down coldly and left not a dry hair on his body. That apparently was allowed.

Herr Brown's first outing didn't agree with him. Agathe thought it had been "too much for such a weak dog," and that it really had been. Too much wetness, far too many experiences. Herr Brown got sick. He lay in his basket and refused to eat. Chills ran through his frail body; at times he made a hoarse noise sounding like a sigh. He coughed, said the veterinarian, who attached little importance to the case. Seriously ill? A premature case of distemper with inflammation of the conjunctiva and cornea. Two per cent boric acid, one per cent creosote solution. That would help.

Nothing helped. With an understanding patience and an indulgent docility the little dog swallowed all the bitterness and suffered all the sharpness. Now and then he wrinkled his upper lip and showed his thin, pointed, snow-white teeth. Hanni no longer called that laughing.

His brothers avoided him; he was no fun. But Nedda, though fully occupied with the dark ones, could always spare a little time for him. She touched him with her paws, stroked his inflamed eyelids with her tongue, sat next to him, and encouraged him. What was she trying to say with that steady sound which was like a purring or a panting? According to Hanni, who understood Nedda's language exactly, she told him stories.

When he got so weak that he could hardly raise his head Hanni made a decision. Here in the house he would never get well. If anything would help him, it was air and sun. She took him in her arms and carried him to the park. There she put him on a patch of grass right behind the pond. The sun shone down, a warm, life-giving sun, the wind fanned very gently through the trees.

Herr Brown sat in the grass, tired from dying and surprised in spite of it. How beautiful it was. "You will get well here," Hanni promised him. At that he laughed again. She wanted him to lie even more in the sun. But arrogant as ever, he did not obey her. Herr Brown was dead.

THE children buried him in the park in a wooden box that had once harbored a ping-pong set. It was a real funeral. A grave was dug, no wider than two children's steps, but deep enough and under a tree. "It will be nice and cool for him here," said Hanni. It had never been very warm for him. Prayers were not said because there was no time; the park attendant might appear.

The two dark brothers had been allowed to come along. They had the time of their lives, chased madly around the pond, completely unconcerned with the funeral.

"They didn't like him very much," said Agathe.

"That's because he never bothered much about them," said Hanni.

"Nobody liked him," said Agathe.

"Because he was so arrogant," said Hanni.

They smoothed the little grave with the palms of their hands. Hanni placed the initials H. B.—Herr Brown—on top of it in small white pebbles.

Suddenly they saw Nedda. Without muzzle—which was even more strictly *verboten* by the park attendant than digging in the ground—she ran toward them with big strides; she must have gotten loose from the chain on which they had leashed her.

"Bad Nedda!" Hanni cried.

Nedda stood still, panting, then she snuffled and scratched the earth exactly where the wooden box lay.

"Go away, there's nothing there," Hanni said. "And anyway you always liked Canio and Pascha much better. Play with them! There they are."

But Nedda kept on scratching.

"Now you've completely spoiled my initials!" Hanni said.

With her front paws Nedda dug quickly, without looking up, until the box lay exposed. She tried hard to open it, could not, and howled.

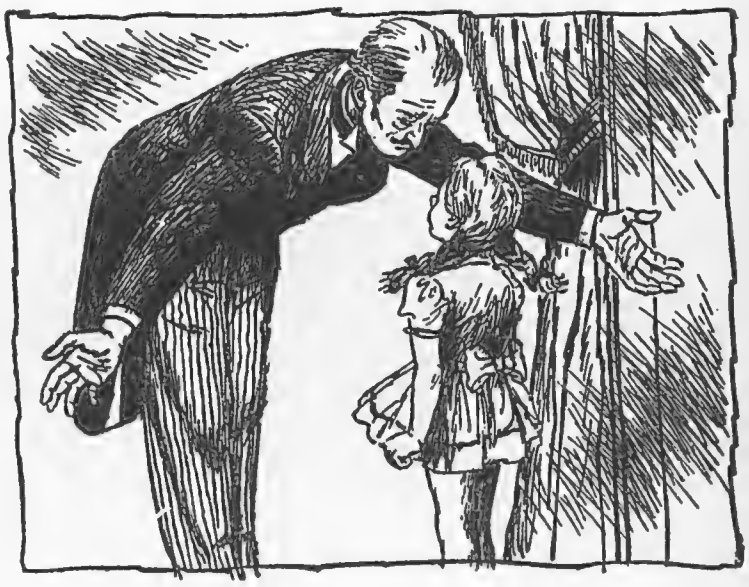
"I know," Hanni comforted her. "You were his mother. But now stop it, or the park attendant will come, and you haven't got a muzzle on."

A little later they all went home. Agathe, Hanni, Nedda, Canio, and Pascha. Only Herr Brown lay alone under a linden tree. In death, just as in his two weeks of life, no one missed him very much.

The Dancing Lesson

Agathe was to learn dancing, and Hanni had exacted permission from me to go along to the first lesson. If they would just take her for older than she was, as they surely would, she would learn to dance too.

So Frau Ella, the seamstress with the slightly uneven shoulders, came. With Frau Ella the changes started. Whenever the clothes had to be lighter or heavier, colored or drab, before a summer began or an autumn



ended, if a funeral threatened, or a wedding was expected in the family, the puppet theater in the nursery was pushed aside and the sewing machine put in its place.

"Are we going to make the pink one or the dark one?" Frau Ella asked. For she had received only a post card on which nothing more than the traditional words were written: "Please be sure to come to us as soon as you receive this message." One never got in touch with her any other way. And she was always sure to come, ready alike for materials heavy and light, shimmering and dark.

This time it was to be the pink. "Make it look like a debutante!" begged Agathe, for she was already nine. Hanni made a spot on the new material with the oil with which Frau Ella kept the sewing machine running smoothly, but fortunately it was only on the selvage. To distract attention from it, she asked if Frau Ella had had dancing lessons too. "No," answered Frau Ella.

"Why not?" Hanni asked. "Didn't you like to dance?"

The seamstress shrugged her slightly uneven shoulders and said, "It just didn't work out that way. Come, let me measure you." A new dress for Agathe meant a new one for Hanni.

For several days the swift wheel hummed. Frau Ella appeared punctually at nine and left at seven. In between, two little pink dancing dresses took shape, which Agathe called "direct," a word which she pronounced "dyrect" and used as a superlative. "Dyrect marvelous," she said. The two little dancing dresses were really as nice as if their creator had herself once known the joy of dancing, that time when it just didn't work out. There are funny accidents. Some come into the world with crooked shoulders, the others dance.

"Have a good time," said Frau Ella before she went to another place to sew. So the children went to their first dancing lesson. The rooms where the class was held had in their time served quite different purposes, for they had housed the offices of the Imperial Royal War

Ministry. After the revolution some smart republican had rented them—probably because of the parquet floors, which since Metternich's day were more slippery in the Vienna ministries than anywhere else.

In the anteroom stood a tall mirror. Hanni gave it not a glance, but Agathe looked at herself in it, smoothed her hair ribbon, straightened her stocking. Already before her future stood a mirror. "Come on," urged Hanni.

When we entered we had to wait a few minutes. The advanced class, for adolescents only, was not yet over.

"Promenade! Every gentleman escorts his lady!" commanded the dancing teacher.

The gentlemen were fourteen, the ladies twelve.

The dancing teacher was a teacher of elegant people, which meant he was obligated to constant good humor. It must not have been easy to maintain a nonchalant air for ten hours a day. But as it was part of the tolerated cruelties of elegant people to expect cheerful masks from the entertaining professions, comedians had to be funny, singers fat, and dancing teachers agreeable.

"Ladies' choice!" announced the dancing teacher, and he joked, aware of his obligations. "Now, ladies, show the courage of your convictions!"

To give them this courage, the piano player fell into a slow Boston, for which the twelve-year-old girls had to make their choice. And as they did they mysteriously revealed their characters. This one, who stepped up to the young man in the Eton jacket so confidently and murmured something to him, might very soon talk evil of others; this one, who eyed one before dancing with another, will probably be unfaithful to her husband; that one there, who blushed, will certainly have a hard time. The boys, too, drew the outline of tomorrow. The one whose lower lip protruded angrily and who deliberately stood behind the others, taking stock of them, could someday easily stand far out in front; such genuine exasperation should provide real drive. The fat one, whose tie was too loud and whose thumbs were round, moved visibly in the direction of a big bank account, each step an order for the stock exchange. But that one who, in spite of his fourteen years, held his partner like a dandy and told her something not necessarily true with a smile that made her swear it was, looked as if he would sooner or later cause his parents a lot of trouble. First they, then others, would have to pay his debts. Even then, it was safe to wager, he would tell things that weren't true, but the prosecuting attorney wouldn't believe them.

After they had shown their courage and made their choice the young ladies and gentlemen swayed in the rhythm of the dance for advanced pupils. They didn't yet know anything about themselves, but one already knew so much about them.

NEXT it was the beginners' turn. A company of blue and pink, of glistening, patent-leather shoes, smoothly brushed hair, and first long trousers, marched up; here the girls, there the boys. Their ages were from nine to eleven, exceptions granted, for after all it was Vienna. Some had already had dancing lessons; that is, they knew the polka. Revolutions may shake the universe, but the polka will remain secure.

"Attention! Please, Herr Kapellmeister! A lively polka."

The children's movements became a little forced. They were the center of attention, saw all eyes turned toward them, and felt honored or embarrassed. Actually, of course, it was only the eyes of their mothers who sat on the plush benches along the walls and constantly compared. "The most beautiful of all!" those looks clearly said; every mother's child. Otherwise that little cross-eyed girl would not have had such a fiery red dress. Otherwise that boy with the harelip would not be taking dancing lessons. Full of pride, the mothers looked on. They saw the beauty others could not see.

Graciously, the dancing teacher himself took Hanni, who was the smallest, in his arms, while Agathe was entrusted to a boy. Right foot, left foot, one, two, three—one, two, three. But that was harder than it seemed. Hanni made no progress, and the dancing teacher grew impatient without showing it. Smiling, he turned Hanni around. "Look how simple it is!" he said. "Now the right foot, now the left, now turn right, now turn left—it goes by itself."

Concentrating all her strength, she tried to understand the polka. However, she started out on the wrong foot or forgot to turn.

"Now try it once alone," said the teacher, who couldn't possibly give his entire attention to one child.

Forsaken, Hanni stood there and tried to dance. Right foot; that was still all right. Left foot; that was a little mixed up. One, two, three; the turn was bad. Confused, she looked at her feet, turned to the right instead of the left, and began to cry.

So the dancing teacher, for whom all mankind was composed of those who danced and those who didn't, made his decision. He clapped his hands; the music stopped. "Hanni, how old are you?" he asked.

There was deathly silence. She wouldn't say it. The shame of being below the age limit was too great.

"Well, in any case, you're still too small. You must wait another year or so before you can begin. I'm sorry, but you're only holding up the others. Look how well Agathe can already do it. Next year you'll be able to do it that well too."

The polka continued; Hanni was no longer allowed to participate; her defeat was complete. Crushed, she came to me. "It doesn't make any difference, Hanni!" I said. "What's a year!"

She gulped, as if it were an eternity.

"If he asks you—please don't tell him how old I am," she pleaded when she was able to talk.

I promised her. Then she sat on one of the plush

benches and watched how well the others could do it. The mother of the ugly girl asked her, "Didn't you know that you were still too small?"

"No," she said defiantly.

"My girl does it nicely," the mother said.

Agathe fared better. Not only did she learn the steps easily, she had also made an alliance which, in spite of having begun only five minutes before, had evidently been made for eternity. He was a blond boy, the only boy in the whole class who was wearing gloves—white kid gloves. He seemed to feel that they involved obligations, and as the piano player paused he pulled a bag of candies from his pants pocket and offered them to Agathe. Though the bonbons were a little soft from their storage, the honor of being the only girl in the hall so favored by the only boy wearing white gloves did not diminish. Hesitantly Agathe took the sweets.

"How do you like them?" asked the blond boy.

"Very much, thank you," answered Agathe. They were her first words of love.

It was also her first experience with a good-looking boy. As the music began again, without another glance at her he turned to a little girl in a sky-blue dress and offered her a bonbon and his hand for the next dance.

How was that? Could boys with white gloves be so

fickle, and did the obligations of an exchange of sweets last only as long as they were being enjoyed?

"Attention!" requested the dancing teacher.

Right foot. Left foot. One, two, three. Left turn. Right turn.

There was a lot to learn at a dancing lesson. How one must turn; how soon everything changes.

Hans, the Bird

When Agathe had measles the doctor insisted she had to lie in a darkened room to spare her eyes. Hanni, who had been isolated, spent the first lonesome weeks of her life, for even though she quarreled with Agathe most of the time, life without her seemed empty. She found some comfort in being allowed to answer the phone in Agathe's place and, without giving the callers a chance to get in a word, promptly informed them: "Hello. This is Hanni! Agathe has measles. I don't yet. But the doctor says I can still get them!"

It took more than that to raise her greatly dampened cheerfulness, and because cheerfulness and noise were one and the same to her, she looked for ways and means in the phonetic sphere. Since she had painted the records part violet, part green, the gramophone had stood unused; the radio, she thought, was extremely boring, for when she came home from school in the afternoon things like "The Burdens of Motherhood" or "How Can I Fertilize My Turnip Field?" were on the air. And since Agathe was permitted neither to read nor use her eyes at all, logically she at least had to have something to listen to, which would be fun for the others as well. So Hanni gave me the alternative: a little brother or a canary. I decided on the canary.

Whoever believes that a canary can be bought just as a pair of galoshes is quite mistaken. When I went next door to the pet shop which had white mice in the show windows all year round, I was advised that this was not the season for canaries. But they would be glad to oblige me with first-class porcupines. So I went to a store listed in the phone book as "Bird Shop; Specialty, Singing Birds."

It was located in a passage connecting a small street with a square, indeed almost two worlds. The street roared, honked, and puffed; the square stood aloof with its hundred-year-old houses.

"Customers are respectfully requested to ring the apartment bell twice," said a notice on the shop door—there didn't seem to be too many customers. Or perhaps when the owner of the bird shop did not like one's face he simply would not admit him?

The "apartment bell" was a baroque brass ring from which a wire ran up the ancient walls of the house. When I pulled it twice, an old man wearing glasses opened the window on the second floor and asked distrustfully what I wanted. Coming from the owner of a specialty shop, this seemed rather superfluous to me.

"A canary," I called up to him.

No answer.

"A canary that sings well," I called louder. Perhaps he was hard of hearing.

My voice resounded so loudly in the quiet courtyard that other people appeared at the windows.

The man with the glasses didn't budge from his. "They all sing well," he said definitely. "What kind does the Herr want?"

"A male?" I suggested, since so much here seemed to depend on being an authority. Ornithology had never been my forte.

The bird dealer nodded. "After all, only male birds sing. Female birds do not!" he called down sharply.

I was annoyed. Was this open-air performance a necessary part of buying a canary? "One from the Harz Mountains," I called, mustering all my knowledge.

"The Herr has obviously never had a canary," decided the old man. Although ninety-eight men out of a hundred had probably never had a canary, his tone made me feel ashamed not to be one of the two who had.

"No," I admitted.

"Please wait. I'll come down," he said, in spite of my answer. My confession seemed to have placated him.

When he opened his store my annoyance vanished; a more charming scene would be hard to imagine. Through a single window a vague light from the courtyard filtered into the room which consisted of nothing but cages, low rectangles of light wood. In each lived a bird. Goldfinches, finches, robins, thrushes, nightingales, canaries. And the moment the old man walked up to them, all the brown, black, gray, red-speckled, yellow birds began to sing. They sang, fluttering back and forth in their little prisons, until the walls of the dimly lighted room seemed alive, glowing and exulting a hundred times over. In the midst of it all ticked a clock with heavy brass weights, and above it, before a picture of the Virgin Mary, burned a ruby-red lamp.

The old man seemed satisfied with the impression his shop made on me; he suggested, "If you want a beautiful head tone, take Number 34. But if the Herr prefers a long trill, take Number 7."

Then I noticed that there was a little numbered tag on each cage and that the old man approached the birds not as prisoners but as artists. For he had stepped in front of Number 34, tapped lightly on the cage door with his index finger, and said, "Sing, Number 34. Do you hear? Sing. . . ."

At that the neighboring birds grew silent. The Number 34 stuck his hard yellow bill through the bars, sharpened it energetically, retired to his little perch, spread his light yellow wings, folded them, and sang. He began with a soft, deep whistling, lingered on a tremolo, increased to a vigorous warble, muffled it melodiously, whistled softly once more, and was still.

"Well done," said the old man, who had stood by like a coach and had tapped the cage reproachfully when the tremolo seemed inartistic. I, too, expressed my satisfaction and asked permission to buy Number 34.

The bird dealer shrugged his shoulders. Then he took the cage from the wall and, placing it before him on the window sill, fussed quite unnecessarily over it. "Don't let him drink water that's too cold," he said. "Room temperature. And never put him at the open window on account of the draft. And cover him at night." He added hopefully, "Perhaps he won't get acquainted with you. If he doesn't, just bring him right back."

How could we tell if he didn't get acquainted?

He wouldn't sing.

That happened occasionally?

"Yes! Oh yes!" said the old man in a much better mood. "They don't feel at home everywhere!"

When the question of price, treated by him as a tedious, incidental matter, was settled, he handed me the cage, tapped lightly once more at the door, and said, "All right, Number 34—we'll see how you like it there." And he waved good-by. But only to the bird.

IT is not pleasant to walk through the town with a canary. Occasionally from the paper-wrapped package come sounds which make it quite conspicuous. When I sat down in the streetcar I fervently hoped that the old man was right and that, while I was sitting there at least, the bird would not get acquainted. It would have been too embarrassing suddenly to be holding a head tone between my fingers.

My wish was granted all the way home. Once there, I placed the cage in the middle of the dining-room table and called Hanni; for the patient's sake she had been asked to be extremely quiet. But now she slammed two doors, ran so fast that she slipped in front of the dining room, fell into it, saw the surprise, and screamed with delight. Then she jumped up, came to the table, and stuck a welcoming finger into the cage.

Number 34 followed all this without zest. Deprived of his familiar company, torn away from the cozy twilight of the shop, annoyed by the lights and sounds, he sat, his feathers ruffled, on the highest rung. And when this bent fleshy thing appeared in his cage, without the usual friendly tapping of his master, it was too much for him. He spread his wings, and opened his sharp beak.

"He's going to sing now!" screamed Hanni.

He just pecked her finger.

"You see, he doesn't know you yet. But he sings beautifully," I said.

"When?" she asked with a hostile look at the canary.
"Not until he gets acquainted with us."
"When will he get acquainted with us?"
"Soon."
"When can Agathe have him?"
"As soon as he sings."

When I came home again a few hours later Hanni dashed into the vestibule. "He did *not* sing," she said like a prosecuting attorney. "Not a note."

"He'll sing!" I defended myself.

"When?"

"I can't tell you the exact second. The main thing is that he will sing. Isn't it?"

She looked at her finger and went back into the dining room without a word.

There they sat opposite each other. She on the floor, the bird on his highest rung. She never took her eyes from him; he didn't waste a glance on her. Her big eyes grew bigger with anger. The bird opened his beak repeatedly but sang not a note. The duel lasted through dinner and after, until Hanni, undefeated but prevented from fighting on, had to go into the library, where she was now sleeping. During the night, frightened out of her sleep, she asked me through the door, "Is he singing?"

The manager of the opera whose existence depends on whether the famous tenor will sing or cancel could not have asked the question more urgently than Hanni did. He hadn't sung. Angry whenever someone came near the cage, surly when left alone, Number 34 sat on the top rung which he left only to eat. He gained weight before our eyes. But he sang neither yesterday nor tomorrow.

"Maybe it's a female," suggested the pediatrician whom I had asked for advice. And to cheer me up, he said, "I wonder if Hanni won't still get the measles."

When the battle had lasted three days it began to take on the aspect of a sports event. Tensely the household followed the bulletins that Hanni untiringly published, even the old cook, Marie, and the baron on the third floor, who was usually interested only in horses. Now Number 34 was eating. A good sign, old Marie felt. Now he was sharpening his bill on the bars. Not a bad sign, explained the baron; before the start, race horses "bit their reins." Now he was sleeping. Not a good sign. On the fifth day I was urgently called to the telephone in the midst of a State Department conference. "He did *this*," Hanni told me excitedly over the phone, and imitated a soft trembling sound. "I'm sure that he will sing now. Do you think . . . ?"

He did not. Agathe, whose fever had gone down but who still could have no light in her room, was informed of the development. Depressed by the darkness, she lay there longing to be well. But she hid her feelings, and when asked how she felt, replied, "Thank you, fine." They were the words that she used most often, as if she knew that it is more important to have pity than to arouse it. When, after the telephone conversation, the bird still would not sing, Hanni called through the closed door, "Agathe! I think the canary is dumb!" It had just occurred to her and she had to tell somebody.

She shouldn't have done it of course, for Agathe was looking forward to the singing bird with great anticipation. That's why I decided to return Number 34, and exchange him for a more congenial bird. Yet Agathe begged me not to do it. She asked me to bring the cage to her.

HE hung just opposite her bed; she could see him fairly well, for he was light yellow. Hanni stood outside the door to see what would happen; she had been strictly forbidden to talk to the patient.

It was very quiet in the darkened nursery. Only a light scratching was proof of the bird's presence.

"He's not singing in there either," said Hanni to herself, for she wasn't allowed to say it to her sister.

Then she heard Agathe talk. She said, "My name is Agathe," very softly, as if she were ashamed. "It doesn't matter if you don't sing. Perhaps you have a sore throat. I can't sing now either, can I? But it will soon get better. You know, Hanni is like that. She's still too little. She doesn't understand yet. . . ."

Hanni missed a few words in her anger over Agathe's saying such things about her. Even if he was only a canary, she didn't want to be made to seem ridiculous to him.

Softy Agathe talked to the bird.

"What's your name? Is your name perhaps Hans."

The bird had hopped down from his top perch and scratched the sand. Then he hopped up again, hopped down, up, down, up, down, for quite a while. "Hans," said Agathe tenderly, "Hans. . . ."

The yellow bird looked over to where she lay, made himself comfortable on his perch, looked once more toward the bed, and sang. With a long, deep, flute-like sound he began, warbled jubilantly, gave everything his little voice could give, whistled, exulted, and finished. Then he began anew.

"He is singing!" said Hanni, bewildered.

He sang for Agathe the whole afternoon. When she should already have been asleep, he still sang. No, please, don't hang a cloth over him. He wouldn't disturb her; on the contrary, he should just . . . sing . . . on. . . . She was almost asleep.

The bird sang on for a while in the twilight. Then he grew tired too. Agathe rolled over to the wall, turned the corner of her pillow, put her head on it; that was cool. The bird sat on his perch, ruffled his feathers, and stuck his head under his wing; that was nice and warm. "Sing again tomorrow," said Agathe. Then they both fell asleep.

"He sings when he's with her," Hanni explained to old Marie, who always agreed with her, "because it's dark in her room. Where I was it was always too light."

"You're right," said old Marie.

Weren't there other things which would make birds sing? I decided to ask the bird dealer.

Christmas Presents

It was a matter of gifts for old Marie and me. The year before there had been three to receive presents, for Fräulein was still with us then. But now Fräulein was with other children in Switzerland.

As in previous years, the whole affair was kept a deep secret until the last moment. But even so, this time the first signs were already noticeable on the fifth of December, the Eve of St. Nicholas, when the children placed their shoes in front of their door before going to bed; early in the morning they brought them in again, excitedly, filled with chocolates and other small presents. This year, however, they no longer believed that it was good St. Nicholas who had put the pretty things in their shoes, but discovered that it was Herr Delius, the actor, who, with white cotton beard, rouged cheeks, a bishop's high miter of gold paper, and a linen cloth for a cloak, had come to them to ask in his deepest voice whether they had been good girls all through the year. As long as Fräulein had been there, they had been still in doubt because she had bowed so very devoutly and, as was fitting for a real bishop, addressed him as "Your Grace." But this time Hanni had found out that before coming into the children's room His Grace had had coffee with me in the dining room and had complained bitterly about a critic ignorant enough to overlook him among the stars of yesterday's première. "Damned idiot!" the saint had said, meaning the critic.

It was a disappointment, perhaps. But on the other hand, it gave them an opportunity to ask a few important questions about Christmas. Had they searched far and wide, they could not have found a better expert in men's fashions than Herr Delius. That's why they whispered together, and when His Grace wanted to leave ceremoniously, Agathe asked whether she could whisper something in his ear, for I was in the room too. Quite willingly he answered "Yes!" Then Agathe whispered in his right ear while Hanni, at the same time, tried to confide as much as possible to his left. I noticed that the cotton beard was in danger of falling from his upper lip and warned the children not to bother the holy man. "He's no bishop!" Hanni said. "Isn't that true, Herr Delius?" And Herr Delius, in his unparalleled good nature, promptly answered "Yes!" a second time. There was some more whispering. Since I was not welcome, I left the nursery,

but still I could hear it was all about ties.

I did not discover until later that it was about an umbrella too. They wanted to give me both, Agathe the ties,

Hanni the umbrella, having found out that I was not chic enough and that I came home soaked when it rained.

The money for their Christmas presents was in the boy's head made of china—originally there had been two, Max *and* Moritz, but Moritz had been broken. Theoretically, they saved all year for Christmas. Actually, they did not begin until November. So they naturally could not do their shopping until the very last moment, when the china head no longer stood the slightest chance. The closer this moment approached, the more conspicuously they dusted Max, and purely by accident shook him like an offering box as soon as someone entered the nursery. Except for old Marie, who had never been seen to spend a groschen of her own, everyone knew what they meant.

For reasons of education and economy, Fräulein had always suggested "handmade" gifts—calendars made with a scroll saw and decorated with pansies, varnished ash trays, bookmarks on which were embroidered in red wool the words "Though I am small, you are my all"—all of which they hated. This year, without Fräulein to

advise them, they had made up their minds to give for the first time "real" presents. There was full agreement on a new rosary for Marie. The old one was worn out, and Hanni, for one, thought that not much could be expected from prayers said on it. She probably felt that rosaries were like brooms. New ones swept better.

They had phoned me in the afternoon at the office to tell me that they were going to an extraordinary dancing lesson. Only after they had left had it begun to snow and storm so hard. I should not have let them go out in such miserable weather, I thought. But it was the twenty-third of December and I knew they had no more time. Had Fräulein still been there, she would have reminded me: "Children have a guardian angel!" And would have looked most nervously at the clock every five minutes.

Later it occurred to me to ask old Marie over the phone what the children had worn when they went out. Judging from her reply, they must have been dressed as for an expedition to the North Pole. True enough, when I came home the snow had turned into a veritable blizzard. I looked into the closet. Their galoshes were there. Their fur jackets. Their woolen gloves. Why had she let them go out dressed as for summer? I asked old Marie. She answered curtly, in Czech, as she always did when she was of a different opinion.

I sat and waited. "The weather bureau cautions motorists to be on the watch!" warned the radio. Nothing was said about pedestrians. If the girls were not back by half-past six I would call for them at the bazaar, I decided. They could be nowhere else.

I remembered that they had gone out to bring me joy—I thought of that all the time. I also thought of how often I had sat this way and waited for them. My fear had always proved unfounded. That is, almost always.

"The sudden freeze has made walking dangerous on sidewalks not strewn with sand. Pedestrians are warned not to go out except in emergency," the radio announced.

I had on my hat and coat when they came back. Slow old Marie was much faster than I, for she had already opened the door for them. I heard her whisper, "Galoshes!" when I walked into the vestibule. And she quickly hid something under her apron.

Snow clung to their hair. Their coats were crusted with ice. Their hands were red as lobsters. They had worn no gloves, and their shoes were those they wore in July.

"How was the dancing lesson?" I asked.

"We're back early, aren't we?" asked Hanni, out of breath. "Are you going out?"

Marie had hot tea ready. She brought it in with rum, lemon and sugar. "Will it please the Fräuleins to drink this punch?" she said.

It pleased them. The cheeks glowed from the cold. Their eyes shone with their secret.

"Will it please the Fräuleins to take off their shoes?" old Marie said.

I pretended not to see how wet their stockings were.

"Weren't you going out?" Hanni reminded me.

"I just came home," I lied.

"Turn on the radio," Hanni said to Agathe. It was seven o'clock, time for the weather report.

"Snow, rain, wind," was the forecast for tomorrow.

"What's so wonderful about that?" I asked, for Hanni seemed simply delighted.

"Nothing," she said, and made motions to Agathe which I failed to understand. It seemed to have something to do with rain, though.

Agathe was delighted too.

While we were at dinner Marie announced that a man from a haberdasher's was telephoning to ask if I was at home. Hanni rushed to the phone, said "No!" and hung up. After that she directed a constant stream of chatter at me.

During the night both of them sneezed.

AT the haberdasher's next morning I was shown a slip of paper on which was written in pencil:

"I will pay the balance for the umbrella for my dear poppa by next Christmas." It was signed with Hanni's first and last names, her address, and stated that she was a student in the third grade, elementary school.

The clerk was at pains to assure me that he had suggested a cheaper umbrella. But my daughter had referred him to Herr Delius, and Herr Delius had definitely advised him to sell her a real English silk umbrella with a black bamboo handle, no other. Herr Delius was a highly esteemed patron, so the clerk had agreed to be satisfied with a rather small down payment. Even so, he had taken the liberty of checking with me. All this, he took it, was all right?

It was, I said, and paid the balance.

Until lunch I expected every minute to be notified that one or both of the children were taken sick. When I came home early in the afternoon, however, everything for Santa Claus was ready. Under the trimmed Christmas tree lay an umbrella, really and truly a showpiece of an umbrella. Next to it, three blindingly beautiful ties—in all my life I had never bought any such luxuries. And the Christ child in the manger wore a necklace—a silver rosary with pale blue beads.

"You'll pray much better with it," Hanni said to old Marie, who stared at the rosary in fascination. To me she said, "Open it."

Then they sang "Silent Night."

"Are you surprised?" Agathe asked me after I had wandered twice through the living room with the open umbrella. The grownups got their presents first so that the suspense would last longer.

"I'll always pray for the children," said Marie, letting the new rosary slide through her practiced fingers.

Yes, I was surprised. My children were spendthrifts. But they knew the secret of how to spread joy—with a rosary, with an umbrella, with healthy red cheeks which no snowstorm could harm.

Justice

"Then you were there?" asked the policeman.

"Yes."

"I mean—she didn't just tell you about it? You saw it yourself?"

"Yes."

"And your name is Agathe? What else?" She told him.

"How old are you?"

She told him.

"Old enough, at least, to know what you are talking about."

No answer was necessary.

"Where do you live?"

She told him.

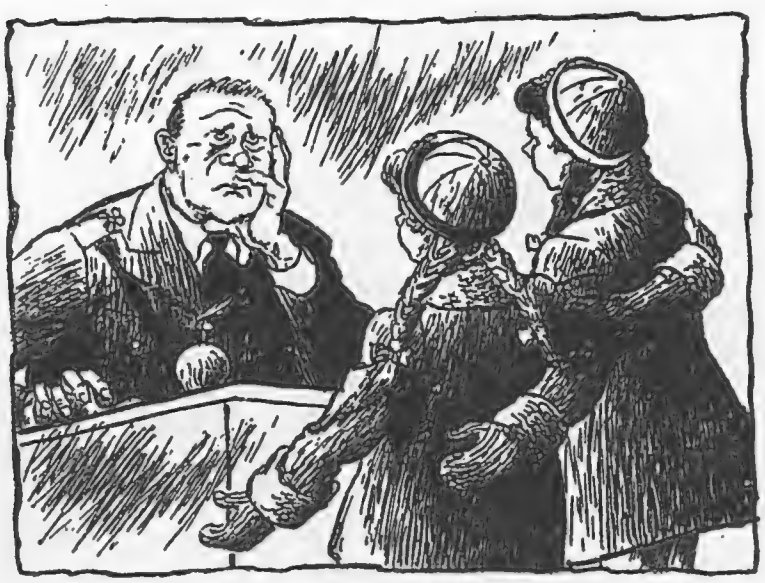
"Now listen to me, Agathe. You're a witness here, do you understand that?"

"I do."

"A witness must tell nothing but the truth. Do you understand that too?"

"Yes."

"If you say something that is not true, you yourself



will be severely punished. Not only the other one. You too."

"I thought you had to examine me first before you knew whether you should punish her."

"So that's what you thought. What don't you think of!" The policeman at the station, Vienna, third district, leaned back in his chair. The room was narrow and stuffy, filled with stale cigar smoke, had white-washed walls, backless benches, and a picture of the Austrian Prime Minister. Even though it was noon an electric bulb was burning under a green glass shade. There were no windows. There was almost no air.

"Why did you think that?" asked the policeman.

No answer.

"Look at that! Fresh too!"

"I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to be fresh."

"Then open your mouth and tell what happened. I can't waste the whole day on you brats!"

Agathe made an effort. "It was like this," she said. "Hanni—"

"Stop!"

The policeman wet the point of his green pencil and rapped it on the table. "Who is Hanni?"

"My sister. Didn't you know that?"

"Do you think I know your family history? Your sister? Say—if she's your sister, I'd better not question you at all."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Don't pretend! It's quite obvious that you want to help your sister out."

"No," Agathe said. She did want to help her out. The trouble was that you had to tell the truth.

"That wouldn't do any good, either," the policeman said. He was the same one whose beat used to be the park and whom they had hated as long as they could remember. No matter when he came, he had something to nag about or to forbid.

"I've a lot more witnesses," he added.

"No one saw it but me," Agathe said. Had he really not known that they were sisters? Fräulein had always told them that policemen were there to protect you. This one, though, didn't look it.

"Don't stare at me! You're not on the playground! You're at the police station!"

"Yes. Thank you." Agathe's gray eyes took on a hard, determined gleam.

"What did your sister do? Tell me!"

"She didn't do anything."

"I didn't ask you what she did not do. I asked you *what* she did."

"Nothing."

"When you got there what was she doing?"

"I didn't get there. I was with her the whole time."

"Don't talk back! What did your sister do?"

"Played ball."

"So she was doing something. Then why did you say she didn't do anything, when she did?"

"She didn't do anything bad."

"You don't say! So the ball flew through Frau General-Major Kleinert's window all by itself! And broke the antique porcelain on her highboy all by itself! Is that it?"

"I guess she threw it too high."

"A witness isn't supposed to guess but to know. We'll go right over to the park and you'll show me how a ball can be thrown so it flies—by sheer accident—through a window on Arenbergring. Won't you?"

That she could not show him. If only one could lie! "Yes," she said.

"Your sister didn't by any chance purposely throw the ball through Frau General-Major's window?"

Hanni had thrown the ball purposely at the boy who always made faces and gestures and called them names from a first-floor window on Arenbergring. It was as simple as that. But in the first place they were names and words that should not be repeated. And secondly a ball should not be thrown through a window even though it was entirely justified. Why did simple things get so complicated at a police station? "She didn't do anything wrong," Agathe answered.

"Do you know the Frau General-Major?"

"No."

"Frau General-Major's son?"

She hesitated.

"Are you deaf?"

She asked: "Please, how much is what Hanni—what was broken—worth?" Her lips were white.

"A fortune! Don't try to play tricks on me! I want to know whether your sister knows the little Kleinert boy. Answer me!"

She did not have a fortune. So there was nothing to do but to answer: "She didn't know him." It was only a white lie, for after all they had not been introduced.

"That's all you have to say?"

SHE could have said that Fräulein had taught her that a police station is a place of justice. She could have said that never in her life had she felt farther from justice than here.

"Well—I'm waiting," the policeman said.

"Hanni is innocent," she said as firmly as she could.

"You think so!" said the policeman sarcastically.

"I know it!" she said as firmly as she could.

"Thank you, Agathe," said Hanni. All this while she had been sitting on one of the backless benches, but Agathe had not dared to look at her. Now, however, Hanni had stood up and come to the inkstained table. "I would like to have my ball back," she said to the policeman. "It was brand new."

His forehead grew a fiery red. "That's the limit!"

"You can find out for yourself," Hanni said coolly. "It was from Mühlhauser. My father bought it for me."

"Will you shut up!" yelled the policeman.

"Please, write it down," Hanni said, "Mühlhauser, Kärntnerstrasse. I would like to play again tomorrow. And now we would like to go home. My father is waiting for us. He is councilor in the Ministry of the Interior. May we go now?"

The police department was under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of the Interior.

The policeman coughed a little. He slowly put down his pencil. He cleared his throat twice. He said: "Get out of here! Both of you!"

"Good-by," Hanni said politely. "Come on, Agathe."

Speechless, Agathe followed her. Her gray eyes were full of admiration. Perhaps the way Hanni handled justice was not quite fair. But at least she restored it.

The Child from the Basement

The child from the cellar was surprisingly tall for one just about to have her ninth birthday. She yelled, she sang, she filled the whole day with noise. Sometimes she coughed. We could hear her.

Agathe and Hanni envied the child from the "basement" as it was called in the house, because basement sounded more elegant than cellar. She was allowed to slide down the banister, run out into the street without a coat, and have fun all day, which they, upstairs, were not permitted to do. For years the three children had passed each other by.

"She could at least say hello once in a while," thought Agathe. "After all, I'm older!"

"Me too," thought Hanni.

"Those brats upstairs!" thought the child from downstairs. "They're always having parties. They wouldn't think of inviting me!"

Often when Agathe and Hanni were going out of the front door she was there, too, and slammed it right in their faces. Then Agathe said: "Certain people have bad manners!" And Hanni said: "Terrible manners!"

That was the extent of their relations.

One day things changed. I said quite casually, "Tomorrow the little girl downstairs will be nine years old." Under any other circumstances they would have ignored the news completely. But since today happened to be Hanni's birthday, and she was nine, too, they were amazed. How did I know?

I had heard.

Did I talk to that naughty creature?

To her father, the frame maker. I had him frame Mother's picture that broke last night.

Agathe looked up. We seldom mentioned Mother—it hurt too much.

Hanni shook her head. Two strange girls of the same age in the same house? How remarkable.

They cleared away the dishes, for they had had a birthday party. Hanni placed the gifts she had received on a little table so that everyone could immediately admire them. Obviously she thought no more about the other birthday child.

BUT when they went to school next morning they met the child from the basement. This time Agathe ran fast enough to get ahead of her and managed to open the front door without interference. Perhaps that's why she said, "Hello!"

Hanni, who still imitated everything her older sister did, also said, "Hello!"

The child from the basement did not return the greeting but went whistling out into the street. She whistled: "I don't care for you, Emil; my friend, mind you, is Robert. . . ." It was the season's latest hit.

"You see!" said Hanni. "That's what you get!" She did not add: "If you bother with such people!" as the baron on the third floor was in the habit of saying. But she very likely thought it.

When they returned from school the child from the basement again stood at the entrance. They saw her from afar. Spiteful creature! Hanni was sorry she couldn't whistle and made up her mind to tell her something just as good as the song about Emil, perhaps even better. But as soon as they got within hearing distance the child from the cellar called: "Hello!" and dashed into the basement without slamming the door; instead she left it wide open.

They told me about it and asked what it could mean.

I didn't know.

Did I think that was another trick?

Perhaps. People were spiteful on their birthday as a rule, weren't they?

Hanni looked at me searchingly. Oh yes—today was that girl's birthday. Did I resent anything?

I did not.

When old Marie brought in the rice pudding the children were whispering intently. Then they asked me if they could invite the child from the basement to come up that afternoon. Would I mind?

I did not.

They asked old Marie too.

"You see, just because it's her birthday," Hanni explained to her. "You only have to make chocolate for her. We'll drink milk."

Never had old Marie opposed Hanni's wishes. Quite all right. She would make chocolate. For all of them. There was plenty of birthday cake left too.

The only thing that remained, therefore, was to invite the guest. The frame maker in the basement, they found out, had no telephone. To write a letter to someone living in the same house seemed silly. Agathe would go downstairs. "Me too!" said Hanni. They went.

When they reached the first floor they hesitated. What if their invitation should be turned down? It would be just like that impertinent creature to make them feel foolish. Step by step they descended to the basement; they had never been down there before. Agathe knocked at the door marked "Frame Maker" and said to someone whom she could barely see: "Please, would your daughter be so kind—if she cares to—as to come up to our house at four o'clock?" And Hanni said: "We are Agathe and Hanni." Allowing no time for an answer, they dashed upstairs—just as fast as the other child had fled downstairs at noon.

"She is coming at four," they told me.

Perhaps before four I should have told them: "Strike the word 'charity' from your vocabulary. It's a deceitful word. It wants to appear spontaneous and gracious but is just duty." After their preparations I spared them that.

On the table in their room they had placed a few things. In the middle, in a wooden ring on which were fastened ten almost new candles—nine to let burn, the tenth, the wishing candle, to blow out—was Hanni's birthday cake, no longer whole, but a good two thirds of it. On the chocolate icing the number "9" and "Hanni" were written in white sugar. Around the cake Hanni had arranged things that belonged to both of them: the giraffe with the long neck, the shuttlecock, the doll Edith that could close only one eye, *Grimm's Fairy Tales* of which they had two copies, and a red coral pin. Then they had covered the table with pink tissue paper.

Would these arrangements do? they asked me.

I thought they would.

Around three, however, they were filled with doubts and wanted to send Marie down to find out if the invitation had been accepted.

But Marie wouldn't go; of course the child from the basement would come, she insisted.

How could she tell? She didn't know her.

Marie shrugged her shoulders. She knew about children from the basement.

IT wasn't quite four o'clock when the bell rang and the guest stood outside. She wore a plaid dress with a patent-leather belt; her hair was smoothed down with oil, and she was less pale than usual. She was almost red. "Hello!" she said, and could hardly talk, so fast must she have run up the stairs.

"Hello!" said the children.

"Thank you for inviting me," she said, and had to cough.

"You're welcome," Agathe said, and coughed too.

"We're so glad that you are here," Hanni added.

"Thank you," said the child from the basement.

"Do come in," said Agathe.

"Thank you," said the child from the basement.

In the vestibule they shook hands, first Agathe, then Hanni. Then they led her to their room, where the covered table stood.

"This is a lovely room," said the guest without actually having seen it.

"Please sit down," said Agathe.

"You have on a pretty dress," said Hanni.

"Thank you," said the guest, and remained standing.

"Do you know the awful policeman in the park?" asked Hanni.

The child from the basement, too, thought the policeman was awful. They talked about him for a while. Should they show her the table now?

"Do you know how to swim?" asked Agathe. Why was it so hard to say, "Here are some gifts for you"?

"Yes," said the birthday child.

Then the conversation stopped completely. The trouble was they knew entirely different people. Otherwise they could have asked her: "Do you know Harry? Do you know Uncle Hans?"

"Can you play the piano?" asked the guest. "I can."

"Then play something for us," Hanni immediately said. In that way they at least got away from the table.

They went into the dining room, where the piano stood. Seriously the child from downstairs sat down, placed her fingers on the keys, and slowly played: "May Makes Everything New."

"She plays nicely," said Agathe.

"Very nicely," said Hanni. "You can whistle nicely too."

It was intended conversationally, but the child from the basement blushed. Only then was it noticeable how pale she was. "Shall I play something else?" she asked.

She played a Dutch song. She had learned it at her foster parents' in Holland.

What did she mean, foster parents?

Didn't they know that Viennese children—at least some Viennese children—were sent to foreign countries for the summer? To Holland. To Sweden. And so on.

Why?

Oh, to gain weight. Those countries had milk and butter. Since the war there was so very little here.

"Yes," said the children. Agathe blushed.

"Please play some more," said Hanni.

The child from the basement played "May Makes Everything New" a second time. She didn't know a third piece. Then Marie came with the chocolate, toast, and butter.

Hanni blushed.

While they drank, Agathe said conversationally: "Yesterday was Hanni's birthday." Eventually somebody had to bring the subject up.

"Yes," said Hanni.

"Is that so?" said the guest.

"When is your birthday?" asked Hanni as casually as possible.

"Today." The child from the basement didn't look at them, as though it were a disgrace.

"Isn't that a coincidence!" said Hanni.

"Yes," said the birthday child.

"How old are you?" asked Hanni.

"Nine."

"No! You don't say! Me too," said Hanni, as if she were surprised. "What did you get?"

"Pardon?"

"What presents did you get?"

"Nothing."

"Excuse me," said Agathe. She jumped up, ran into their room, and quickly placed a pair of new gray leather gloves under the tissue paper. Then she lighted the candles and called the other two. "Here is your birthday table," she said. "Happy birthday to you!"

"Mine?" asked the child from the basement.

"Happy birthday," said Hanni. "Take away the paper. Make a wish and blow out the tenth candle! You probably get much nicer things in Holland."

THE child from below pulled the tissue paper aside. She folded it, got very red, then very pale. Quickly she blew out the tenth candle. "Thank you," she said, and picked up the gloves.

"What's your name, anyway?" Hanni asked.

"Johanna," said the child from the basement. Johanna, shortened, was Hanni.

Hanni opened her mouth in real surprise. "Then your name is the same as mine!" she said.

"Yes," said the guest. "But they call me Nanni."

"Nanni is nicer," Hanni stated thoughtfully. "You have a lot of fun, don't you, Nanni?"

"I can do as I please," said the child from the basement.

"You're lucky!" Hanni said with conviction. "Don't you like the giraffe?"

"Very much," Nanni said, and tried on the gloves. "I know a lot of nice girls too. Would you like to meet them? But you wouldn't want to." She meant that the nice girls were poor and that they weren't the right kind of company for girls from the second floor.

"Do you think we're that silly?" asked Hanni, annoyed.

"Do the gloves fit you?" asked Agathe quickly.

"Wonderful," Nanni said.

"If you don't like the giraffe you don't have to take it," said Hanni.

"Do you want to play shuttlecock?" Agathe put in.

Nanni tried on the coral pin. Wearing the gloves and the pin, she looked at herself in the mirror. She didn't pay attention to anything else.

"You look lovely," Agathe said.

"Thank you," the child from the basement answered.

Then they played shuttlecock for a little while. They then undressed the doll. Then they heard someone from downstairs calling, "Nanni, come down!"

"That's my father," said the child from the basement, and blushed again. "Once in a while I have to help him. Not very often though. His apprentice happened to be sick today." She tried hard to avoid slang.

"That must be fun," said Agathe.

"Yes," said Nanni. She gathered up all her gifts, thanked them once more, and left.

"We can't help it," said Hanni when she had gone She didn't say what. However, the next day she took some pictures to the basement to be framed; she had torn them out of a book. That was strictly forbidden, but I said nothing.

Two days later both children were late for supper. They had been to the Prater with Nanni and her friends. Agathe's blouse was dirty; Hanni's face was scratched. To be late was forbidden, but I again said nothing.

While they were getting ready for bed I heard Hanni say to Agathe: "It's a good thing that we know Nanni."

The Children and Death

Old Marie died without having been sick. On Friday morning at seven o'clock the children's shoes stood still unpolished on the window sill of the vestibule. In all the years she had worked for us that had never happened; she had a routine, old Marie did, and stuck to it. Punctually at seven o'clock in the morning she cleaned the children's shoes. On Friday at half-past seven they still stood there unpolished, but a little later she was holding one of them in her hand and shining it. Toward eight she stuck her head into the children's room and said with her heavy Czech accent: "Please, I beg your pardon, Fräulein! They'll be here right away!" They really were finished shortly after, and shone as they had every morning. "Is anything wrong, Marie?" asked Agathe. To her, in spite of that, something seemed not quite right.

"No," Marie answered. "I'm fine."

At noon she was dead.

She had just put the rice on the stove to cook when she fell. Agathe, who occasionally was allowed to help her, saw her fall, lie on the floor, and not get up. "Marie!" she called. "What's the matter? Marie!"

Either she did not hear, or did not want to hear.

There she lay; her big kind head rested motionless on the tile floor. Her eyes were open. She seemed to be seeing something strange.

Agathe called her again.

Marie didn't answer. But then, she never talked much.

Agathe bent over her and touched her hand. Then her face. She said nothing to Hanni and called the doctor. Old Marie was dead, the doctor said.

In her room two candles were lighted, the curtains were drawn, and old Marie was laid on her bed. The baron's cook from the third floor came down, folded the old woman's hands, placed a rosary in them, prayed in Czech, and went away. Old Marie's room was quiet.

It was only a servant's room, but she had furnished it to her own taste. The entire wall above her head was covered with picture post cards fastened with thumbtacks. The children had sent them to her from their summer vacations.

The children, whose room was separated from Marie's only by the kitchen, had their French lesson at two o'clock.

Even after the lesson their thoughts were occupied by the rapid change. In less than a second a person fell down, didn't get up any more. Just a moment before she had still been there and had talked; had she been called, she would have heard. Now she wouldn't! Even though they had had previous experience with Herr Brown, the puppy, that seemed entirely new and mysterious to them when it was old Marie.

"I'll go in," said Agathe after Mademoiselle had left.

Hanni asked her what she wanted to do in there. "Look," she said.

"I'll go too," said Hanni.

In the kitchen they stood for quite a while and listened.

"Come on," whispered Agathe as she opened the door to Marie's room, for Hanni was still taking her time.

"I'm coming," said Hanni with bated breath.

Two candles burned at the head of the bed. They lighted up a small patch of blue sea and a bit of green forest on the wall, and under them the still face that lay on the pillow. It was the face of old Marie and yet it was not. The inevitable colored kerchief was missing. The low forehead was the same; those were Marie's fat, kind cheeks, her round chin. But how incredibly white her hair was! Marie wasn't that old, was she? She had always been in the best of health; had not once seen the doctor. How terribly yellow her skin! Had her mouth shrunk? Her nose protruded more sharply. And her eyes were closed so tight! Marie's good old face, whose expression they had known so well, began to look unfamiliar. That was not all. Though they stood quite near it seemed to them that they were suddenly standing far away. Old Marie's face withdrew farther and farther.

They had often seen her say the rosary which she held and which they had given her. Now her fingers didn't move. That wasn't like her at all; her fingers had always moved.

The room, too, seemed changed to the children, though they had seldom been here. The room was so wretched that she didn't want the two Fräuleins to enter it. Old Marie had felt that proper and all her life had tried hard to maintain that hard order of things. There were servants and there were their masters. The servants were there to serve, the masters to enjoy. To her that was how it should be.

SUDDENLY Hanni left and returned with a book, stood near the candles where she could see to read best, and opened it.

"What are you doing?" whispered Agathe.

"Marie?" Hanni said, instead of answering. "Shall I read to you?" She asked it out loud, twice.

Old Marie, who could usually read every question in Hanni's eyes and liked so much to have her read to her, did not answer. Her still face was almost severe.

"She is angry!" Hanni said, and quickly started with Marie's favorite story. Softly she read Andersen's fairy tale about the swineherd, for, awed by the flickering candlelight, she was afraid to raise her voice. " 'Once upon a time there was a poor prince; he had a kingdom that was very small, but still it was big enough to allow him to marry, and he wanted to marry.' " At this point Marie, who had not been married, used to nod and say, "Right he was! To be single is no good."

Hanni hoped for this interruption. It did not come. So she quickly read on to get to the place which had always made Marie laugh: " 'What is going on here!' said the king, when he saw that they kissed each other, and hit them over the head with his slipper." That a king should wear slippers always seemed funny and condescending to old Marie. This time she didn't laugh. Not even at the mention of the swineherd's receiving eighty-six kisses in five minutes did she say in surprise: "Eighty-six!" like someone who had received hardly one in her whole life.

Hanni stepped still closer to the bed. With rapt attention she tried to see what she could read in Marie's face. Then she stretched out her hand to touch the lips of the dead woman while Agathe signaled to her from the foot of the bed not to do it. But Hanni had already touched Marie and pulled back her hand, terrified. The mouth that had so enjoyed talking to her was cold.

Hanni took Agathe by the hand. The sisters went to their room. "Do something," Agathe said, and stood at the window.

"What?"

"Anything. Don't just stand around."

"You're not doing anything either."

"I have to think," said Agathe.

"Me too," said Hanni.

After a while she asked: "Agathe, what's wrong with Marie?"

"She's dead," said Agathe without turning around.

"I know that," said Hanni. "But what's going to happen to her?"

"There will be a funeral."

"I don't mean that," said Hanni. "What happens to people when they're dead?"

"You know that. They go to heaven."

"How?"

"First they're put in a grave."

"Where is Marie now?"

"There in her room. Don't ask such silly questions."

"No," said Hanni. "She's not in there."

"Don't talk so foolish," said Agathe. "Do you know your poem for tomorrow? Say it for me."

Hanni loved to recite. " 'The moon has risen,' " she began. But she interrupted herself. "Would you like to be dead?"

"Go on," said Agathe, looking out the window.

"I wouldn't," said Hanni. Then she went on reciting.

During the night there was a light in the nursery. Hanni sat in bed and cried. Agathe slept, or pretended to.

When I sat down beside her Hanni took my hand, pressed it, and said, "I want to ask you something. What happens to people when they're dead?"

"Nothing can happen to them any more. It's as if they were asleep. Only much deeper, much better."

"And when they wake up?"

"They don't wake up."

"But if they want to wake up?"

"They don't want to."

"But when they get to heaven?"

"They're in heaven when they sleep so quietly."

"Do all people die?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"That I don't know."

But she knew. "Look," she said. "People die on Friday. So they could be careful on Thursday. If they were careful on Thursday, would they have to die?"

"It's possible to die any day."

"You too?"

"Only when I'm very old."

"Don't get old!" she begged. That seemed the way out to her. Then she prayed that old Marie would sleep well.

The New Hair-do

The other day the mailman rang the bell, and Hanni opened the door for him as usual.

"There's something to be signed for," he said.

"I will get someone right away," she replied, as usual when there was something to be signed for.

"Why? You can sign for it yourself," said the mailman.

It took her quite a while. Then the mailman handed her the registered letter.

When she dashed in with the letter she immediately told me, "What do you think! I was allowed to sign for you!"

Many parents are proud of the fact that their children behave like grownups. I always felt that to be like adults is fate; to be like children, happiness.

"What do you say to that?" she asked as I didn't say anything.

"You have grown up," I said.

IN the afternoon Agathe was going to the hairdresser's. That was always important, but today it was more important than usual because a controversy was to be decided. For a long time Agathe had wanted a new hair-do; personally I would have preferred that she keep her old one, which she scornfully called childish. But since there was so little sense in forbidding it—the forbidden aways manages to happen anyway—I agreed to go along and submit to the judgment of the hairdresser. He was an expert.

For once Hanni shared my opinion. Nobody noticed those two and a quarter years. She was younger than her sister anyway. To make it even less noticeable, they were always dressed alike from head to foot—and now Agathe was going to get a "grown-up" hair-do? From a hundred feet away people would be able to see that Hanni was her junior. Unfair! She insisted on going along to the hairdresser's, and they argued all the way because Hanni maintained Agathe's old hair-do was so becoming. It was, she said, time and again, only for Agathe's sake that she wanted her to keep it.

Herr Preuschl was a barber for gentlemen and somewhat strict. He insisted on order: the gentlemen belonged on the ground floor; each had a little box with his name on it, in which were hair tonic, brilliantine, razor, shaving brush, comb, and brush; on the ground floor Herr Preuschl reigned in person. The ladies' salon was on the second floor, Frau Preuschl was in charge of it. What the couple cared least for were children. They required too much time, and what little conversation could be carried on with them was hardly worth mentioning. Nevertheless, the patrons were allowed to bring their children along and made use of the privilege. Herr Preuschl hated to hear it, but he was Vienna's most popular children's barber.

"Will you let me have it fixed the way he says?" Agathe wanted my reassurance as we came near.

"I'll bet he'll leave your hair the way it is!" prophesied Hanni.

"Just because you can't have a new one yet too!" said Agathe.

"I won't even answer you!" Hanni said.

There was the shop and in the window the sparsely clad wax mannequin that for the sake of decency eternally wore a veil around the region of her heart; never show your heart. Herr Preuschl stood next to the cashbox and conversed with a lathered gentleman on races and politics. There was a faint smell of birch water and pomade.

"Herr Preuschl," I said, "Agathe would like to have a different hair-do. What do you think?" That was the approach we had agreed upon. I was not allowed to disclose my own opinion or to influence the expert in any way.

Hanni, not bound by this agreement, shook her head so energetically that it could escape no one.

"Why don't you sit on that chair, little one, and look at the pictures!" Herr Preuschl addressed Hanni. "Or perhaps you can already even read?"

"I'm in the third grade!" she said indignantly.

"Then sit down like a good girl and read this."

Insulted, Hanni sat down. He had handed her a humor magazine.

"And you—you want a new hair-do, Agnes?" he asked.

"Agathe," corrected Hanni from where she had been made to sit. Added to everything else, the plush chair was low enough for a baby!

"Yes, please," said Agathe.

"I can still remember when you were only *this* big," said the barber, to repair his mistake, and placed his hand on the cashbox to indicate how small Agathe had been at that time. "How old are we now?"

"Twelve and a quarter."

"Twelve and thirty-two days," called Hanni, jumping up. The man next to her, who was reading the stock report while he was being shaved, looked at her irritably.

"Come here, Agathe," said the barber.

She stepped over to the cashbox with an uncertain smile; everything now depended on Herr Preuschl. Besides, it was impossible to predict what Hanni might do next.

"So we don't like our coiffure any more?"

"No, Herr Preuschl."

"Why, suddenly?"

"It isn't becoming. I look so funny with it," Agathe said.

"In other words, we would like to look a little older? Is that it?"

"Yes," she said, honest as usual.

Herr Preuschl nodded. He picked up a fashion magazine and said, "We'll give you a Ramona, Agathe." He showed her—and me—a picture in the magazine, under which was printed: "Ramona—the newest page-boy style for debutantes."

"She'd look awfully silly in that," said Hanni, suddenly standing behind us.

"Couldn't you tell the child not to jump up all the

time?" the man who was studying the stock report said to me. "We're not in a kindergarten!"

"I beg your pardon," said Hanni, and returned to her low plush chair.

"Won't it make her look much too old?" I asked the expert.

"She can stand it," he answered dryly. "Let's get going!" The case was closed for him.

Agathe didn't look at me, but at Hanni. Triumph wasn't in her nature, but her joy was obvious. Hanni's disappointment, on the other hand, was great.

For a while there was only the sound of the scissors in Herr Preuschl's deft hand. One after the other the dark brown curls fell to the floor. They made no sound as they fell. But I heard them. "Please don't cut off her curls," I wanted to say. "She is still a little child!" Silently I sat there.

"There, soon we'll look like a lady!" said the barber.

Agathe's eyes glowed. The small pile of dark brown hair on the floor grew.

When he was finished Herr Preuschl stepped back a pace or two like a painter before his easel. Hanni, too, had stood up. Holding the humor magazine which had not made her laugh once, she stared at Agathe.

"You'd never recognize her!" the barber said triumphantly to me. "Would you?"

I agreed and paid him for it. Agathe thanked him for it. We were ready to go.

But in the chair which Agathe had just left sat Hanni, deeply hurt. "Please cut my hair exactly like Agathe's," she said to the barber. To me she said, "We have always had everything exactly alike. You know that!"

A man who had entered impatiently said, "I thought I was next!"

In the barbershop I could hardly teach her another lesson: what a mistake all this haste to escape from childhood; how wrong this desire for uniformity! The one was older, the other young. The one reflected, the other still believed in happiness. One can't be didactic with pomade and birch water, I told myself, although indeed it was out of place under most circumstances.

"And this morning you told me I was grown up! Didn't you?" said Hanni when we were outside.

"And you insisted that you liked Agathe's old hair-do better," I defended myself.

"I hadn't seen her new one then," she explained.

But Agathe looked at herself in each mirror we passed.

When the mailman came the next morning Hanni didn't open the door for him. During the night—I don't know how—she had cut her hair in a page-boy bob. The left side was much shorter than the right, there was a bald spot at her temple, and the bangs on her forehead were crooked and ragged. She looked very funny.

After two weeks her haircut had grown similar to that of her sister, with one difference. It made her look even younger than before.

"Herr Preuschl is wonderful," said Agathe.

I thought so too. It was wonderful that even an expert could not change nature.

The Children Are Gone

The children were going on a school excursion; they were not going far and would not be gone long. They took along their "best dresses," since they were to eat their meals at an inn. And of course, their ski suits, for it was a skiing excursion. They packed two books, too, just in case the snow wasn't good. For Agathe, *David Copperfield;* for Hanni, *Jane Eyre.*

Much too early, at eight, they were ready; their train left at nine-thirty. But just the same, they wanted to go to the station. They didn't touch their breakfast. It was their first independent journey.

Nedda, the shepherd dog, too, seemed uneasy about their departure. She ran whining through the rooms, her tail between her legs. "Don't be silly," I said. "They're coming back soon." That didn't seem to satisfy Nedda. Nor me, oddly enough.

I gave them the choice of riding to the station alone or with me. Out of politeness, they said they preferred to go with me, although it would have been more grown up to be on their own from the very beginning. So I went along. In the taxi we praised the weather, which would be perfect for skiing. I promised to water the cactus in their room, to feed the goldfish, to telephone Agathe's friend Lili immediately and give her their address so that she could still write a letter with all the news today, and to take good care of myself. We arrived at the station.

From then on they were on their own, for their schoolmates were to get on at the next stop. Agathe called a porter while Hanni watched the baggage—a suitcase, ham sandwiches, and skis. A half-hour before the train departed they sat in the compartment. Like a fashionable lady, Agathe had bought a magazine and had even put on gloves. Hanni disdained both. When the locomotive whistled they pressed their faces against the window.

Suddenly they were gone.

When I returned to the apartment I wanted to work. But I couldn't. Because the children were gone? Ridiculous! In no time at all they would be back in their room next door, playing, romping, quarreling, and making up. There was hardly reason to notice this departure at all, much less to dramatize it. However, I opened the door to the children's room, entered, and sat down at the table at which they studied. To my surprise, I saw that dates were written on it—in pencil, in ink, in Agathe's handwriting, in Hanni's, most of them without the year, one under the other.

"March 9." That was when Grandpa had died.

"June 24." That was when Agathe had taken her first examination.

"June 30." That was when they had gone to the seashore.

"April 17." That was when Fräulein had left.

Again "April 17." But what year was that?

"December 6." Hadn't it been on December 6 that Hanni had won the first prize for the best poem in her class—a narrow, white, gold-edged card, with a bunch of lilies of the valley painted in the corner and "First Prize" printed in the middle? She had been proud, and so had I.

"February 6." Twice heavily underlined.

There I sat at their table, read the scribbled dates, and could interpret only very few of them. Something quite exceptional had happened to them on that sixth of February. What? And what did May 9, September 21, January 11 indicate?

I fed the two goldfish. I watered the dwarf cactus. Head to head stood the two white beds, still warm, mussed by the sleeplessness of happy anticipation. In the one closer to the window had been pneumonia and measles; in the other, closer to the door, had been whooping cough and bronchitis. The threat had been justly divided, had hovered over both of them, and disappeared.

Nedda came in and nuzzled me. That meant, "Come, let's go for a walk. The children aren't here to go with me." She ran ahead and I followed. To the big playground, to the small playground, to the candy store, to the stationer's, everywhere she usually went with the children. "You have known them pretty long too," I said to her. "What do you think? How long will it be before they will be gone not for just a few days, but for always? You know what that's like. Your children are gone too. Herr Brown has died; we had to give Canio and Pascha away because there wasn't room enough in the apartment. They're better off now in the country, but they are not with you any more. What's it like when the children are gone?" Nedda looked at me. She understood everything.

The next day a letter came. Agathe had written it in her big handwriting, purposely large to fill the most paper with the fewest possible words. Affectionate greetings, and they had arrived safely. They had eaten their ham sandwiches, taken three sleds, and had immediately gone skiing. Wonderful snow. Underlined. The porter at the inn was very, very nice; he strapped on their skis for them. A postscript in Hanni's hand: "The porter's name is Herr Hadlitschka. He is sweet and sends his regards. Best regards to Fräulein Schmidt." "Sweet" was underlined twice.

I had my doubts about the spelling of "Hadlitschka," but I enjoyed the letter; it enabled me to picture it all, the strange surroundings and my children. Fräulein Schmidt, however, who came every Wednesday and Friday to give them piano lessons, was less satisfied with the letter. Unfortunately they had completely forgotten to call her not to come, and Hanni's best regards did not make up for that. So I sat down and talked to her.

"Yes," said Fräulein Schmidt, "that's how children are today. They're crass egoists."

Hadn't they always been that? And adults too? Even all mankind? I said something to that effect.

The piano teacher, who had taught the right tune to so many, shook her head. "It's a matter of upbringing," she said. "The more they get, the more they want. They think the world belongs to them."

But it did, Fräulein Schmidt! To whom else should the world belong? I didn't dare tell it to her, but remained silent and she left, hurt.

HOW quiet it was. Almost daily I had complained of the noise that the children without letup made in the next room. Today there was not a sound. Hadn't I had to remind them again and again: "I cannot work with all the noise you are making"? Now I couldn't work in this dead silence; I was conscious of every missing sound. Finally I was content to write a letter to the children.

I should have scolded them for not getting in touch with poor Fräulein Schmidt; that would have been pedagogical. I should have warned Agathe not to overdo; that would have been prudent. Instead I asked them whether they perhaps remembered a sixth of February on which something of great importance had happened for them; I needed it for the book on which I was working—by the way, I couldn't work any better in spite of the quiet. I had taken care of the cactus and the goldfish, had given Lili their address, and hoped that they would have a good time. Regards to Herr Hadlitschka. How wonderful to think that they would soon be back and making a racket, for an empty nursery was the most meaningless thing in the world. Nedda thought so too. I wrote that and sent it off.

When there was no answer for two days, I began to worry. Then Hanni wrote. On a sixth of February I had received a prize for one of my books—"First Prize," she wrote—didn't I remember that any more? And Agathe added that they would be home Sunday evening.

So I looked forward to Sunday evening and was glad that the diary they kept on their white table still had lots of space. They would come, fill it with signs that they alone could explain, and, thank heavens, be children for a little while longer.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

HOWARD RILEY RAPER'S Man Against Pain is the fascinating history of the discovery of anesthesia.

The science of anesthesia is comparatively new—in the middle of the nineteenth century: "Liquor, laudanum, and main force, with an occasional desperate recourse to hypnotism were the nearest things to anesthetics of the day—and they were tragically inadequate.

Howard Riley Raper

"Long operations were rare and if the time consumed approached twenty minutes the patient was likely to die from shock."

Crawford W. Long, a country doctor, who lived in Georgia, seems to have been one of the first people to accept gas as an anesthetic. "Ether frolics" were popular then: "Those frolics were, it would seem, quite similar to parties in prohibition days, except that the participants inhaled ether instead of swallowing gin."

Dr. Long, preparing to operate on Mr. Venable, a patient who "was 'fond of and accustomed to inhale ether,' suggested that he first inhale some by way of preparation for the ordeal. It was common practice for physicians and dentists of those days to prepare patients for surgery by having them take a drink or two of whisky, and if the patient had been 'fond of and accustomed to' swallowing whisky, it is reasonable to suspect that Dr. Long would have suggested it instead of ether. . . . So, on March 30, 1842, Dr. Long first had Mr. Venable smell some ether, then removed one of the tumors from the back of his neck."

Horace Wells, a Hartford dentist, did the preliminary experimenting with anesthesia, but it remained for William Thomas Green Morton to bring ether as an anesthetic to the attention of the medical profession and the public. On October 16, 1846, he arranged with a Dr. Warren to give a public demonstration at Massachusetts General Hospital.

The ether was administered. "Dr. Warren made his first incision. There was no cry, no sign of pain. . . . One minute, two minutes, perhaps three, and the tumor was out. And still no outcry. With the operation completed, the patient now began to regain consciousness. Dr. Warren leaned close to him and inquired if he had felt any pain and the patient mumbled something about a scratch on his neck.

"Turning to his audience, Dr. Warren dramatically summed up his opinion in five historic words. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'this is no humbug.' "

Since then many new forms of anesthesia have been discovered, and today "never in his history has man been so well equipped to protect the wounded against pain and death, but never has there been such great need to be!"

Published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., N. Y. Price $3.50.

THE SOONER TO SLEEP, by Frederic F. Van de Water is reminiscent of the best of Angela Thirkell.

Frederic F. Van de Water

The women of the Carroll family were waiting in their Vermont summer home for their menfolk to come back from the wars. One did, and Colonel Gregory Fife's effect on his sister, the dramatic matriarch of the clan, and on the rest of the women of the household, throws the entire community into an uproar. The situation finally resolves itself when another war hero returns.

Published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Inc., N. Y. Price $2.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

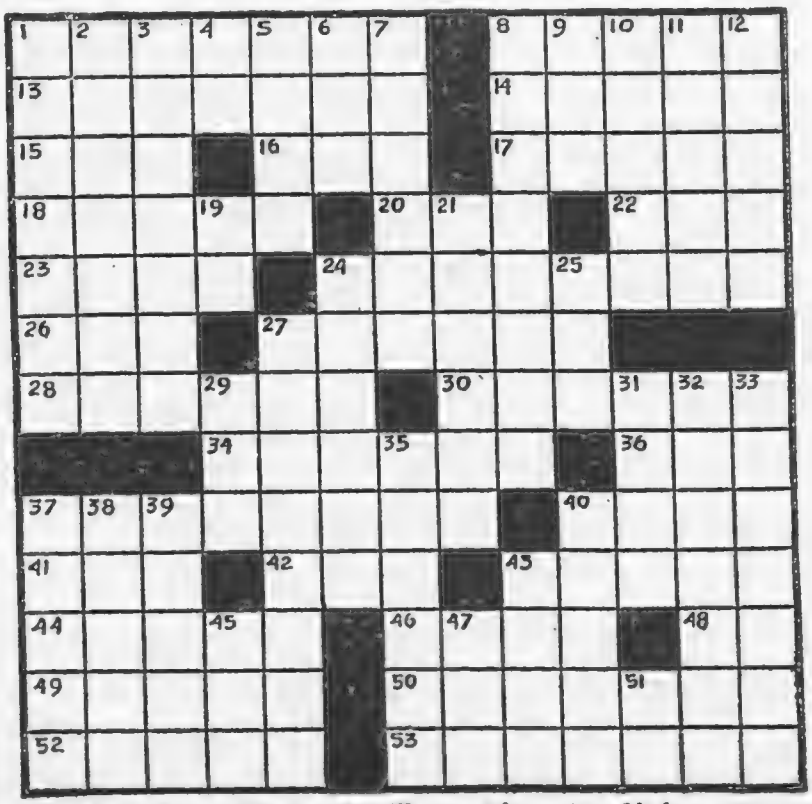
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Which bird seizes its insect food on the wing?
8 Name a super variety of coffee
13 Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers danced what famed dance together?
14 Family name of the plant louse
15 What Biblical city's famed in Xwords?
16 Name one of the oldest existing comic-strip characters
17 Teeth may be ground in what as well as mouths?
18 A papaya is a what?
20 Compass point (abbr.)
22 What business expression derives from the Anglo-Saxon *feoh*: cattle, property?
23 What continues to remain the same size when doubled?
24 Doughnuts with handles
26 Definite article (Sp. pl.)
27 A deceitful seatful's a what?
28 In baseball, what're bobbles?
30 Bungle, in hunting language
34 Where Vermonters hail from
36 What's the highest honor a Britisher can hold?
37 King Zog's a what?
40 Ex-Cardinal Pacelli's now known as what?
41 A golfer speaks of his what as lumber?
42 An oral architect holds what degree? (abbr.)
43 Women spoon with what after honeymoons?
44 What traitor recently left us?
46 What pueblo's become an artists' colony?
48 Winning at a game of chance
49 Poetically lit up
50 An I am
52 Several presbyteries make one church what?
53 Doesn't like a lot

VERTICAL

1 What kind of hoe's pushed, not pulled?
2 Complete: "Woman," said Nietzsche, "is the ——'s pleasure!"
3 By doubling what and adding at, Is a B. C. landing place begat?
4 Speeders move too fast to see what word?
5 Bucolicclown
6 What month's named for a number? (abbr.)
7 Ethel who made Stormy Weather an all-time hit song?
8 Portuguese explorer
9 Hamerican 'umorist, grite fivorite with the British
10 Make hot by rubbing
11 Employer
12 Conveyance of Biblical days
19 What nation exercised the veto at the recent UNO meeting in London? (abbr.)
21 What Place in N.Y.C. is a fashionable residential district?
24 A canine tooth's technically called a what?
25 Eli has a flowery muffler (anag.)
27 An animal marked with spots or streaks is said to be what?
29 Complete: —— *pro nobis*
31 Complete: The best —— schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley!
32 A man who examines pupils is called a what?
33 A jealous animal does what to a rival pet?
35 *Ted sat* and tongued tidbits (anag.)
37 What common schoolbook is it impossible to compile accurately now?
38 A glade's usually referred to as what?
39 What Socialist called the Communists liars during the UNO London meeting?
40 Flour and water make what?
43 Nazis and what word are synonymous?
45 Reverse 29 Vertical
47 Complete: It's not by the gray of the hair one knows the —— of the heart.—*Bulwer*
51 Complete: —— You —— or —— You Ain't My Baby?



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Travel Trailways of America

The men who gave the name "Trailways" to this nationwide bus system, thought it to be a more romantic word than "Highways." America's highways, the finest in the world, are more than mere arteries of commerce. They're magic carpets that take you to and through the scenic wonderlands of the nation.

Whether you call them "trailways" or "highways" or just plain "roads" . . . they'll still beckon you on to romance and adventure. And Trailways buses are your low-cost comfortable, convenient way to really enjoy traveling scenic America. There's a friendly Trailways travel expert near you. Phone or see him before you plan your trip.

Trailways Serves the Nation at "Scenery Level"

Free

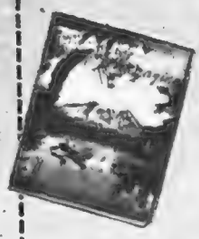
A copy of America's finest Travel Magazine; 32 pages of pictures and stories about America. Beautifully illustrated; fascinating articles on interesting travel spots. Fill out and mail coupon NOW—to

NATIONAL TRAILWAYS BUS SYSTEM
Dept. L101—185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Your name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....



NATIONAL TRAILWAYS BUS SYSTEM

© 1946 National Trailways Bus System

BIG-TIME OPERATION

Continued from Page 29

"You'll see, baby," he'd whisper. "Some day we'll have it all."

And even though it was lovely to hold her, he'd grow a little sick with the shame of promising what he could never deliver.

In the Army he was classified as a musician, and placed into one of the sixteen-piece service bands. He was the youngest man in the outfit. All the others were professionals in their late twenties or thirties. Every one of them was good, and Abbot asked nothing more than to be able to go through a piece without hitting a clinker, without losing a beat, without attracting attention.

AFTER a while he was even adopted into a three-man clique composed of Bob Levitan who had been at M-G-M, and Jack Sheriff who came from the pit at Radio City but was planning to return to one of the biggest recording bands.

Overseas they were always together, doing all the odd chores that a musician has to perform when not playing, mostly stretcher work.

"Listen," said Levitan, after an exhausting thirty-hour grind. "This is no work for a grown man like me. My morale is lousy."

"Go to personnel," said Sheriff. "They'd be only too happy to accommodate you. If you'd only told them—"

O'Dowd's big voice boomed at them: "Don't be funny. You're all dopes. You ain't out of the Army because you don't know the angles."

"For a guy who knows all the angles, you're the most uniformed civilian I ever saw."

"I'm only over here for the adventure," O'Dowd said. "I'll pick up a good thing before I go home."

"Sure, sure," said Levitan. "I'm going to personnel tomorrow."

But tomorrow, at a little after eleven, Levitan was killed by a sniper's bullet. He fell so fast that Abbot—who was carrying the same stretcher—walked on his legs before he could stop himself.

After that, Abbot and Sheriff, whenever they were together, acted as though they were waiting for Levitan to come back from a few minutes' absence, and then even that phase passed.

The most important day in Abbot's life came months later, after victory, when his unit was moving north and west to embark for home. They were three days from the port, and the roads were all a confusion of marching men, truck convoys, and tanks. Because of the detail to which Sheriff had been assigned, he and Abbot were to go to the port along different routes. The band would reunite on shipboard.

Almost at the last minute, Sheriff turned a letter over to Abbot. "Here. It's from the boss," he said. "You might like to read it. I told him about you."

"About *me?*" Abbot asked. Whenever Sheriff used the word boss, he meant only one man, the orchestra leader for whom he intended to work on his return. Abbot flushed. "What did you say?"

"Nothing more than all the guys say about you," said Sheriff. "I didn't want to lay it on too thick. You can have a job with us if you want it, but I want to warn you," Sheriff added as he turned, "don't get the idea that all the guys in the combination are perfectionists like you—always beating your brains out to get better and better." Sheriff hit Abbot on the shoulder. "Keep the letter and give it back to me when we get aboard. So long, kid. See you."

Abbot looked after him without saying anything. Something big and light inside of his chest was swelling so that he couldn't breathe.

He tore out the letter and raced through the personal chatter until he came to the passage: "If this sax man is as good as you say he is, then by all means get next to him. Right now I can't afford more than a hundred a week, but explain to Abbot that's because we're re-forming and it'll take time to get back into things."

Abbot felt suddenly taller, stronger, possessed of vast power and immense dignity. The men—the best men in his outfit thought of him as he thought of them.

IN the ranks, he marched along as though going downhill. He found himself marching beside O'Dowd. The column moved over to the side of the road to allow a line of jeeps to bounce past. In the last car, a young lieutenant spotted Abbot and O'Dowd's insignia and beckoned to them. They had never seen the officer before.

"Hop in," he said, and the corporal at the wheel turned the jeep around and drove back half a mile. A line of trucks were parked off the road. They had no drivers.

"Stay with them until I round up the men for them," the lieutenant said. "Don't let anyone play around with them either. Those trucks aren't loot."

He was about to say more when a long line of amphibians came by and he decided to clear the road by driving away. O'Dowd and Abbot looked at each other in disgust.

"I'll be damned," said O'Dowd. "How'd this ever happen to me?"

"To *you?*" Abbot demanded. "How about me?"

O'Dowd lit a cigarette. "At least we'll get a ride." Then, in exactly the same tone he said, "This deal stinks, if you ask me."

"Then to hell with it," said Abbot. "Let's get out."

"You mean we just go?" O'Dowd looked at him.

"Sure. Why not?" Abbot demanded. "You scared?"

"Me scared?" O'Dowd was insulted. The entire outfit called him the Big Deal. He was always working on a Big-Time Operation that was so vague and so vast in extent that no one ever knew exactly what he was talking about. "Listen, you. Where'd you ever see me scared by a lousy jerk looey? Do you know how many times I've turned down a commission?" he demanded. "I stay with the enlisted men because that's where the big dough is. I figure it this way: eight million men with only two bucks apiece is sixteen million skins. Tell me, who in the brass has that kind of dough?"

"O.K.," said Abbot, "then let's shove." But he didn't move.

"Sure," said O'Dowd. "Let's go. I don't give a damn."

(*Continued on page 54*)

The ready-to-serve Martini that tastes Daisy-Fresh!

Sing out the good news! Here at long last is a ready-to-serve Dry Martini that tastes every bit as *freshly mixed* as the kind you make yourself. A Dry Martini that *stays fresh*—no matter how long it takes you to use up the bottle! Keep *this* Hiram Walker triumph on hand, to pour out a welcome that's always *fresh!*

just ice and serve

66 proof

Hiram Walker dry martini

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

(*Continued from page 52*)

They avoided each other's eyes, and without knowing just who sat down first, they relaxed on the short running board of the first truck.

Another line of trucks went by. Behind the trucks came a line of men, and after them another company of tanks. All morning long the road was full and the lieutenant never came back. They ate their rations and then it was afternoon. Then late afternoon. They'd try to catch an officer's eye as he went by, but no one wanted to see them.

At sixteen o'clock O'Dowd could stand it no longer.

"To hell with waiting," he said. "There's a town back there. I'm going to promote a drink and take out a line. You can bury these trucks. Nobody wants them, and the whole damn Army forgot it owns them."

Abbot didn't know what "take out a line" meant, and he didn't care. "Suppose the lieutenant shows up with the men?"

O'Dowd tugged his shirt into position. "You can tell him for me."

"Yeah, yeah," said Abbot. "Watch yourself, though."

O'DOWD walked off and left Abbot alone. He climbed up into the cab of a truck. He didn't really care, now that O'Dowd was gone. Now he could sit back and dream. It was a wonderful life.

Half an hour later O'Dowd returned.

"No luck yet?" O'Dowd demanded.

"No," Abbot said. "Nobody even knows we're alive."

"To hell with them, then," said O'Dowd. "Let's clear out. I got a guy here who's going to take over the franchise. All we have to do is to be smart and the season'll be a success."

More of the Big Deal talk. Abbot shrugged. Then he saw that O'Dowd was not alone. He had come with a civilian who stood a little way off. This man was in his late forties or fifties, short, dark, and plump.

The man nodded to Abbot. "Hi, kid," he said with an accent.

Abbot returned the greeting and turned to O'Dowd. "Who's he?"

"Big promoter from Spain, across the border. He's in the market," O'Dowd added, as though that explained everything.

The Spaniard began to look over the trucks and ask O'Dowd questions about them. He spoke broken English. O'Dowd answered as though he had personally driven and taken care of each truck, but he anxiously kept his eyes on the road. O'Dowd and the Spaniard climbed into the cab of the truck behind Abbot's for several minutes, and finally O'Dowd came out. He held the door open for Abbot to get down.

"Come on," he said. "He just signed. Let's get going."

"You wouldn't leave," said Abbot. "Don't kid me. You backed out before when I was willing."

"Who backed out? *You* backed out!"

"Look," said Abbot. He sounded very tough to himself because he was now an important person. "I never backed down on anything. As soon as you say the word, we go."

"Stop talking then and come on." Abbot picked up his equipment and slung O'Dowd's out to him with a straight face, even though he knew this was to be only another act. But O'Dowd showed no sign of relenting. Abbot was amazed that they got twenty yards from the line of deserted trucks, and then he began to get really nervous.

"This is the kind of break I've been waiting for ever since I got into the Army," O'Dowd was saying, as though to himself. "I knew that all I had to do was to wait for the right time."

The parade of trucks stopped for a moment, and a new one was beginning down the road.

"We'll get a lift here," said O'Dowd. He stopped too.

"But what about—"

"The Spaniard? He'll stick around until his own drivers come along. It won't take his guys long. You see, he's got his own fleet."

The more Abbot thought about it, the less he liked it. Evasion of responsibility was a very serious thing once it was traced. Talking big was all very well, but meaning it was something else again. Just before the approaching convoy drew up, O'Dowd pushed his fist into Abbot's pocket.

"Here," O'Dowd said. "It's yours. You found it some place."

Instinctively Abbot drew back because he didn't like people to be pushing into his pockets, but the passing trucks slowed down for them. O'Dowd hopped on the rear, and reached out for Abbot.

Once aboard, Abbot tried to turn to see the parked trucks, but they were hidden from view. When he reached into his pocket, he felt a thick wad of paper which had an instantly recognizable soft warm texture. The roll was almost the size of his fist, and as he was about to draw it out and look at it, he met O'Dowd's eyes. Strain was still on O'Dowd's face, but he winked, and Abbot slowly withdrew his hand from his pocket. His heart was pounding, he felt cold inside, cold and frightened. He lowered his glance from O'Dowd's and sat silent. It had just dawned on Abbot that O'Dowd had sold United States government property.

As soon as he got off the truck, he pulled O'Dowd aside into a shallow doorway.

"You crazy fool," he whispered. "You can't get away with this."

O'Dowd blinked. "What'd I do that you didn't do?" he asked. "Wasn't it your idea?"

"My *idea!*" Abbot demanded. "I didn't even know what you were doing. I didn't even get it until we were on the truck, and then I couldn't open my mouth. We got to get back and return this money."

O'Dowd's big hand took Abbot's arm and squeezed it. "Don't try to sneak out," he said very evenly. "You're in this up to your ears. If you're worried about spending half your life in the can, you should have thought of it before you got this bright idea."

Abbot could feel the man's strength in the grip on his arm.

"Let go of me," said Abbot. "I don't want this kind of money. I got a good job waiting for me. I can get married now and take care of whoever I have to. The dough is yours. Here." He reached into his pocket again, and was surprised all over again at the size of the soft warm money. For the first time he took it out and turned cold at the sight of the denominations. For the moment he was so intent on the probable sum that he forgot O'Dowd.

But O'Dowd was grinning at him. "Nice to look at, hey?" He breathed a short laugh, and as he darted away, he said, "Take it easy, kid. All you got are the responsibilities of the rich. You'll get used to it."

Since that day Abbot had changed. The tremendous inner elation had died on the truck ride, and in its place was this new sensation of tightness, urging him to talk, to do something positive about ridding himself of the tension. He knew that he should report the matter to an officer, but he continued to postpone it.

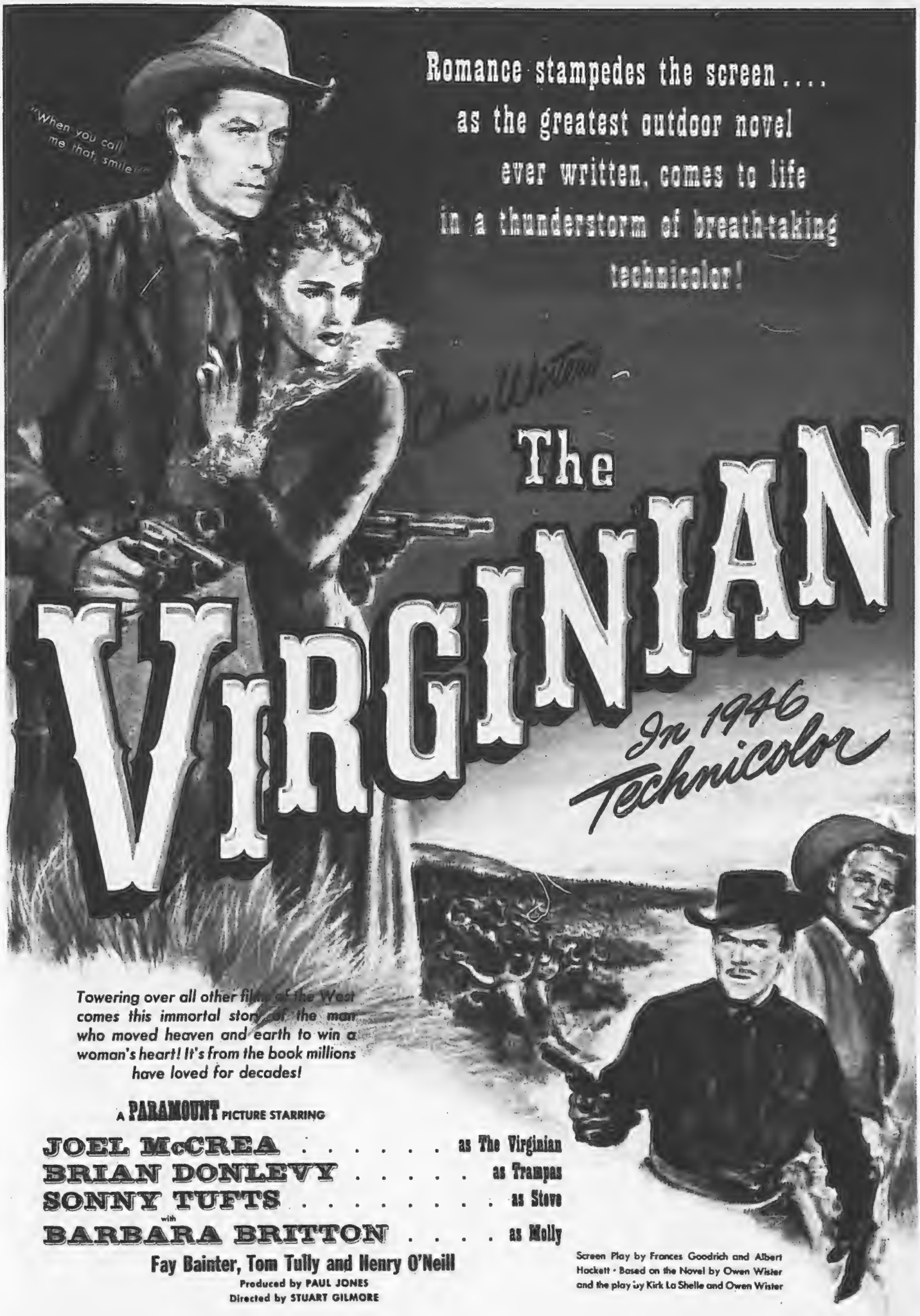
"I've discovered a cure for which there is no disease!"

LIBERTY

ABBOT and O'Dowd remained by the painted iron rail after the officer had gone, pretending to watch the passing sea. O'Dowd was the first to turn.

"Are you trying to scare me?" he demanded of Abbot. "What makes you think he'd know us?"

(*Continued on page 56*)



Romance stampedes the screen....
as the greatest outdoor novel
ever written, comes to life
in a thunderstorm of breath-taking
technicolor!

The VIRGINIAN

In 1946 Technicolor

Towering over all other films of the West comes this immortal story of the man who moved heaven and earth to win a woman's heart! It's from the book millions have loved for decades!

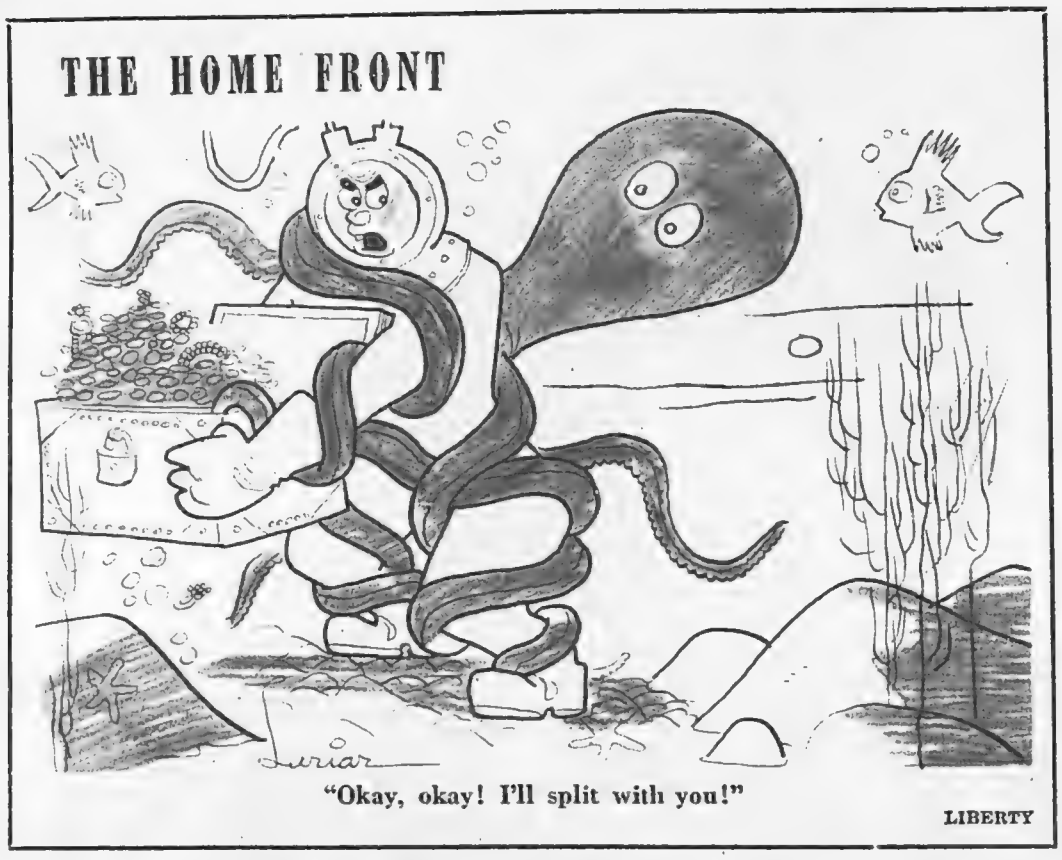
A **PARAMOUNT** PICTURE STARRING

JOEL McCREA . . . . . as The Virginian
BRIAN DONLEVY . . . . . as Trampas
SONNY TUFTS . . . . . as Steve
with
BARBARA BRITTON . . . . as Molly

Fay Bainter, Tom Tully and Henry O'Neill

Produced by PAUL JONES
Directed by STUART GILMORE

Screen Play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett - Based on the Novel by Owen Wister and the play by Kirk La Shelle and Owen Wister



(*Continued from page 54*)

"I'm not taking any chances," Abbot replied. "If you weren't scared, why did you turn around?"

"Listen. With a nervous old woman like you around, who wouldn't get jittery?" O'Dowd made himself erect by pushing out his chest. "I'm doing fine in a crap game going on below and money comes to money. I'm lousy with dough. No lieutenant is going to make trouble for me. For all he knows, he may be going to work for me some day."

"Relax," said Abbot uneasily. "You don't have to shout."

"I'm not shouting. I'm going back to work. I just came up for some air. Why don't you get into the game too?"

"Not me," said Abbot. "I can't flash all that money around. Somebody'll get wise. I told you—I got a mother and a girl."

"Why do you have to talk like that? Nobody's going to get wise. As for the dough, you can say you won it. A guy could win five thousand as well as lose it in a game like that. All those guys down there have gone crazy."

"No," Abbot said firmly. "I won't play. And we shouldn't hang around together. It may give that lieutenant ideas."

O'DOWD'S disgust was too thick for words, and Abbot kept his head averted until, with relief, he heard O'Dowd go away. He was alone again, but he couldn't remain there. The officer might return. The lieutenant was young, probably no older than Abbot, and he had a quiet voice. Some day, any day, he would touch Abbot on the shoulder and say in his pleasant casual voice, "Say, Abbot, step inside with me, will you?" Abbot would follow him, with his heart beating wildly, into a cubbyhole where there was a desk and papers. The officer would then riffle through some sheets, stop at one, and say, as though it were the most unimportant thing in the world, "By the way, Abbot, there's a little matter of some ten trucks, General Motors, six by six." He would then look up, and after a moment, in which he would see Abbot's guilty silence and guess everything, that quiet voice would change.

That was the vision which remained with Abbot. A hundred times a day it would happen to him, no matter what he was saying or who he was with. When he had come aboard the ship, he thought he was in the clear except for possible examination at debarkation, but the sight of the lieutenant told him that this would be settled one way or another long before they reached the States.

He began to walk again and, without stopping, he turned about and retraced his steps with the same briskness. By walking all over the ship he was only increasing his chances of meeting the lieutenant. Finally he went into the crowded deckhouse and down the iron steps into the thick atmosphere of men's voices and their presences.

Sheriff and Abbot saw each other at the same moment but Abbot pretended that he hadn't noticed his friend. He started to push his way through the crowd, but Sheriff was faster.

"Where you going, kid?"

"No place," said Abbot. "Just going around. I have to meet a guy."

Sheriff wet his lips and shrugged. "Sure," he said. He wanted to let Abbot go, but he couldn't resist asking, if only to convince himself that his friend wasn't deliberately avoiding him. "Who is it?"

"Oh," Abbot cast about for any name which would be his pass to solitude. "O'Dowd," he said. "O'Dowd's got a crap game going."

"There's only one game going," said Sheriff slowly, "and that's for murderers."

"That's for me," Abbot replied. "That's what I want."

Sheriff shook his head. His eyes were puzzled. "What's eating you, kid? You never used to be like this."

Used to be. That dated back to when Levitan was alive, when Abbot would have had nothing but contempt for someone who made a racket out of the Army when one of his best friends got killed.

"Lay off, Sherry," Abbot said. "I feel like playing." Just before he started, he made a concession, hoping to show Sheriff that they were still friends. "Want to come along and watch me?"

"No, thanks," said Sheriff. "Come back to me with your bleeding pieces, though, and maybe we can do a job on you. They're playing in the next compartment."

AS soon as he passed through the door into the stifling compartment of empty bunks, Abbot could tell there was a game going on. Even without hearing the click of the cubes, or even the men's voices, he could still sense the concentrated excitement which had drawn all of the men over to a corner, draining the entire compartment of vitality to compress it into an explosive concentration where the men formed a thick ring.

Abbot walked forward slowly and stood on the periphery behind a sergeant and a technician fifth grade, two men shorter than himself. But he still had to stand on his toes to see the center of the game over all the backs and bent heads. In the intense silence he could hear the dice being thrown. Finally a voice said with a breathy desperate intensity, "You lousy four, come *on!*" The dice rolled once more, and this time there was a concerted gasp, and then a general murmur. Abbot couldn't tell whether the player had won or lost, but in the sudden easing of tension he forced his way a little closer and saw a multitude of hands being withdrawn, each holding a cluster of bills. Many bills had the curiously foreign appearance of the larger denominations.

O'Dowd suddenly stood up as though to stretch himself. He saw Abbot and grinned. His spaced teeth shone and in his small eyes there was an angry punishing gleam.

"Hey, hey!" he shouted, pushing the men nearest him. "Here comes the *real* bankroll! Here is Mr. Money from Moneytown. What do you say, Abbot? Do you want to fade me for fifty grand?"

Abbot felt his face grow red as everyone's eyes turned to him, some curious, some annoyed at the interruption. He wanted to back away, but the others had closed in behind him now. He forced a small laugh.

(*Continued on page 58*)

ACCENT THOSE *Precious* *Moments* OF REAL LIVING

The busier you are, the more precious are those undemanding hours of sheer relaxation. Whether your choice of "time out" is a relaxing movie or a diverting drama, you can accent your enjoyment with mild, mature Carling's Ale . . . for more than a century the symbol of gracious living.

CARLING'S Red Cap ALE

Since 1840..Quality that never varies

BREWING CORP. OF AMERICA, CLEVELAND, O.

(*Continued from page 56*)

"Anything you say, Big Deal. Let's make it a hundred grand."

But no one was in any mood for jokes. The money in the game had spread a grim inelastic intentness over everyone.

O'Dowd picked up the dice and shook them gently in his right hand, and with his left hand tossed crumpled bills on the floor. Fives, tens, and twenties fluttered from his hand. A hundred-dollar bill spun in the tight spiral of a falling plane.

"I'm starting with two hundred," said O'Dowd. "That century is for you, Abbot. Fade me."

Abbot held back as the rest of the bet was covered. O'Dowd and the other players waited for him.

"C'm'on, get into me, Abbot," said O'Dowd. His big grin was malicious.

Abbot's money was divided in two parts. In his right pocket he had one hundred and seventeen dollars, the money he had saved from his pay. The hot coal was in the other pocket. The two couldn't mix. He was scrupulous about that, because as long as he kept the two rolls separated he felt that he was not fully contaminated.

Abbot unbuttoned his right pocket and took out the smaller wad. There was nothing wrong in playing with his own money. He threw down a five. As soon as it hit the floor, O'Dowd kicked it back at him.

"Don't bother me with that stuff," said O'Dowd. "That grows on trees." He seemed to be burning between hysterical elation and fury.

Before Abbot could reach for the money, one of the soldiers had tossed it back into the pot.

"That's all he wants to fade, O'Dowd, and that's his right," said the soldier. "The rest is open. It'll be covered. Here's twenty from me. That leaves seventy-five."

WHEN it was all covered, O'Dowd rolled. The cubes danced and one spun. They made a seven. O'Dowd grunted as though he could have told them so all along. "Leave it lay. There's four hundred," he said. "What do you say, Abbot?"

Abbot peeled off another five. He had never played in such a game before and he was losing his own money. O'Dowd rolled a six, and made his point on the third throw.

"It's still all there," he said. "All or part for anyone. Come on, Abbot, stop with those fives and dig into your sock. I'm hot."

Abbot had a hundred and seven left. Ten dollars gone. Once Sheriff had borrowed ten dollars from him to send home because there was never enough for his wife and kids. It had taken over a month for Abbot to get it back and then he felt guilty taking it. Abbot dropped a ten.

"Slow starter," O'Dowd commented. "O.K. I got all week for you."

He rolled an eight. Abbot was thinking that he used to work two nights, when he could get the work, to make ten dollars. He railed at himself for his stupidity, for kidding himself that he would ever be important in music. He called himself a dumb cockeyed stupid kid for allowing a loud-mouthed moron like O'Dowd, a man he had always despised, to make a sucker of him. What would Aggie say? Or his mother? It was going to be such a long time before he would see them. By the time he would be released, his mother would be dead.

It was the fault of the money. If it weren't for that, he'd be inside now with Sheriff, listening to all the wonderful stories of the orchestra, of how it felt to broadcast and to see the people whose names were famous. He'd be learning about his job —but probably Sheriff was so disgusted with him now that there'd be no job at all.

"Come on," he suddenly shouted to O'Dowd. "Quit stalling. You know you're going to make that point. Pick up the dough now."

He heard his voice in the tight air, but no one turned to look at him. O'Dowd laughed. "Keep your hair on, Abbot. I'll make it. Don't worry."

On the next roll he made his eight.

Ninety-seven dollars. Ninety seven real dollars was all that Abbot had left. What was the point, he wondered. What was he doing here? If he were going to lose, let him lose plain paper—let him lose something he didn't even want and perhaps he'd get his own twenty back. He'd lend it to Sheriff then. He'd *give* it to Sheriff.

Abbot reached into his left pocket, and the hot coal didn't burn any longer. It was warm, fat, and reassuring. He peeled off a bill.

"There's your hundred, O'Dowd," he said. "Cover it."

He felt strong again, and loud. To hell with it all.

O'Dowd won again, then crapped, then lost the dice. They went from hand to hand, and Abbot played like an automaton, reaching into his pocket for one one-hundred-dollar bill after another. This money meant nothing to him. It wasn't real. He put down two hundred dollars and suddenly he wanted to win. The dice were hidden in his fist, but he could tell they'd roll to be a seven. He was never surer of anything in his life, and excitement swept over him. He was finally getting into the game.

"Oh, no. As a matter of fact, he's getting up now."

LIBERTY

WHEN the bell sounded for boat drill a few hours later, Abbot thought that only fifteen minutes or perhaps twenty had passed. Abbot looked at the scrambled mass of bills in his hand and mentally calculated that his winnings were twenty-five hundred dollars, more than half of it from O'Dowd. Abbot took a twenty-dollar bill and put it in his right hand pocket, the rest he folded away with the original roll.

O'Dowd was watching him with hot, surly eyes.

"Come on," said O'Dowd. "You and I got to get this over with."

The drill took only a few minutes, but the wet air was a relief after the cramped stale compartment below. Abbot remained behind after the others dispersed, looking for Sheriff, but Sherry was gone. O'Dowd came out of the cabin.

"Hey, you!" he called to Abbot.

Abbot came forward as though in obedience, but his heart was pounding.

He wasn't even ashamed of what he was going to do. He just wanted everyone to leave him alone. But when he and O'Dowd met, he happened to glance at the upper deck.

An officer leaned on the railing and watched them. It was the lieutenant.

"Let's get out of here," said Abbot. He was in panic.

"Stop stalling," said O'Dowd. "I don't care about him."

Abbot wet his lips. They felt dry even with the rain on his face.

"Look, O'Dowd," he said. He was almost whispering. "Listen. I won a thousand dollars from you. I'll give it all back. I just don't want to play any more. All we'll do is to attract attention."

O'Dowd's large mouth was slack with contempt. "Look, you! You got that dough from me by playing." He shook his head slightly and his voice was rough and angry. "I want that dough back—see?—so you and I are just going to keep on playing." He turned and re-entered the deckhouse.

Nervous and cold, Abbot's quick eyes glanced up at the railing above. The lieutenant hadn't moved. Now he came forward a step.

"You," he said to Abbot, and Abbot closed his eyes and held his breath. The officer's quiet voice reached out to him. "Come here!"

The conclusion of this story will appear next week.

THOSE FLYING WINDMILLS

Continued from Page 19

member that when a craft flies only a few miles over sea or jungle and does a job no other ship can do, the service performed is far greater than the mileage might indicate.

For instance, there was an explosion in a destroyer off Sandy Hook, New Jersey.

Commander Erickson flew two cases of blood plasma from the Battery to the Sandy Hook beach in fourteen minutes. All conventional planes were grounded, and the trip would have taken more than an hour by boat or car. When a railroad trestle over Jamaica Bay caught fire, apparatus had trouble reaching the blaze. So a Coast Guard helicopter hovered over the spot and lowered extinguishers to the firemen.

URGENT inquiries about the ship that needs no airfield are pouring in at the helicopter plants, and hundreds could be sold today in Latin America alone for commercial use in inaccessible mountain and jungle areas.

The helicopter also appears to be the ideal vehicle for spraying the ground with DDT and other insect killers. Twice last summer a helicopter was used to rid the Yale Bowl of mosquitoes in preparation for an evening concert. Spreading the DDT solution over a sixty-foot swath from a line of nozzles, the machine lowered itself within the Bowl and circled the bleachers.

Hundreds of acres in Florida and Connecticut have been sprayed in tests conducted by the Coast Guard in co-operation with the Department of Agriculture. When potato fields in Connecticut were sprayed by helicopter to kill flea beetles, it was found that the down draft from the whirling blades forced the sprayed solution under the leaves and around the base of the plants, killing all the beetles. Airplanes which have been used in crop spraying must fly high enough to clear trees and other boundary obstacles, and their speed is too great for accurate work on small fields. The helicopter can hug the ground at twenty-five feet, slow down to five miles an hour, and turn around at the end of a row like a mule.

Much more powerful helicopters which carry more weight and fly faster and farther are already here, and in a matter of months they will be coming off the assembly lines of a number of plants. The little industry, hardly four years old, is bursting the seams of its boyhood breeches, and its engineers and designers are effervescent with ideas. Hitler had already conquered France when Igor Sikorsky made his first "cross-country" helicopter flight over 250 yards of Connecticut cabbage field. Before V-E Day his military

TOUGH *but oh so Gentle*

When you install new piston rings, it will pay you to get Hastings rings. They *stop* oil-pumping, *check* cylinder wear, *restore* engine performance . . . Ask your motor specialist.

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING CO. • HASTINGS, MICHIGAN
Hastings Ltd., Toronto

HASTINGS STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS

TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALLS

R-6s could cover 325 miles in one hop. Recently a Sikorsky R-5 shattered world rotary-wing records by climbing to 21,000 feet and traveling at a top speed of 114.6 miles an hour. It also lifted eighteen people off the ground in a hoisting test. The new S-51, designed for commercial use, will carry the pilot, two passengers, and baggage at a top speed of 103 miles an hour for a conservative 245 miles. Sikorsky feels that for the present that range is long enough—that longer flights may well be left to conventional airplanes. In fact, no one expects the helicopter ever to compete in speed and range with the conventional airplane. That isn't the job it was cut out for.

At a Philadelphia plant I saw a startling windmill craft which carries a pilot and ten passengers. It was designed and built under Navy contract by an assured youngster named Frank Piasecki, who at twenty-six is head of his own helicopter firm, the P-V Engineering Forum. It is the biggest helicopter on earth. Skimming the treetops, it looks like a pot-bellied sky-going shark suspended by horizontal whirling wings fore and aft. This ship took to the air in March, '45, and successful test flights followed. Piasecki likes to pick up brass hats at the Navy Yard—half an hour away by auto—and whirl them to his plant in five minutes. He now has plans for a twenty-four-passenger giant, with two engines for greater power and safety.

HELICOPTERS of many types are being developed for the market. These vary from Bell's beautiful five-passenger "helicopter sedan," with a range of 400 miles, to the "Hoppicopter" of Seattle's Horace Pentecost. Pentecost discarded everything but a twenty-horsepower engine and the rotor blades, and strapped the machine on his back. Landings jarred his legs, so he is attaching the machine to a chair. There are still bugs to get rid of, but no one can dismiss as impossible this air "rotor scooter."

Less than a year ago, Kellett Aircraft unveiled an agile little craft propelled by two three-bladed rotors which intermesh like an egg beater. While testing it, the pilot ran into a sudden storm over a built-up area. Visibility was limited, so he simply sat down in a cemetery to wait out the squall. Kellett is now building a new model, and is pushing off buyers until he can make the machines. He expects to get into quantity production in 1947.

Bendix Helicopter, Inc., with still another design, may be a strong contender. The ship has two double-bladed wooden rotors which are mounted on the same axle and rotate in opposite directions. The blades overlap when the machine is stored, so the craft takes little storage space. Bendix is building a four-place craft with an expected range of 300 to 400 miles and a cruising speed of better than 100 m.p.h. They

"You're not at the Stork Club any more, dear—you're my wife now."
LIBERTY

are following the pattern of Detroit in subcontracting parts, and their first ships may come off the line at Stratford, Connecticut, before the end of the year. Stanley Hiller of California has also attracted attention with his two-rotored "coaxial" ship, and plans to make helicopters in several sizes.

Experimenters are working on jet-propelled helicopters. Antoine Gazda, Austrian-born inventor of Providence, Rhode Island, who is noted for his work in the armament and automotive fields, has built a helicopter which is driven and steered by a rear-end jet. A gasoline engine compresses air for the jet and also drives the two-bladed rotor for upward flight. Once in the air, the jet does all the work and the blades rotate freely, providing only buoyancy. Gazda is working on a new model which he predicts will do 300 miles an hour.

Freight-carrying helicopters used by the Germans during the war suggest that the craft may become a kind of aerial derrick. In a captured German film I saw a big ship use a cargo net to pick up heavy loads of guns and ammunition and hoist them to the top of a snow-clad mountain, setting them down carefully in a spot indicated by a man on the ground. No trail was left in the snow, and it looked like a perfect ambush. When the war ended, the Germans were building a sixteen-ton helicopter designed to lift five tons. Driven by two engines totaling 4,000 horsepower, it was intended to lift tanks and trucks across rivers and to hoist bridge girders in place. It doesn't take much imagination to think of uses for such a foot-loose derrick in mining, lumbering, and construction jobs. Even the light Kellett machine has been tried out for the job of toting fence posts over a rough pasture and setting them neatly into their holes.

Lawrence Bell has been looking with interest at post-office roofs. For a full year a Kellett autogiro—which had a rotor for lift and a conventional propeller for forward flight—carried air mail daily from the roof of the Philadelphia Post Office to the airport, six miles away. The helicopter is a better ship for the job, and Mr. Bell is confident that big post offices will adopt the service. He believes all big new buildings will have roofs designed for helicopter landings. This will facilitate feeder lines to outlying airports. One of the handicaps of present air service is the amount of time spent traveling between midtown and airport.

Helicopter men also foresee feeder lines for cities which have no air service. Before the war, only forty cities of less than 10,000 were served by air lines. And it should be valuable for traffic control on big highways. Police can spot a wreck and, by using the Coast Guard's voice amplifier, reroute traffic before it piles up.

AS for a popular, low-priced helicopter, enthusiasts might as well file the idea for possible re-examination in 1956. Estimated prices for the helicopter sedans now being built run from $10,000 to $50,000. As for the smaller models, Lawrence Bell says that with volume production his two-place machine might sell for $4,000 to $5,000. In addition, the present helicopter costs more to maintain and is shorter-lived than a small plane. It is more complex and has more moving parts to wear out. A lot more engineering must be done on the transmission and the expensive rotor blades.

All the pilots I've talked with say it's easy to learn to fly them. You can get in a lot of solo work a few feet off the ground. If there's a condition ahead you don't understand, you can stop and think it over.

On the other hand, the helicopter's easy maneuverability in all directions keeps you on your toes, and you get wearier after a couple of hours than you would in a conventional plane. Like all other vehicles, the helicopter has its own set of rules for human behavior. In a plane, if you lose too much air speed at a low altitude, you take a nose dive. In a helicopter, if your rotor r.p.m. gets too low, the blades lose the centrifugal force which keeps them horizontal, and fold up. So do you.

Since the services took the new machine out of the bandbox two and a half years ago there have been only three helicopter fatalities. In Burma a pilot flew into a high-tension wire and a passenger was killed. In Florida a rotor blade gave way and the pilot and mechanic lost their lives.

Never before in history has a new machine jumped so fast from the woodshed to the production line. There is still plenty of work space on the ground floor, and tomorrow's Henry Ford of the helicopter may now be unknown.

THE END

CITIZEN SINATRA
Continued from page 15

grim Fathers who came here in search of religious freedom and the pursuit of happiness?

"Look! The next time you hear anyone say there's no room in this country for foreigners, tell him you've got a big piece of news for him. Tell him that *everybody* in the United States is a foreigner. And that includes the American Indian, who originally came here from somewhere else. Now, this is our job—your job and my job and the job of generations growing up—to stamp out prejudices that are separating one group of United States citizens from another."

Somewhere along the line of growing up there came to Citizen Sinatra the realization and the knowledge that racial hatreds, bigotry, and intolerance are as dangerous to the great republic into which he was born as all the military might of Germany and Japan that was once ranged against us.

This knowledge might well have come to young Sinatra when he was a kid at school in Hoboken, and the Ku Klux Klan, that vicious racket that made millions for the cheap crooks who fattened on turning Protestant against Catholic and Gentile against Jew, came to New Jersey. For he saw the fiery cross of intolerance-organized-for-profit burning against the night sky. And he went along with his father, then a prizefighter who plied his trade in the ring under the name of Marty O'Brien, and other American citizens, armed with baseball bats, to drive the Klan out of their free little corner of the United States of America. And the kid learned something about getting out and fighting for something that was right.

IN the past year Citizen Sinatra has again declared war against those same vicious elements. He has set out to fight them singlehanded, this time not with a baseball bat but with words, and with the tremendous power of his prestige and influence over youngsters throughout the nation.

The trip to Gary, Indiana, was a battle in that fight. Sinatra, accompanied by his friend and manager, George Evans, flew out there to try to combat the racial tensions that brought about the high-school strike.

But Frankie Boy, it should be pointed out, is nobody's chump, no starry-eyed idealist setting out to preach a crusade purely on an idealistic basis. Nobody can come through a boyhood in Hoboken and gang fights around the docks and survive without smartening up and acquiring a practical side. Before Sinatra went to speak to the 6,000 youngsters in the high-school auditorium, he and Evans had put in a good deal of time investigating the strike, its apparent causes, and factors which lay behind it. Furthermore, Frank attended a briefing luncheon given him by a selected group of students at which no adults were present and during which he learned still more of the difficulties of the situation in Gary.

He learned that he was heading into a local political as well as racial struggle and that many nationalities and "isms" were involved. And he further was led to believe that two politicians (adults) were potent and moving figures behind the so-called schoolboy demonstration. The truth or falsity of these allegations lies buried in Gary. But Sinatra was convinced by what he heard, or by proofs that were offered, sufficiently to make an open attack upon these men a major portion of his address to the youngsters of Gary. The night of the meeting, the young fellow with the supposedly frail physique and gentle aspect, who has been the butt of gibes directed at his slight frame and supposedly weak constitution, let go with both barrels.

THE mayor was sitting on the platform behind him when he gave his fighting talk to the students of Gary's other high schools, telling them, "It isn't you kids who want this strike, because that isn't American. And Gary *is* American. . . . People who have absolutely nothing to do with your strike have taken charge of it. What are you going to do about it? Are you going to get the situation back into your hands?"

He spoke of the American way of equality for all. He told them further that he had heard that only a few students from the struck school, Froebel High, were in the auditorium that night because of threats of bodily harm if they attended. "Since when do Americans yield to threats?" he asked.

Partly the youngsters sat hushed at his daring, and at other times the hall swayed and rocked with applause and cheers and yells for Sinatra. The kids were seeing a new kind of soldier, one who had the guts to stand up alone, barehanded, and battle for the principles of the country in which he believed.

After the meeting, the mayor angrily told Sinatra he had no right to accuse the men he named and say the things he did.

The bow-tie bantam bristled right back. "But I did say them, and I'm glad I said them. And I know what I was talking about. I've got plenty of information. Before I came here tonight I did enough investigating on my own. I said it and I'll go right on saying it and no one is going to stop me."

Later, Sinatra and Evans went to the home of the seventeen-year-old Froebel High School leader of the strike for segregation of white and Negro students, to try to persuade him to change his attitude. Sinatra was impressed with neither the personality nor the intelligence of the youth, and the meeting only served

to confirm the singer's conviction that an adult group was sparking the demonstration. Nevertheless, since he had to take a plane to New York to fulfill a theatrical engagement, he invited the youth to come to New York with a member of his family, at his, Sinatra's expense, so they might have a further chance to talk it out. The boy never came.

Gary was in a seething turmoil after the affair, with Sinatra under attack from many factions. His press in Gary and Chicago following the affair was not good. The strikers did not return and his visit was pronounced a failure, with much space being devoted to the mayor's condemnation. And yet one important thing was accomplished by his visit. The strike did not spread to other schools as it had threatened to do.

It has been some time since I have heard Sinatra sing over the air, and I do not know exactly what kind of personality or re-creation of him exists in the minds of his teen-aged worshipers, although the frail look, the boyish bow tie, the wistful expression, and the "Frankie Boy," suggest that he is something that appeals to the mother instinct as well as to the romantic side of his girl fans. Without wishing to shatter any illusions, it is my impression that his looks are deceiving, as careless parties inclined to shoot off their mouths in his presence have discovered. Sweet little Frankie Boy is one tough, hard-boiled, earthy cookie, with—when it is required—a longshoreman's vocabulary and the punch of a middleweight. And, literally, he seems to be afraid of nothing.

IT takes one kind of courage to swing on a foul-mouthed and abusive 190-pounder in a night club and flatten him, and another to risk a career by speaking one's mind and fighting for one's beliefs. Citizen Sinatra seems to have them both. When he campaigned openly for a fourth term for President Roosevelt, he said one night, speaking on the same platform with Ickes, Truman, Wallace, Stettinius and LaGuardia in Madison Square Garden: "People have told me that if I took sides in this campaign and voiced my opinion I would endanger my career. My answer is that if caring about the future of my kids and what kind of world they are to live in will endanger my career, why, then to hell with my career!"

His one-man crusade against intolerance, however, is something else again. For the forces of evil are many and powerful, and here the young man is genuinely laying his career and popularity on the line and courting disaster.

Racial and religious discrimination is not something confined to any one section of the country. It is a sucker racket operated by unscrupulous men for financial or political gain, dollars and cents or votes. Sinatra can make enemies anywhere and everywhere because there is hardly any part of this vast land where a hate merchant cannot promote himself a living by setting color against color, race against race, and religion against religion. "Love thy neighbor" can get lip service from most of us, but few men who preach it militantly can retain universal popularity.

The media by which Sinatra earns a living are the radio, the stage, the moving pictures, night clubs, and the sale of records, all of them taxing in time and energy. In addition, he is the target of appeal for every "drive," charity, or benefit that comes along, and you find him in all of them.

Withal he has found the time and the strength to earn eight awards, cups, plaques, and citations from enlightened educational groups for his work in combating racial hatred, bigotry, and intolerance. He has talked to youth congresses and rallies and forums by the dozens, and he will take the time and the trouble to sit down with just one kid who has a wrong slant and try and reason it out with him. And he is just warming up to the fight.

Citizen Sinatra talks to the younger generation, but through them obliquely to their parents and the professional hatemongers of the present generation who have done the damage, when he says in open meeting, addressing his bobby-sox fans: "What a lot I didn't know when I was in school! I was getting a pushing around and didn't even know why. Me—the Brain! But now I know why when I was going to school over in Jersey a bunch of guys threw rocks at me and called me a little Dago. I know a lot of things now. I know why they used to call the Jewish kids in the neighborhood 'kikes' and 'sheenies' and the colored kids 'niggers'. That was so wrong. Because kids don't draw color lines; kids don't discriminate and hate. And if they don't do these things when they are very young, then somewhere along the line in their homes or on the streets, at the hands of their parents or professional baiters and haters, *someone teaches them differently.* You can fight hatred and discrimination in the street, in the classroom, and in your home if you know what is fair and right and speak out."

"Never mind, clerk—I've been fortunate to get a room."

LIBERTY

It is difficult enough for a professional educator to fight the dark forces of prejudice. This line coming from a man who lives in the public eye and by public favor is sheer dynamite and can explode in his face at any moment. If the kid had even the faintest touch of geezer in him he wouldn't touch the subject with a twenty-foot pole.

He talks *ad lib.* and without a script and can keep going from one to two hours on the subject of tolerance and the simple equality and brotherhood of man, because it comes from his heart and his convictions, backed by the wonderful pride of being born a free American with the right to say his say as long as there is breath left in his body.

WHO is for him? First of all, there is the coming generation, some two million kids who belong to Sinatra fan clubs. For them the sun rises and sets in Frankie Boy. Five years from now they will be voting. Another Bilbo or Rankin may arise to mouth "Dago" and "kike," to swap hatred for votes from the bigoted, and it is hoped those voters will snow them under at the polls for talking heresy against a clean heart.

Decent, thinking people who love their country and the principles on which its government is founded are for him. And there are parents who are for him, too, men and women who have been shamed out of the mouths of their own youngsters, and who have begun to write him letters thanking him for the influence he has exerted over their children.

And finally I'm for him, which is why I have written this piece and taken it to be printed by the magazine with the significant name at its masthead. I love a salty, gutty, crazy kid with a fighting heart whether he goes to the wars in a battle tunic or a bow tie. Men who unselfishly fight the good fight warm the ticker.

But I love a man who faces up to his responsibilities, too, especially when he doesn't have to do so; when, should he look the other way in the presence of evil, or just not look at all, no one would even know it or notice it. My boy was doing all right for himself just going along singing his songs and mooing his microphone moos, and nobody had the rap out for him. He went and picked this magnificent fight all by himself because of where he had been born and what he was and what this marvelous nation had let him become, and its gift to him of the good things of life. You may join me, if you like, in a salute to Citizen Sinatra!

THE END

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

APPRENTICE and on-the-job training, as provided for under the G.I. Bill of Rights, offer great possibilities in helping a veteran get started.

First, let's go into apprenticeship. The first consideration in attempting to apprentice yourself to a trade is to get the approval of the union connected with it. Most unions now accept a certain percentage of veteran apprentices. The training programs are worked out by each union, over—in some cases—four years.

Graduated!

Salaries paid apprentices are also set by the union, and are pretty standardized in each trade. Monthly government subsistence allowances are a maximum of $65 for single persons and $90 for married veterans. Suppose you get the union's approval, and the approval of the State Council, and decide to go to work.

Suppose your beginning salary as an apprentice is $120 a month for the first year, $160 for the second year, $200 for the third year, and $240 for the fourth year; and suppose, under the G.I. Bill, you are entitled to four years' assistance. The skilled craftsman in the trade gets $260 a month. The law says the government may add $65 or $90 a month to your apprentice's wage, so long as your wage plus your $65 or $90 does not exceed the salary of the skilled craftsman. This is the way it works:

The first year, you will get $120 plus $65 (if you're single)—total, $185 a month. Fine. It doesn't exceed $260—the salary of the skilled craftsman. The second year, you get $160 plus $65. Still good—for $225 does not exceed the journeyman's salary. But the third year, it's $200 plus $65. Hold it! That's $265. So the government takes back $5 to make it an even $260. And so on. Married folks would reach the maximum a little sooner, of course. Fair enough, isn't it? The government, after all, has pledged itself to help you get started, not to keep it up forever. At the end of the training period, you're a full-fledged whatever-you-wanted-to-be, with Uncle Sam pulling for you all the way. And, according to a new law, the cash benefits you receive are *not* deductible from any future bonus.

On-the-job training is very similar to the apprentice plan, except that its provisions are more variable and are not necessarily restricted to guilds or unions. This program provides individual employers the opportunity of setting up a more flexible training course for their veteran employees.

Now for the details. If you're interested, file a Form 1950 with the local VA office. They will send you a certification of your eligibility for assistance in education—it *is* education of the most practical kind. When you get it, take it to your State Veterans' Committee. Also take along your Army Form 100 or the Navy equivalent, listing skills acquired in the service. Write down just how much time you're entitled to for education under the G.I. Bill, the amount of schooling you already have, and all the jobs you worked at before the war. Attention to these things will help both you and the counselor to arrive quickly at an intelligent decision on where you'll work out best.

Don't be afraid to ask questions! Be sure what you're doing is *right* before you commit yourself.

* * *

Pvt. Arthur Madigan, APO, San Francisco, Calif. Simmer down, sojer! The War Department is making haste to correct an affront to every Mrs. Private. My guess is, free transportation for dependents to zones of occupation will soon mean dependents of all seven grades, rather than just the top three.

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

"Concave-honing gives the EDGE to Hospital Brand Razor Blades."

No tussels, no jolts, no skin smarting — just smooth, clean, refreshing shaves *everytime* you use Hospital Brand Blades. Concave-honing does the trick, makes every shave a pep-you-upper!

Why use ordinary "hop, skip and jump" razor blades when you can get real shaving satisfaction by using Hospital Brand Blades. Ask your druggist for a pack today!

PINK LADY

Continued from Page 33

girl looked through him as if he were made of glass.

A steward walked through the car shouting: "First call for lunch."

The girl rose and started toward the diner. Henry bent to examine the label on her suitcase. He read the name—Miss Liane Grey—but before he could read the address the girl came back for her handbag. Giving him a look of suspicion and annoyance, she picked up the suitcase and took it with her.

When the train reached Grand Central Station in New York, he was no nearer a solution. Unhappily he watched Miss Liane Grey walking out of his life. He saw her hand her suitcase to a redcap, heard her say, "Bostwick Hotel."

He could stand this no longer. Quickening his pace, he drew level with her. "Miss Grey," he said.

She regarded him coldly. "Well?"

Henry could think of but one thing to say. He said it.

"Miss Grey, I love you."

She gaped at him. "Are you mad?"

"I have never been so sane."

"If you bother me again, I shall call a policeman."

She hurried on, her heels clicking on the concrete. Henry felt as if someone had blown a fuse and put out all the lights in the world.

THE address on West Tenth Street which the boss had given him was a tenement house of run-down but rakish appearance. After fruitlessly ringing the bell that had Timothy Wrenn's name over it, Henry rapped on another door. His knock was answered by a slatternly woman.

"Ain't seen the old buzzard all day. You might try Jake's."

"Jake's?" said Henry.

"The bar round the corner. If he ain't there, look for him at Jerry's on West Ninth."

The bartender at Jake's had not seen Timothy Wrenn since early morning. The bartender at Jerry's had not seen him since noon. Both suggested places Henry might try. It was at Mike's, the ninth on the list, that Henry ran the old man to earth.

MR. WRENN had a round rosy face, dominated by a nose that, to make the mouth water, lacked only a sprinkling of sugar and a dab of cream. His eyes had a genial glint. With a glass of bourbon in his hand, he looked at home and at ease.

"Mr. Wrenn," said Henry, "my name is Henry Waldo Winthrop."

"I shall try not to hold it against you," said Mr. Wrenn. He glanced at the leather case. "Not a goldarned process server, are you?"

"No, sir. This is a painting."

"Bring it near me and I'll throw it in the alley."

"It's a Grogot, Mr. Wrenn."

"Never heard of him."

"Come now, you're the world's greatest authority on—"

"I'm the world's greatest authority on ten-year-old bourbon. That's occupation enough for any one man."

The bartender approached. He was big and muscular and hairy.

"This is a bar, mister. People come here to drink and relax. I'm telling you in a nice way—get out."

"As I understand it," said Henry, looking him in the eye, "I have as much right as anyone else, provided I order a drink."

"O.K., mister. What'll it be?"

Henry looked for inspiration to the signs behind the bar. One of them said: "No checks cashed." Another said: "Positively NO credit." A third caught his eye compellingly. "Pink Lady. Fifty cents." Apart from the amazing coincidence, it seemed to Henry that a drink with such a name must be innocuous.

"I'll have a Pink Lady," he said.

The bartender busied himself with bottles and a cocktail shaker.

"Mr. Wrenn," Henry said gently, "I'll go away as soon as you look at this painting and give your opinion. I even have a paper all typed out for you to sign."

"Young man," said Mr. Wrenn, "I won't look at it if you stand there until doomsday. Years ago I sickened of the whole business. The kind of men who buy valuable paintings don't buy them because they are beautiful. They buy them because someone like me says they are worth a lot of money. Why should I help rich men to put dollar signs on the achievements of others? Let them be gypped. Let them buy phonies."

"Your Pink Lady," said Joe.

Henry eyed the glass before him. It looked like pink lemonade. He sipped it. It had an agreeable flavor.

"Fifty cents," said Joe.

Henry paid him. "Mr. Wrenn," he said, turning back from the bar. But Mr. Wrenn was gone.

When Henry caught up with him, twenty minutes later, the old man was drinking bourbon at Nick's on West Sixteenth Street. Ordering another Pink Lady, Henry edged along the bar with it.

"You again," said Mr. Wrenn.

"I'm sorry," said Henry.

"*You're* sorry," said Mr. Wrenn.

Swallowing his drink, he left Nick's in a hurry. Henry took one sip of his Pink Lady before following. Side by side, in silence, they walked two blocks and went into Harry's on West Eighteenth.

"The answer," said Mr. Wrenn (after ordering a bourbon), "is a philosophical attitude. An old friend of mine used to see polka-dotted elephants. *I* am haunted by a prissy young man from Boston. The thing to do is tell myself he doesn't exist."

"If you'll only look at this painting—"

"Regarded in the proper light," reflected Mr. Wrenn, "even paintings have no existence. There is no such thing as matter, if the mind so wills it. Another bourbon, Harry."

"What's yours?" said the bartender to Henry.

"Pink Lady," said Henry automatically.

It was becoming a habit.

SOME hours and nobody-knows-how-many bars later:

It was pitch dark outside, the black darkness that sometimes comes when late night meets early morning. Outside Louis's Bar and Grill, a neon sign winked on and off. Henry felt that colored lights were winking on and off inside him. He could feel the switch clicking.

"Hiccups," said Mr. Wrenn. "I have just the remedy. You bend over and drink a little water from the far rim of the glass."

"Water!" cried Henry with a shudder. "Never touch the stuff."

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

PENNYTENTIARY: Where you go for robbing a piggy bank.

PANATELLER: Cigar-smoking bank clerk.

SAPTEMBER: Birth month of a dope.

CLAWYER: Attorney with talon-t.

SICKAMOUR: Tree surgeon's ill sweetheart.

ROE-MAN: Caviar seller in the Eternal City.

VA-RIOT-Y: When vaudevillians have a big rumpus.

F-WROTH: Furious foam.

SIN-ONYMS: Lying, prevarication, perjury.

DOCTOROON: M.D. one eighth colored.

"Neither do I," said Mr. Wrenn. "Except medicinally, of course. As you were saying, life is beautiful."

"Did I say that?" Henry shook his head. "No, no, you got it all wrong. I said life could be booriful."

Henry drank his latest Pink Lady at a gulp.

"Life could be booriful," he said, "if you had the mos' booriful girl in the world to come home to. If you opened the door of your own li'l' house and found her there, waiting for you."

"That's the whole trouble. They're always waiting for you."

"I wooden keep her waiting. What kin' of a cad d'you think I am?"

"There are cads and cads. Perhaps you are the kind who comes home early and hides behind a newspaper until it's time for bed."

"I wooden have a newspaper in the house. Wooden have *anything* in the house. Just her."

"Sounds monotonous," said Mr. Wrenn. "But the question is academic. Where would you find the most beautiful girl in the world?"

"At the Bostwick," said Henry in a tone of deep despair. "Her name is Liane Grey. She thinks I'm c-crazy."

"Tell me about it," said Mr. Wrenn.

Henry told all. According to Henry, no woman in history or legend could compare with Liane Grey. Venus, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Madame du Barry; they were all also-rans.

"But this is folly," declared Mr. Wrenn. "Why do we stand here and let this paragon slip through your fingers?"

"She thinks I'm c-crazy."

"And you are crazy if you let her get away from you. There is no time to be lost. To action, Henry Waldo Winthrop! To action!"

They went out of Louis's, clinging to each other.

THE night clerk at the Bostwick eyed them with distaste when they asked for Miss Liane Grey.

"Who's calling?"

"Who *would* be calling on a young lady at this hour," said Mr. Wrenn, "except her father and brother?"

"Room 1008," said the clerk. "Wait a minute—I'll announce you."

At that moment a guest approached and asked the clerk a question. While he was answering it, Mr. Wrenn steered Henry to an elevator. Arm in arm, they straggled along the tenth-floor corridor and Mr. Wrenn knocked commandingly on the door of 1008. In a few minutes the door opened and Miss Liane Grey looked out. She was wearing a nightdress under a filmy robe and her blue eyes were cloudy with sleep.

"Miss Grey," said Mr. Wrenn, with a courtly bow, "this comely youth is the apple of my eye, the comfort of my declining years. For my sake, treat him kindly."

He gave Henry a slight push and Henry's trick knee gave way, catapulting him through the door of room 1008. He fell flat on the floor and did not stir. Mr. Wrenn raised his hat. "I leave him in your hands," he said affably. With the warm feeling that he had seen his duty and had done it, he walked back to the elevator.

A REGIMENT of little men with hammers was pounding in Henry's skull. When he moved his lips, he tasted carpet. Opening his eyes, he found himself staring at carpet. He rolled over and daylight hit him like a solid wall. He sat up and a blanket slid down off his shoulders. He was on the floor of an unfamiliar room.

"About time, too," said a voice.

Shielding his eyes, he looked round and saw Liane Grey, fully dressed, bolt upright in a chair, with a blanket over her knees.

"I'd like to know what you have to say for yourself."

"Oh, my goodness!" said Henry, suddenly remembering all.

"Exactly," said Miss Grey coldly. "I ought to have called the house detective and had you put in jail."

"I don't know why you didn't," said Henry, picking himself up.

"I don't either."

Henry said that there was no name bad enough for him. She agreed, more readily than he cared for. "You'd better go," she said.

Henry turned very pale.

"What's the matter? You look ghastly."

"I—I—I—"

"Stop spluttering and tell me."

"I—I didn't have a painting with me?"

Liane shook her head.

"Oh, my goodness!" said Henry.

"Was it valuable?"

"Worth twenty thousand dollars."

"Oh, my goodness!" said Liane.

Henry felt for his wallet. It, too, was gone.

"You've been robbed. That horrid old man."

"Mr. Wrenn? He wouldn't do a thing like that."

"Well, I wouldn't trust him round the corner."

Sitting on the bed, Henry put shaking hands to an aching brow.

"I'm in trouble. Terrible trouble."

"Then don't sit there like a ninny. If you've lost a painting worth twenty thousand dollars, *do* something."

"Yes—but what?"

"Get busy and find it, that's what."

"I feel as if I hadn't a friend in the world," groaned Henry.

"You needn't look at me so hopefully. I'm not your friend. But I suppose I've got to help you make a start."

Henry said, "Miss Grey, I—" He wanted to say "I love you," but the words stuck in his throat.

Liane said briskly, "The first thing is to find that dirty old man."

FINDING Mr. Wrenn was childishly simple. He was in his room on West Tenth Street, scorching a mackerel in a frying pan that made

Advertisement

"You can't frighten me. I eat Wheaties!"

Miss Muffet's staying for second helpings of milk, fruit and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." You get hefty nourishment, hearty flavor in Wheaties. And you get a large share of confidence which comes with the dish that's a favorite of so many champion athletes. Do you eat Wheaties?

Liane shudder. He invited them to join him.

"Mr. Wrenn," said Henry desperately, "I've lost the painting."

"He's not a bad young fellow," said Mr. Wrenn to Liane, "if you can keep him off the subject of painting."

"Mr. Wrenn, this is a matter of life and death."

"Of life, not death," said Mr. Wrenn. "Forget art, m' boy, and concentrate upon life."

"Can't you see he's almost out of his mind?" cried Liane. "If you didn't steal the painting, he must have left it somewhere. You've got to help him find it."

"How can I?" said Mr. Wrenn. "I've no idea what he did with it."

"We could make a list of all the places we went to last night," said Henry.

"All right," said Mr. Wrenn. "Make a list."

"I can't," said Henry. "I don't remember."

"No more do I, m' boy. No more do I."

"You mean you can't remember where you took him?" demanded Liane.

"Well," said Mr. Wrenn, "we could start out at Jake's. I always have a couple of spots at Jake's first thing. And then on to Jerry's—"

"It was at Harry's that I really drank the first Pink Lady," said Henry. "Oh, how I wish I hadn't."

"Can't do it that way," said Mr. Wrenn. "I wouldn't be in the mood. We've got to take 'em as they come."

"But that will take hours!"

"Hours very agreeably spent," said Mr. Wrenn.

Liane said, "I have a train to catch."

Henry said, "But you promised."

"I didn't promise to spend all day in bars."

"But this means everything in the world to me."

"I know. If we don't find the painting, you'll lose your job."

"It isn't only the painting," said Henry. "It's—it's—"

"Oh, well," said Liane, "I suppose I can catch another train."

Henry said, "Miss Grey, I—"

"You really ought to try this mackerel," said Mr. Wrenn with his mouth full. "You'd love the crisp flavor."

MR. WRENN said he would not be hurried.

All morning and most of the afternoon Henry and Liane followed the old man from bar to bar, shifting from one foot to the other while Mr. Wrenn shifted quantities of bourbon.

To Nick's, to Harry's, to Pete's, to Bill's, to Sam's.

"No, sir," answered each bartender stoutly, "I don't know nothing about no painting."

"Bourbon," said Mr. Wrenn.

The bartender at Joe's grinned at Henry.

"Boy, were you stinko last night! Good thing it was me you gave it to.

LIBERTY

In this business, everybody ain't honest."

Henry's heart leaped.

"The painting?"

"I don't know nothing about no painting. But here's your wallet. You gimme it and said I was your best friend."

To Tim's, to Jim's, to Mulligan's.

At Mulligan's they got only as far as the door. The bartender came forward quickly to block the way.

"*Out!* I had enough of youse two bums last night. You near to broke up my home. You and your crummy painting."

"Then I had it with me when I came in here?" asked Henry.

"You give it to me," said the bartender angrily. " 'Take it home to the missis,' you said. When she saw it, she like to t'rew me out on me ear."

"Where do you live?" asked Liane.

"What's it to you, lady?"

Liane gave him one of her sweetest smiles and his Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

"Round the corner," he said in a dazed tone. "Number forty-nine—t'ird floor rear."

A large woman with rolled-up sleeves opened the door to them at number forty-nine, third floor rear.

"Painting, is it? And a fine painting, to be sure. The likes of it I wouldn't be havin' in the house. Sure, an' I threw it in the garbage."

They ran downstairs to the back yard. Four large garbage cans were standing in the alley. Henry took off the lids. All of them were full to the brim.

"All right," said Liane. "What are you waiting for? I'll hold your coat."

Rolling up his sleeves, Henry attacked the cans. He disinterred a variety of objects that would have been better left where they were. But no painting. Henry glanced unhappily at his companions.

"What now?"

The janitor's wife came out of her apartment and glared at them.

"So!" she said formidably. "High-class scroungers in this neighborhood we are getting. O.K., mister, you can put it all back."

"We were looking for a painting," Henry explained.

"About this big?" she asked, holding her hands about a foot apart.

"You've seen it?"

"My Otto keeps pigeons. On the roof, he keeps them."

"But—the painting—"

"He made it himself, the little pigeon house. Only, the roof leaks."

Uttering a wild cry, Henry sprinted into the building with the others at his heels. He took the stairs three at a time, darted up a fire escape from the top-floor landing, and arrived on the roof in time to see the janitor prying loose the nails that held The Pink Lady in her frame. He snatched it from him.

"Here," he said, thrusting five dollars into the outraged man's hand. "Buy yourself some tar paper."

He ran back and met Liane and Mr. Wrenn panting up the fire escape.

"Mr. Wrenn," said Henry hoarsely, holding the banisters tightly, "once and for all, will you look at this painting?"

"I don't feel well," said Mr. Wrenn plaintively. "I feel giddy. What I need is a drink."

"Very well," scowled Henry. "One drink. If you try to stall any longer, old as you are, I'll punch you in the nose."

They went round the corner to Ernie's and Mr. Wrenn ordered a bourbon. Henry stood the painting on the bar.

"Vandals!" said Mr. Wrenn. "They've been hanging it upside down."

"Never mind that," said Henry. "Is it genuine?"

"Of course it's genuine. An extremely fine example of the master's work."

"Then sign here."

Mr. Wrenn signed.

"And now," said Liane crisply, "I can wash my hands of the pair of you. Good day!"

HENRY heard her heels clicking on the linoleum as she walked toward the door. He had to go after her. He had to tell her all that was in his heart. All he lacked was the courage.

"Quick," he said to the bartender. "A Pink Lady—two of them—and hurry!"

"No, Henry," said Mr. Wrenn, shaking his head. "Women and liquor don't mix. I found that out. Years ago I had to choose between them."

Henry hesitated for only a moment. "You're right," he said, turning on his heel. In two strides he reached the door. In three more he caught up with Liane. . . .

Mr. Wrenn sipped his bourbon.

"I chose this," he said to the bartender. "And, y'know, Ernie, m' boy—sometimes I almost regret it!"

THE END

FALL GUY

Continued from Page 31

ence of your bride-to-be. She might impugn your — er — mental equipment."

"I didn't!" I yells. "I dropped off, is all. Al"—I thump the fountain dangerously—"the low-down on Delancey Cowles!"

"Well," Al says, "a large insurance company recently assigned Mr. Cowles to this territory. And evidently he is creating an impression."

"How?" I demands.

"Well, Freddy," Al says, "Mr. Cowles is a believer in the power of personality. The compelling eye, the projection of the ego—that kind of thing. Presumably he employs a certain—ah—personal magnetism to bring lesser intellects under his control."

"You mean me?" My brows lift.

"No, no," says Al quickly. "I was generalizing. Specifically though, I do not like Mr. Cowles' apparent interest in Connie."

"You can say that again," I says. "Now, Al, I want you to look into the matter."

"Always happy to oblige the star customer," Al says.

NEXT day I meet the dream boat. "Good morrow, my love," I says. "A sleazy trick you and the Cowles jerk serve me."

Her eyes are haughty ice. "What did you expect us to do? Arrange ourselves around your bier like professional mourners? Naturally, when you fell asleep, Delancey and I went out."

"Ha!" I says. "You admit I fell asleep?"

A faraway look festoons the cerulean orbs. "Freddy," says Connie, like a one musing, "isn't Delancey simply the most devastating and too, too masterful man?"

"My gosh!" I ejaculates, sickened. "America's number one droop projects his ego at my girl and has her talking like a simply too, too batbrained bobby-soxer. Well, I know something about this masterful racket myself. Consequently, Miss P., prepare to accompany me to the Harvest Moon Ball at the country club a fortnight hence."

Connie gives a cry. "But, Freddy!"

I gaze at her with apprehension. "What goes?"

"Nothing where you and I and the ball are concerned. You didn't definitely ask me and—and Delancey thoughtfully did."

"But," I says, dazed, "I assumed—"

"Yes," cuts in Connie. "You always do. But a girl likes to feel wanted. Not just taken for granted, like a chattel."

"Listen," I says. "I command you to break this—this assignation with Delancey Cowles."

"I don't like that word, Freddy," Connie says. "But—*you* command me! Who are you—MacArthur? Well, I won't do it."

Here it is . . . a big frozen food storage locker built right into the new Gibson Freez'r Shelf Refrigerator! It reaches clear across—from side to side, from front to back—without obstructions. It's roomy! It's handy! It's efficient! It will keep man-sized quantities of frozen foods farm-fresh for months!

This Gibson innovation—the *Freez'r Locker*—is just one reason why you'll want this truly modern refrigerator. Other Gibson advantages include faster freezing, wall-to-wall shelves, greater ice cube capacity—and a spacious *Moist Chiller* for keeping even the most delicate salads deliciously crisp and tasty.

SEE YOUR GIBSON DEALER

GIBSON *Kookall* ELECTRIC RANGE

Automatic—turns itself on and off! Saves by cooking with stored-up heat. Higher, handier broiler—larger, banquet-size oven. And wait until you see the UPS-A-DAISY—today's secret—tomorrow's sensation!

NEW HOME FREEZER

The NEWEST thing in freezers! Upright—handy—space saving. Wall-to-wall, glass door *shelves* keep food in easy reach—open view. *No more diving!* Freezes faster—more economically.

GIBSON REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN

Export Department, 201 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill. • Canadian Distributor, Rogers Majestic, Ltd., Toronto

My eyes pop. "Very good. But I'll have something to say to Cowles. Where is the reptile?"

"If you must know," Connie says, "Delancey is assisting father this morning. Father is buying a second-hand motor lawn mower. And Delancey offered to advise him. Delancey is a mechanical genius, you know."

"Yeah?" My teeth are clinched. "Well, he will presently be a scrambled genius. I am taking him apart, piece by piece."

"I wouldn't, Freddy," Connie says hurriedly. "Delancey tells me he is a very good something or other—light heavyweight, do you call it? 'By, now! I must dash."

THAT evening I repair to the Soda Bar, to apprise Al of this sinister development. To my annoyance, the place is presided over by Henry, Al's stand-in.

"Where," I says sharply, "is the head cheese?"

Henry yawns. "His nibs went out to shoot Kelly pool."

So, with my love life headed for the reefs, Al fritters his time in pool halls!

"Henry," I begins, but check it, because young Horace (Beanie) Parker, Connie's kid brother, pollutes the horizon.

Beanie is twelve, somber of mien, and tolerates no nonsense. Henry eyes him unfavorably.

"Before you can be served, Horace," Henry says, "I gotta see yer dough. Accordin' to the boss, you ain't a payin' proposition lately."

"Bah!" Beanie regards him sourly. "Getta loada this!"

"This" turns out to be a crumpled paper, duly inscribed. It says: "Henry. Serve Horace what he wants. Al."

Henry scratches his head. "Don't know what's with the boss," he grumbles. "Givin' orders, then resendin' 'em! Well, what'll it be?"

"Double-fudge-marshmallow-nut-sundae-dash-whip'-cream," ackacks Beanie. "An' step on it!"

I pay scant attention. I have my own troubles. These are not alleviated when, twice more running, I find Henry at the helm.

One time Al is at the bowling alley. The next, Henry knows not his locale. A pretty kettle of fish.

It happens that on this last occasion I am about to inspect undeveloped property on the outskirts of Shadow Orchard. The tract overlooks the golf course and a woods, with a bridle path adjacent.

While toiling up a hillock, I suddenly perceive an individual sitting on a stone, head in hands. It is Al, looking like Rodent's Thinker.

Presently he lifts his eyes. A sheepish grin decorates his visage.

"I suppose, Freddy," he says, "you've tracked me down about the unfortunate episode of the Harvest Moon Ball?"

"So you know *that!*" I says acidly. "And your method of coping with the contretemps is to shoot Kelly pool! Now, Al, unless I note marked improvement"—I pause significantly"—well, Diffenderfer down the street provides excellent sustenance at popular prices."

"Freddy," Al says, "I rarely criticize the competition. But the ludicrous idea of Diffenderfer catering to your stupendous— Hsst!"

I follow his finger. Around a bend in the bridle path below comes a piebald pony. Astride it, smug of aspect, is Beanie Parker.

Before I can comment, hoofs thunder. Into view plunges a big roan. He is bucking, rearing, side-stepping, pirouetting—doing, in fine, everything but the Suzy Q. This, however, in no way disconcerts Delancey Cowles, resident on his back. Delancey is whooping like a Comanche and waving his hat movie-cowboy style.

"What's this?" I says, surprised. "The fellow is trying to impress Beanie. He insinuates himself, serpentwise, into the Parker family."

Delancey gives intelligible tongue. "Woo-woo!" bellows Delancey. "Some fun, kid! Get into it!" And, apparently inspired, he leans over and brings his felt hat down smartly on the piebald's flank.

Whence things happen fast. The piebald rears suddenly. Beanie slides gracefully off via the rear exit and sits on soft turf. The pony, gentle by nature, looks around at him apologetically.

Delancey Cowles quells his rampaging steed. He leans over its neck and talks to it. The brute quiets.

"Well, get up," shouts Delancey. "You aren't hurt."

Beanie's reply is inaudible. He looks somber, arises, remounts. They pass from sight.

"Freddy," Al says, "we have witnessed a remarkable and, perhaps, foolhardy equestrian performance. Ah, well! Back to soda-popping."

"Al," I says, "your assignment is to thwart this weasel who is stealing my girl."

"As to that, Freddy," Al says wearily, "I confess myself baffled."

And with this supine remark the once astute man seeks his car. Dismayed is the word for Frederick.

A COUPLE days later I run into Beanie Parker. His freckled countenance is smudged; his hands would horrify a grease monkey.

"Go home, little boy," I says chidingly, "and fraternize with soap and water. You look like a chimney sweep."

Beanie utters a Bronx noise and brushes by. Respect for elders is not part of this generation's equipment.

But I put Beanie from my mind, on account same is disturbed. My girl and/or family in the clutches of a wolf; my future in jeopardy; and that wishy washy Al offering no cooperation. It is Al who concerns me most, as I toss in my trundle-bed Friday night.

I see that I entrust vital issues to a wastrel and a slugger! Loafing in pool palaces and bowling alleys. Faugh, I think bitterly.

Which is when the phone rings. To my surprise, the party of the second part is Beanie.

"Freddy," says Beanie, "you come over here. Right away."

"What?" I am thunderstruck. "It's midnight."

"Makes no nevva mind," Beanie says. "You come. G'by!"

Greatly nonplused, I rearray myself and infiltrate the Parkers. I find a convocation—in the garage. The big number here is Parker pear, as the French fella says. And Ely K. is in costume. He sports a leather jacket, black-and-white-checked shirt, corduroy pants, and a funny visored headpiece.

GROUPED respectfully, left to right, are Mrs. Parker, Connie, and young Beanie.

"I'll kill," Ely K. is stating as I enter, "the person or persons responsible for tampering with this car. It was all right this morning."

"Oh, Freddy," Connie says, one side, "can't you help? You must know *something* about motors. You see, father was going duck shooting at Muchamuchachung Marshes, four hours from here, early this morning. Now the car won't start and it's too late to get a mechanic, and father knows nothing about an automobile's—well, innards."

"We thought, Freddy," Beanie says, "that, havin' an old jaloppy, you—"

"Quiet!" roars Ely K, pacing like a grenadine.

Therewith my love creates a diversion. "But I simply don't understand it," Connie says. "Delancey was positive—"

Ely K. swoops. "How's that? Delancey?"

"But, of course, father. Delancey came while you were asleep and put the car in perfect condition."

Her progenitor stares at her. Then, crescendo, "You're telling me that this—this fellow tinkered with my car?" At this witching juncture footsteps sound. Into the garage, smiling, dapper, and complete with briefcase, marches Delancey Cowles.

"Well, well," says Delancey cordially. "Good evening. Got your message, Mr. Parker. Came right over. That's the Inter-Continental Midland Mutual Insurance Company. Right on the ball. Johnny on the—"

"Shut up!" bellows Ely K.

"Ely!" murmurs Mrs. P.

"Don't Ely me," advises her lord. "I want to know why this fool boy monkeys with my car, gets it completely out of whack, and then appears in the middle of the night babbling about insurance. I sent him no message. He's crazy. But do you realize what he's done? Made me miss my duck hunting. No mechanics available. Can't—aagh, bah!"

"Mechanics?" Delancey looks puzzled. "Why, this car's in swell shape, Mr. Parker. But, anyway, you don't

need mechanics with me around." He makes like to lift the hood.

Mr. Parker straddles over the way, like Apollo. "Keep out! Haven't you done enough damage? And another thing! I understand you knocked my son off a horse."

Delancey starts. "Why, I—I did nothing of the kind."

"Did too," growls Beanie, "praccally. Wouldn't have fell if you hadn't hit him."

"Quiet!" Ely K. executes fanning motions. "Now see here, Cowles! You've been making pretty free around this house. And why are you hanging around in—harrumph!—ingratiating yourself? I'll tell you. You hope to sell me insurance. Well"—he gets off a snort—"I wouldn't buy insurance from you if you owned the Equitable Building."

"But, Delancey," Connie turns misty eyes upon him, "have you been dating me just because you want to sell father something?"

Till then Delancey absorbs the punches well. Now, though, he weakens. "No, no, no!" he exclaims, with heat. "That's ridiculous." But he cannot make it stick.

"Delancey," says Connie coldly, "I call that despicable."

Ely K. Parker sweeps everybody, except Beanie, out into the driveway.

"Constance," says Ely K., "you make sense for once. He is despicable. Furthermore, he's an imbecile."

That does it.

"Listen, you old goat!" Delancey shouts, impassioned. "You can't talk that way, insurance or no insurance."

"Tut-tut, Cowles," I says softly.

"Delancey," says Connie in a youcad voice, "I am amazed. Using me as a—a blind. Oh-h! I never want to see you again."

It is the final straw. Delancey blows wide apart.

"Aaagh, go fry your hat!" howls Delancey, and crashes off into the night.

There is an interlude of silence. Then: "Say," calls Beanie querulously from the garage, "whyn't you let Freddy see can he start her?"

Ely K. gives me a push. "Go on, boy! Don't stand gawping!"

Well, what have I got to lose? I vault nimbly into the chariot, turn ignition, press starter. And—*wham!* The mechanism whines, hiccups, . . . then we got rhythm.

"Aaa-haa!" says Ely K. almost reverently.

"Freddy," breathes Connie," you're definitely solid."

"Toldja, didn't I?" says Beanie. "Freddy's tops with cars."

"Horace," says Ely K. Parker, like a Roman empire dressed for ducks, "go to bed!"

THE following day I converge on that shallow-minded Al. His establishment crawls with local Boy Scouts. And leading the pandemonium is Beanie Parker. I stand nobly aloof until juvenility clears out.

TELESCOPE PRECISION Spotlights the new

WEAREVER

Zenith

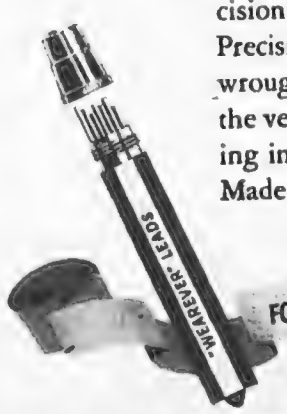
$1.95

In rich maroon, coachman's green, navy blue and black

Pen and pencil set, illustrated at right, in rich gift box...$2.75

By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer

It's in the spotlight—deservedly in the spotlight—the superb new Wearever Zenith. Graceful as a shaft of light. Efficient as a bomb sight. Produced with the same devotion to precision that characterizes a fine telescope. The value of Telescope Precision is reflected in the durability of Zenith...in its finely wrought 14-carat gold point...its exclusive "C-Flow"* feed...in the very beauty, balance and write-ability of this exquisite writing instrument. See, try, buy the guaranteed Wearever Zenith. Made by David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J. (Est. 1896)



Other selections: Wearever DeLuxe Pen $1.00, set $1.90; Wearever Pacemaker Pen $2.75, set $3.75

FOR RELIABLE WRITING CHOOSE WEAREVER REFILL LEADS

© 1946 David Kahn, Inc. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Elephants? Follow me!"
LIBERTY

"Al," I says then, "without your ever-failing help and sympathy, I have settled this sorry affair. Delancey departs. And Connie accompanies Frederick to the wingding at the country club."

Al rubs his hands. "Very nice work, Freddy. Though I say it as shouldn't."

My eyes bulge. "YOU?"

Al waves and takes over. "In estimating our chances of success," he begins, "it was necessary closely to study Delancey Cowles. Therefore I observed his conduct at the pool parlor and the bowling alley. Delancey frequents these halls of amusement to enrich his acquaintanceship hereabouts."

I NOD, though puzzled. "Continue," I suggests.

"Well, Freddy," says Al, "I discovered that Delancey is master of men, mammals, and matter. But his is a fiery temper, which can leap even beyond his own superb control. This was evident when, upon occasion, he miscued, or a split arose amidst bowling pins.

"Thus informed," Al proceeds, "I deemed it wise to have a—er—representative in the field. Hence, I enlisted the services of Horace. Horace does not cotton to Delancey. Nor was the boy's opinion of Mr. Cowles enhanced when Mr. C. boasted that he could subjugate the most fractious horse in the riding academy. Horace sneered.

"It was then agreed that Delancey would demonstrate. I attended the demonstration distantly, hoping the chosen animal might unseat Delancey and demean him in the eyes of Horace. This was not to be. But the gods smiled, Freddy, when Delancey so far forgot himself as to render Horace a figure of fun."

"Al," I urges impatiently, "less verbiage!"

"Coming up," says Al, from habit. "Well, the incident transformed Horace from a passive sympathizer into an active ally. Privately Horace expressed a desire to get even with that big hunka cheese."

"Ah," I says, getting dim glimmers.

"The opportunity," Al oils on, "came some nights ago when Mr. Ely K. Parker informed me of his duck-shooting intentions. Mr. Parker was specific as to date, hour, and program."

I am silent, because wonder-struck.

"Possibly, Freddy," Al says, "you have encountered Horace lately, looking as if he had wallowed in a gusher. Horace has been mastering the art of removing and replacing the motor of a distributor in a twinkling, under the tutelage of my good friend Mike at the service station."

I bow. "Intellectually, Al," I says, awed, "you rank with the Titians."

"The Brain" shrugs. "From then," he says, "it was a matter of delicate timing. I suggested to Delancey that Mr. Parker, whom he views as a hot prospect, might appreciate a last-minute, and surprise, tuning of his car. Mr. Cowles leaped upon the suggestion. He wished to please Mr. Parker and, presently, insure him. But Horace, a likely lad, worked his —ah, wiles. And at the proper moment he phoned you. Simultaneously I called Delancey. I claimed reason to believe Mr. Parker was regretful that he had not increased his insurance before venturing into regions where guns are discharged. Delancey saw the point."

I ALL but genuflect. "Al," I manage, "an act of Congress should decree an infernal light to burn in your mausoleum."

"It's a thought," Al says modestly. "Well, during the altercation outside the garage, Horace cleverly replaced the rotor, enabling you to step on the starter with happy results. But I trust you grasp the more—er—profound conception behind, Freddy. Ely K. Parker's nature is not noted for placidity. I felt certain that he would pounce upon and badger Mr. Cowles. Likewise that Mr. Cowles, himself torrid of temperament, might lose control and make an exhibition of himself. Horace tells me that such actually came to pass."

"Al," I shake my head, "your work is done."

"Oh, another point," says Al. "Your employer, Frank Schofield, deals in insurance as well as real estate. So I took occasion to hint to him that a young friend of mine had astutely unearthed the fact that Mr. Parker contemplates adding to his holdings. No doubt Mr. Schofield will serve Mr. Parker satisfactorily. You should receive kudos at your place of business."

O.K.! You hang a name on him—Napoleon, Machiavelli, Eisenhower. Personally, I'll take a smooth blend of those fumblers.

"Al," I breathes, "you— Hey! What's this?"

Al tenders a memorandum. It reads: $8.75.

"Freddy," he says, "it pains me to introduce the—the fiscal. But Horace drove a hard bargain. He desired, he said, to play host to the Boy Scouts, including an organization known as Cub Den Number Thirteen. On no other terms could I secure his co-operation."

Well, no Sandford haggles with Kismet. I take out ten bucks.

"A receipt, Al," I says, "is unnecessary. And you can keep the change."

"Why, thanks, Freddy," Al pouches the government issue. "It will go to educate my three children."

"A laudable program, Al," I says. "But why waste money? You could draw up a chair and instruct the progeny yourself."

Al scratches his head reflectively. "Freddy," he says at length, "I think you got something."

THE END

THESE CURIOUS CAREERS

Continued from Page 17

whip to make them walk around and around.

Why on earth were we paying anybody to do a thing like that?

My informant gave me a pamphlet. She pointed to a section on Building Better Dairy Herds. A paragraph about bulls said, in part:

"Proved sires are usually brought in for service, at Beltsville, when they are past seven years of age. This is beyond the prime of the vast majority of dairy sires. To prolong the period of usefulness of these bulls, it has been necessary to study the methods of feeding and handling that would be most helpful. Exercise has always been highly regarded as a conditioner, but few old bulls will voluntarily adopt an effective daily routine, so a compulsory exercise program was set up. . . . An improved exerciser was built and has had daily use for many years. A goodly number of herd sires have walked themselves into a useful old age. The daily routine of the Beltsville bulls has attracted the attention of thousands of visitors and in many cases has persisted longer in their memories than much of the more profound work exhibited."

Then she said, "You'll find stranger jobs than this at Beltsville—many of them."

She was right. On its 13,900 acres the Beltsville Research Center has thirty-six laboratory buildings, thirty-one greenhouses, 100 barns, and more than 500 other structures. It has several thousand people doing astonishing jobs. They're all out there at Beltsville, working for us taxpayers. And the wonders they perform are beyond number.

There are other areas of govern-

ment employment which produce strange jobs, too. The War Department is no exception. Somebody tells you that the Army pays a civilian good wages to find new and harmonious color combinations. What has that to do with warfare? With national defense? This Civil Service employee is an expert in heraldry; he designs service ribbons and the insignia of military units.

Moreover, the War Department has civilian employees studying the effects of the water reaches of the world on the weather over the land masses. This is essential information in an age when men, equipment, and supplies are moved by air and sea. Then there are the puzzle experts—the cryptanalysts who deal with ciphers and code systems. These, as the War Department will tell you, are essential to national security.

Turning from them to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, you hear of someone drawing good pay to destroy paper. Why? Because condemned securities and currency must be destroyed to prevent their return to circulation. We have to be certain they are destroyed, and it's the government's job to do it. So we employ a "macerator."

And how do you feel about spending part of your taxes on the salary of a man who passes his time handling all manner of mildewed items? The Bureau of Standards comes up with an investigator of mildew resistance. His research with fabrics, leather, paints and coatings, rubber and plastics, has been of priceless value in wartime, and will no doubt benefit the civilian population in peacetime.

ALL of these—together with forest rangers, keepers of national parks, letter carriers, clerks, F.B.I. operatives, chemists, elevator operators, hospital attendants, and 800-odd other classifications—go to make up our Civil Service roster.

After my investigation of strange jobs I must have looked preoccupied over dinner. A chance acquaintance at the next table, who later turned out to be a congressman, asked me:

"What do *you* do here in Washington?"

I said, "I've been making records of the odd things people do on government salaries."

He stared. "Good heavens," he said, "what a strange job!"

THE END

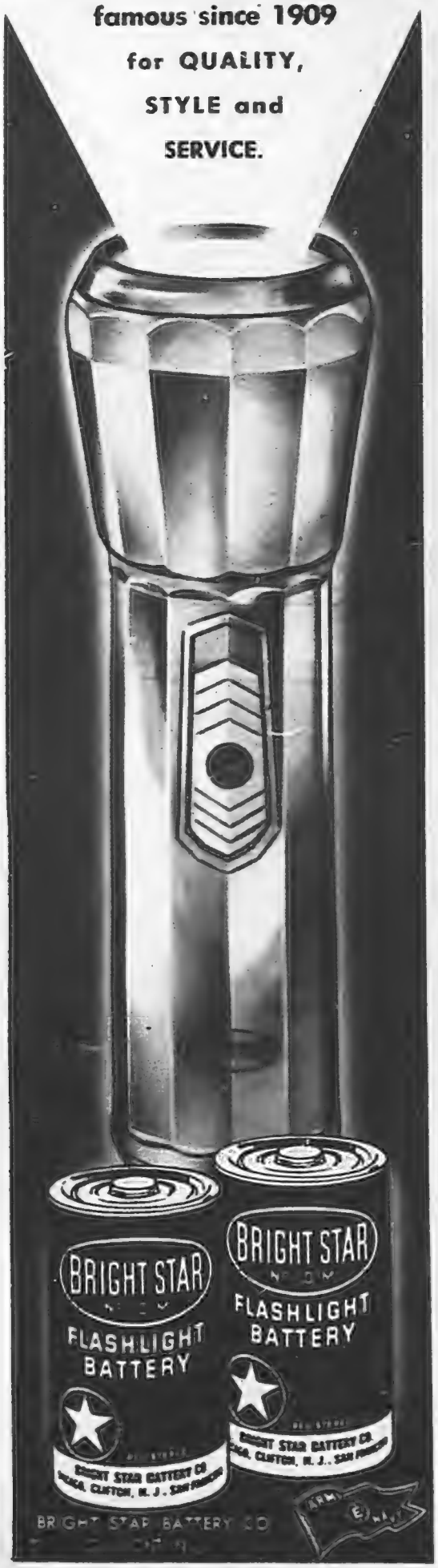
MAN WITH A HOE (BORROWED)

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be."
But, begging Shakespeare's pardon,
Unless you are both, enthusiastically,
You can't have a Victory garden!

—*May Richstone.*

THIS CLOSE HARMONY IS FUN-
NATURALLY- I USE SMOOTH STAR BLADES!
FOR DOUBLE EDGE RAZORS
STAR
DOUBLE EDGE
BLADES
STAR
4 for 10¢
Available again! The modern, amazing blades that make your double edge razor perform miracles. Try super-keen, longer-lasting Star Double Edge Blades. For millions of men, they have revolutionized double edge shaving.
MADE BY
6NX
PROCESS
FOR SINGLE EDGE RAZORS
Single Edge
STAR
BLADES
4 for 10¢
STAR
Single edge Star's sturdy edge is famous for the shave without a struggle—no burn, no nick, no scrape. For a smoother shave that lasts longer, get Star—the single edge blade that millions of men have proved with billions of shaves!
Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

NEXT TIME SAY
BRIGHT STAR
and you will get a
FLASHLIGHT and BATTERIES
famous since 1909
for QUALITY,
STYLE and
SERVICE.



LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Susan Hayward finds she just can't walk out on Bill Williams' dilemma.

DEADLINE AT DAWN

(RKO)
Susan Hayward, Bill Williams, Paul Lukas, Joseph Calleia

BEFORE you say to yourself, "Just another gory whodunit," better take a look at who wrote the screen play. None other than that very articulate bad boy of the Group Theater, Clifford Odets. (His last scenario was that shadowy beauty, None But the Lonely Heart.) And the producer is Adrian Scott, who did such a fine job on Cornered.

Bill Williams plays the sailor with the sweet and simple nature who meets the pretty, only slightly jaded little taxi dancer (Susan Hayward). She goes with him to return a roll of bills he'd accidentally borrowed in a profound state of inebriation from a female lush. They find the amoral alcoholic (Lola Lane) quite dead.

It's late, and the sailor's bus leaves at six for Norfolk, giving him only a few hours to find the murderer and clear himself.

Joining them in tracking down the paltry clues left them is one of Mr. Odets' favorite kind of people, who is brought very much to life by Paul Lukas. He's a soliloquizing cab driver (most of his paragraphs begin "Statistics tell us . . .") whose paternalism for these two young innocents knows no bounds.

The boy and girl separate, to hasten the crusade. The sailor hops after a fugitive from the murdered woman's house, then finds to his disgust that it's the janitor of the building taking a sick cat to the vet. He's so enraged at this preliminary failure that he shouts, "You've got no right to feed chicken bones to a cat!"—a more typically human reaction than those shown in most mystery films, and a relief from the ceaseless din-din-din of suspense in the usual picture of this sort.

Brother to the dead frail is the slick and repulsively attractive bad man, Mr. Joseph Calleia. He gives Mr. Odets' humor a neat snarl when, inquiring about a blonde accessory in the case, he asks, "Who is this twist?" Given her name, he summarizes briefly, "You cut off her head, she'd be very pretty."

Ex-husband to the corpse and a blind pianist in the film is a chubby young horror named Marvin Miller, whom you've doubtless heard many times on the radio. Such is his talent that he's beginning to be labeled the "Junior Charles Laughton."

The weaker sex, as represented by Susan Hayward, Lola Lane, and Osa Massen, transcend themselves and display equal strength with the actors. For Susan, who looks about sixteen, it's a neat trick to address the sailor as "Son" and get it across—but she does.

Much of the picture's dynamic quality must also be attributed to Messrs. Musuraca and Walker, in charge of camera and special effects, respectively. From the opening shot, when the camera trains on a fly crawling over the coarse pores of the sleeping floozie (Lola Lane), their job of creating mood is masterfully upheld.

Better put in a plug for the man in the cutting room, too. Thanks, Joe!

The sisters Brontë and the white-gloved curate don't seem to be enjoying the ball.

DEVOTION *(Warner Brothers)*

Olivia de Havilland, Ida Lupino, Paul Henreid, Montagu Love

ANYONE who has ever read one of the several realistic biographies of the Brontë sisters should not look for verification in Warner Brothers' depiction of the life of the literary ladies.

In this glamorized production they have manufactured a triangle between Charlotte (Olivia de Havilland), Emily (Ida Lupino), and a curate with a very foreign accent (Paul Henreid). The time is 1836 and the locale is a village in Yorkshire, England. Cinematized, it is Charlotte who has all the literary success, the gay times in London with Thackeray (Sidney Greenstreet), and who eventually commandeers the curate, while her sister Emily expires of unrequited love.

This version is so far from reality, that there are times when Emily is gazing across the moors at Wuthering Heights—and you almost expect Laurence Olivier to come galloping up. (But that was another picture.)

On the screen, as contrasted with history, the sisters have so much preoccupation with moor-romping, satin dresses, their drunken brother Bramwell (Arthur Kennedy), and emotional trivia, that it seems most unlikely they could have applied themselves to the writing of books.

Charlotte, literary genius in a nightcap.

Lupino, de Havilland, Nancy Coleman as Ann, and Montagu Love (remember him?) as the Reverend Brontë put as much warmth into the unreasonable, stilted-language script as they can muster, but it's a pretty superhuman assignment.

PICTURES TO WATCH FOR

DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID (U. A.). Burgess Meredith, Paulette Goddard, Hurd Hatfield, Francis Lederer, Judith Anderson, Reginald Owen. Could you ask for anything more?

ROAD TO UTOPIA (Paramount). Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour. The "Road" picture to end all roads.

SEVENTH VEIL (British-Universal). Ann Todd, James Mason. Psychoanalysis of a concert pianist—with fine music.

DAVID O. SELZNICK
presents

INGRID BERGMAN
GREGORY PECK
in
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
SPELLBOUND

Screen Play by BEN HECHT • *Released thru United Artists*
Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK

A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

You'll like it, too!

RICHardson ROOT BEER "it's so flavorful"

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

WINNING NUMBER: When Peggy Sage launched her two new nail polish shades, "Flying Colors," at a press party in the Waldorf-Astoria, she gave away a full-grown Piper Cub airplane. Each invitation to the party was numbered, and guests placed their cards, bearing their names, in a box from which the winning number was drawn. Adelaide Hawley's number was the first to be drawn, but she was in Europe and her substitute couldn't win the prize because the invitations were "non-transferable." The next number drawn was 47, and pronto, Mrs. Lucia Forman became the owner of the plane. She was considerably puzzled as to what she was to do with it, as it sat there in the ballroom waiting to be taken home to her three-room apartment on Gramercy Park!

EASTER GREETINGS: If you're in right with the Easter bunny, you might hope for such an appropriate Easter gift as Prince Matchabelli's "Russian Easter Lily" perfume. He has gilded the lily this spring by placing it in his lovely golden-crown bottle and then placing that inside two squares of crystal lucite molded to fit the bottle. A small nosegay of plastic flowers is also embedded in the lucite. "Georgian Carnation" and "Royal Gardenia" are similarly packaged. Each is priced at $8 plus tax for the half-ounce size. . . . Dorothy Gray's new "Magic Hour" perfume also appears in a transparent case. The case is of plexiglas and the perfume bottle rests regally on white satin ($22.50 plus tax for one ounce). . . . Priced more modestly but very fragrant and desirable are "Early American Old Spice" bath salts in a charming Stiegel-type bottle (net weight, fourteen ounces, $1 plus tax). . . . Yardley's Powdered Sachet comes in three different fragrances—"April Violets," "Red Roses," and "Fragrance," all of them light and lovely for scenting linens and lingerie ($1 plus tax). . . . And Daggett & Ramsdell's new "Mountain Heather Bath Foam" is both a water softener and bubble bath ($1 plus tax).

RETAIL CANDOR: In a New York City shop window a lovely dress beckoned to me, so in I went to see how much. A major-domo of sorts directed me to the third floor, where I described the garment to a sales-clerk. Said she, "If it's in the window, we *wouldn't have it.*" Since everything displayed in the windows gets sold out right away, the management really ought to save their would-be customers' time by placing posters next to their museum pieces saying, "Pretty! But we're not selling these clothes. We ain't got 'em."

SPECIALISTS: Mrs. Mary Calicchio, twenty-five, has produced three pairs of twins in three and a half years. Her first child, John, was born July 7, 1941. Her first twins, Carol Ann and Peter, arrived on August 10, 1942. Barbara and Jeanette were born December 29, 1943. The latest pair, a boy and girl, were born February 16, 1946. . . . Mrs. W. J. Dabney, thirty-two, of Tallahassee, Florida, bore her first son in 1937. A second arrived two years later. In 1942 she really went into production by having twins. Since then she has produced three more sets, giving her a grand total of four sets in less than four years. Six of the twins are girls.

LINES TO APRIL

Although the going may be slushy,
About you I'm extremely mushy,
For you're a guaranty that soon
I'll once more store my old raccoon.

PEACE, IT'S WONDERFUL!—The Women's Action Committee for Lasting Peace will celebrate its third birthday in a national convention at Louisville, Kentucky, April 10 and 11. Composed of 10,000,000 members, the organization is actively headed by Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse. Delegates to the convention will discuss and take action on such matters as international labor organization, freedom of communications, strengthening the UNO and perpetuating peace. More power to them!

Reg. Trade Mark

Men swear *by* the swell shaves they get from electric razors. But they swear *at* the radio interference they cause! Radio listening is marred by such static distortion. The cure? A tiny Tobe Filterette *built into the razor!* Make sure that your next razor is Tobe Filterized—and enjoy crystal-clear radio reception!

Look for Tobe's Tag before you buy *any* appliance, including Vacuum Cleaners, Oil Burners, Food and Drink Mixers, Electric Fans, Sewing Machines, etc.

TOBE DEUTSCHMANN CORP., CANTON, MASS.

CUB ROOM IN TOKYO

Continued from Page 23

To the Mitsubishi man Starr said, "These repairs are going to increase the value of your building. You're going to pay your share for that." Turning to the leaseholder, Starr said, "And you're in on this because you let the property run down."

The three admitted that this was fair enough after they saw what was being done. But, while the three interested Japanese looked on approvingly and agreed to foot the bill, they did not mention the presence in a basement across the street of all the pilfered heating equipment, and in another near-by basement, of the complete restaurant service that belonged to the establishment. This had been moved out since the correspondents acquired the building.

Moreover, odds and ends of equipment continued to vanish even as the work progressed. To stop this, the mess man assigned to the club by the Army, Staff Sergeant Santo A. Licata of Hudson Heights, New Jersey, slept on the premises. But with windows missing and seven outside doors without locks, he was busier than a one-armed juggler, and things kept disappearing.

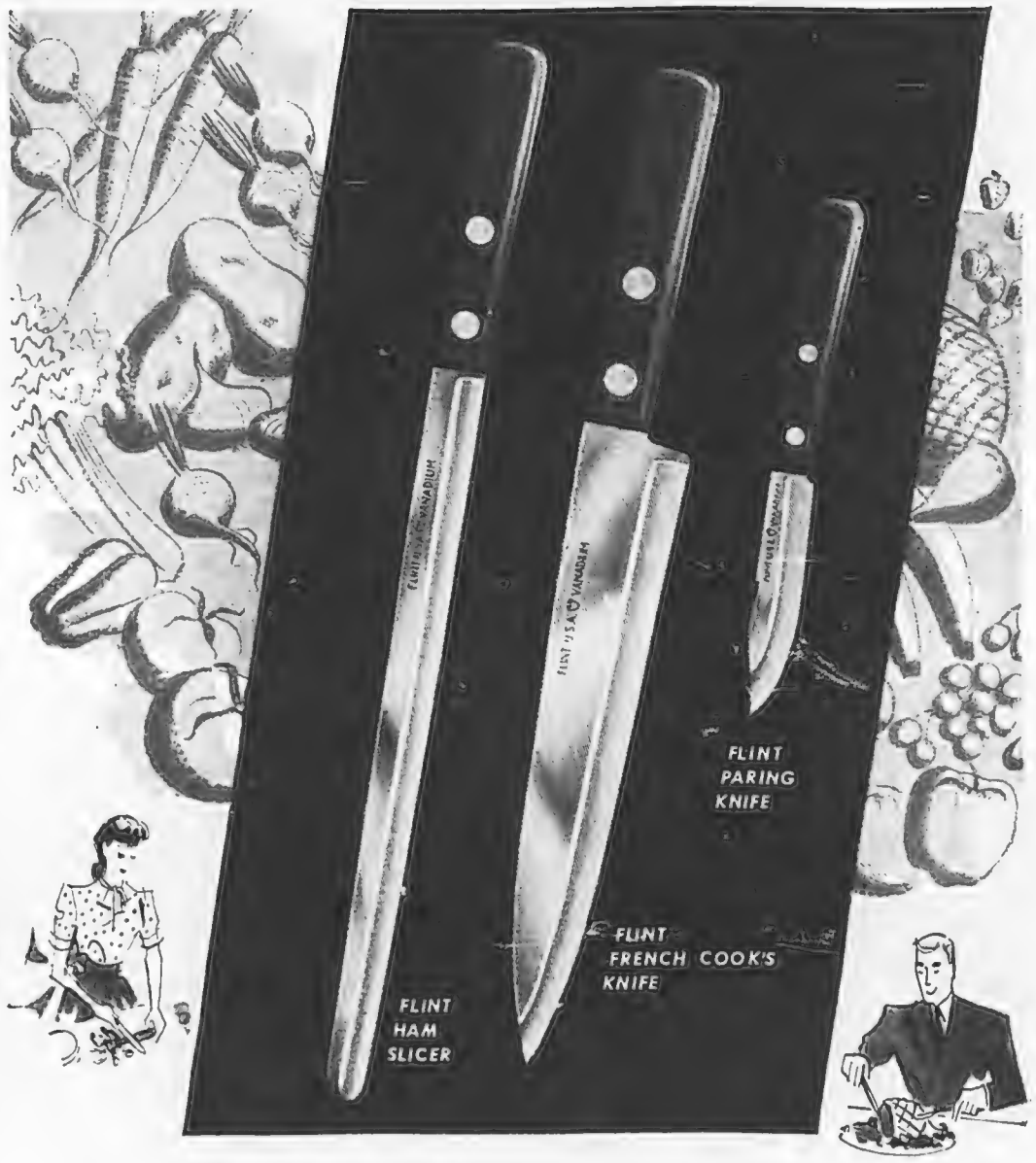
THE new manager was Ludwig Frank, a mild young man born in Japan of English-German parents, who was made stateless by the Nazis in the foreign community of Karuisawa during the war. Frank speaks Japanese like one of the emperor's own, and he stage-managed the workers. To him goes credit for heat in the club by late November. The Army had been sure it couldn't be done before January.

The newsmen themselves took an active hand in the preparations. Harold Smith, head of the Chicago Tribune's Far Eastern bureau, famous as "Pack Rat" Smith, the correspondent who collected tons of war trophies for a war-bond drive back home and who carries a four-ton general repair and supply depot with him, led the manual effort of the correspondents. Smith reduced the overload on the light wires and repaired the elevator and dumbwaiter.

Robert Cochrane of the Baltimore Sun, Donald Starr, and Cornelius Ryan took over the job of finding a staff. From among 2,000 applicants they got a cook from the former American Embassy, a couple of bartenders, and three or four girls who had worked in native-style restaurants. The rest of the waitress applicants were rank amateurs.

Placed under training by Cochrane, the girls became known as "Cochrane's Children." Among other things he taught them not to jackknife as they entered with the trays, for practical reasons and because Americans prefer their women to walk upright.

An Army nurse, Lieutenant Ro-



It's time to discard dull, makeshift knives and rejoice in super-sharp FLINT Hollow Ground Cutlery!

Made of special chrome vanadium cutlery steel, hollow ground to have and hold a razor's sharpness.

A sharp Flint blade flashes through every carving, cutting, paring or peeling task—a boon to the carver—a blessing to busy hands in the kitchen. Every home can afford this fine cutlery, and every homemaker will want a full set of matchless Flint blades. Friend husband will snitch the ham slicer for his very own, and do wonders with it at the table. At all good stores.

FLINT HOLLOW GROUND CUTLERY

EKCO

EKCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, CHICAGO

Send 10c for this new book on carving by film star Edward Arnold

EKCO PRODUCTS COMPANY
Box No. 830R, Chicago 90

Send your illustrated book, "Edward Arnold Shows You How to Carve Meats and Poultry." I am enclosing 10c in coin.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

"Flint" is a registered trademark of Ekco Products Company

LAW STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 37 years—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree. All texts furnished. Easy payments. Send for FREE BOOK.
AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 64-L, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Keep 'em TIGHT and SPLINTER FREE
Garden tool handles can be reset to hold solidly with Plastic Wood.
Cracked or splintered handles easily fixed. Simply cut away broken part. Fill with Plastic Wood.
All Hardware, Paint and 10¢ Stores.
BUY IT IN TUBE OR CAN
PLASTIC WOOD
A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER
PLASTIC WOOD

"It all started when Albert put a slice of apple in his tobacco can." LIBERTY

sella Browning of New York City, made dining-room curtains and aprons for the girls out of parachutes. Through the mess sergeant, "Brownie" located an Imperial princess, Madam Hachisuka, a kimono designer, who found shoes and goods for the girls' uniforms, tailored to their individual measurements. As for stockings, lipstick, and cold cream, Brownie contributed her own.

The girls were so pleased with these rare possessions that they got permanent waves at their own expense. Paid 125 yen a month, they are given all meals, a dormitory of their own in a building near by, all clothing, cosmetics, and toilet articles. To ensure their safety in the dormitory, they are locked in at night. This function fell to Don Starr, who thereupon was hailed as "Turnkey," "Jailer," or "Concentration Camp" Starr. He gave it up after a while.

The two bartenders, antiaircraft gunners stationed in Tokyo during the war, Yasokichi Akimoto and Yasumasa Ueda, were promptly designated "Jackson" and "Smitty" respectively.

General Diller, meanwhile, showing a marked change of heart after MacArthur's reversal of his quota dictum, ordered ninety steel beds and bedclothing brought in from Manila on two special transport planes. But despite shipment under highest priority, three weeks passed before the cots and bedding arrived.

During this bit of snafu, with the building far enough along to occupy, Major George E. Schubert, headquarters billeting officer, appeared in a proprietary mood one day. Taking a fast look around, he declared, "I'm going to put a hundred cots in here, and you fellows are going to move today." More officers were arriving at the Dai-Iti.

He was told that he would not install cots, and the correspondents threatened to park themselves and gear at the Dai-Iti entrance if any attempt was made to oust them. Nobody was moved.

Life finally began at the Marunouchi Kaikan early in November, and one of the first incidents was a fire. The flue carrying off kitchen fumes, standing just outside the dining room, burst into flames during dinner one night. The diners started to flee. An Australian, who had the strange habit of sleeping under his bed, imperturbably stood his ground in the bar, next to the dining room, demanding a drink. Being a man of few words, he had little to tell a correspondent afterward who had been absent and was asking details: ". . . a frightful panic in the bar—couldn't get a drink for five minutes."

FOR a while the members had no post-exchange facilities. Tom Shafer of Acme Newspictures eased this situation by buying up two weapons-carrier loads of essential miscellany from a ship which was leaving for home, and setting up store at the lobby desk. Shafer, who removes his cigar only to sleep and eat, also provided a dice table, clearing more than $1,000 the first week. These winnings go to the house, augmenting the weekly income from each member for his board and room, and the proceeds from his bar book, which fluctuate according to the supply of potables available but average about the same as for his keep. The house had taken in $20,000 by mid-December.

Service problems were many and not the least of them was laundry. The laundryman took the laundry and that was the last ever seen of most of it until Ludwig Frank found it piled up in the laundryman's plant. He had got it washed, but getting it sorted had been too much for him.

Meanwhile, those correspondents who had any laundry left took to sending it out through the Dai-Iti Hotel, a procedure which so far has escaped the attention of the colonels.

The elevator was another source of trouble. It was more often out of service than in, usually trapping someone each time it went out. Before Pack Rat Smith left on a long swing through Asia, this was one of the mechanical conundrums that made up a chosen province of his. With crowbar and flashlight, he would mount to the winch house on the roof, and shortly service would be restored.

The elevator was no challenge to the Pack Rat, who in his years in the Pacific made eleven combat landings with invading troops and added to his stocks wherever he went. His four tons of equipment included a machine lathe, two heavy-duty grinding heads, a vacuum pump, a wide assortment of electric meters, drills, dies, rivets, and screws, several vises, half a dozen tool kits, big stocks of duralumin, emery cloth, and sanding belts, cold chisels and files.

THE story is told of how, on Saipan, after finding a dental drill, he attached it to a sewing machine so he could use the treadle to spin the drill in precision drilling and grinding. On Guam, setting up shop in his room, he turned out watch bands in tiny links cut and fashioned from sheets of airplane metal. He indicated a new field one day by soberly announcing as he arose from lunch, "I've got to go upstairs and repair some watches."

Another legend concerns how Smith's hobby once saved twenty lives, including his own. This was on a flight aboard a commercial air liner from Kodiak to Seattle. Flying at 10,000 feet over 8,000-foot mountain peaks, the ship began to ice up and soon ran out of de-icing alcohol. The crew was helpless, for it lacked the tool needed to open the alcohol reserve tank. After an hour and a half, with the plane losing altitude and control, Smith dug into his tools, produced the wrench needed, and saved the day.

The correspondents' house-warming party was a time to remember. With a large guest list that took in General MacArthur himself, it looked, on the night before, as if the affair might be torpedoed by the help. Chico, a scrawny dame of mysterious purpose, employed behind the lobby desk because she spoke some English, announced that she and the girls objected because the club had named the head waitress without consulting them. This, said Chico, was the girls' prerogative. "After all, that's democracy, isn't it?" she inquired obliquely.

That the girl chosen was Yoshino, who as the daughter of an American mother combined the best beauty features of the East and West, and had outstanding grace and devotion to her work, didn't matter to Chico, who issued an ultimatum: Unless the club withdrew its action, Chico would pull out all the girls forthwith, leaving the club without waitresses for the house warming. Chico was mollified with a raise and, the day after the party, fired. She left by the front door, re-entered the building at the rear, and by coercion and threats took half the waitresses with her.

THE party came off entertainingly and, on the whole, with decorum, though there was a brief Donnybrook when a guest offended an Irish member of the club. The brevity of the disturbance testified to the good judgment of the house in making Lawrence Tighe, former contender for the world's welterweight title, manager of the party.

George Silk, a New Zealand photographer for Life, told his guests at dinner of the great problem of getting enough green vitamins in Japan. He took a dandelion from the center bouquet, sprinkled it with salt and ate it. He devoured several more. One of his guests, much bemused, sighted an empty table with chrysanthemums on it. Silk explained this was the table being reserved for General MacArthur, who ate the larger blossoms.

The supreme commander never appeared, though the guest list had been tailored to his presence. He delayed a final answer until seven thirty of the same evening.

With the house well warmed, it was in the affectionate, forgiving nature of the correspondents that they should extend its hospitality to colonels as its periodic guests—even the colonel who aspired to throw them out of the Dai-Iti.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The OPA Office
Detroit, Michigan
Gentlemen:

Will someone please advise us what to do? Our baby had the poor judgment to be born just a short time ago. It is absolutely impossible for us to get diapers, and even if we did get diapers we couldn't get the pins to hold them up, and even if we did get the diapers and the pins, we can't get either a laundry or a washing machine to handle them. This diaper problem is more important to us right now than anything else. Please don't hand us the usual explanations that these are tough times and everyone must make sacrifices. My wife and I realize this.

Our baby is only six weeks old and twice already I've sat myself down and talked to it man to man about the diaper shortage. Sometimes I almost think with parental pride that my child is smart and realizes our didie difficulties. But just when I think Junior is getting the diaper situation into his head, I realize that his head isn't the end that we're having troubles with. Will someone please try and help us solve our problem?

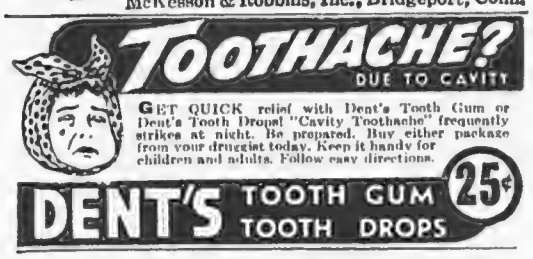
Harold K——.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Yodora checks perspiration odor *the* SOOTHINGEST *way*

- Made *on a face cream base.* Yodora is *actually soothing* to normal skins.
- Entirely free from irritating salts. Can be used right after under-arm shaving.
- Its soft, cream consistency stays that way indefinitely. Never gets stiff or grainy.
- Contains no chemicals to spoil clothing.
- Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.
- Yes, Yodora is a *gentle* deodorant. Try it today—*feel* the wonderful difference!

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.


TOOTHACHE?
DUE TO CAVITY
GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity Toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy for children and adults. Follow easy directions.
DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS
25¢

Lemon Juice Recipe Checks Rheumatic Pain Quickly

If you suffer from rheumatic, arthritis or neuritis pain, try this simple inexpensive home recipe that thousands are using. Get a package of Ru-Ex Compound, a two-week supply, today. Mix it with a quart of water, add the juice of 4 lemons. It's easy. No trouble at all and pleasant. You need only 3 tablespoonfuls two times a day. Often within 48 hours—sometimes overnight—splendid results are obtained. If the pains do not quickly leave and if you do not feel better, return the empty package and Ru-Ex will cost you nothing to try as it is sold by your druggist under an absolute money-back guarantee. Ru-Ex Compound is for sale and recommended by druggists everywhere.

***Its longer polishing action safely* BRYTENS TEETH!**

● To unmask the natural sparkle of your teeth, learn this great truth!

Even in the 50 seconds most folks brush their teeth, the dentifrice disperses and loses its polishing action.

That's why you'll get such dramatic results by changing to IODENT No. 2, made by a Dentist.

It contains millions of tiny particles *scientifically treated* to safely polish teeth *up to twice as long*. They *do not* dissolve—but get finer, tinier as you brush. It's the way a jeweler polishes precious jewelry.

Try it! Tooth Paste or Powder. Let your own mirror tell you the new beauty of your teeth.

IODENT

IODENT No. 1 is preferred by people with teeth easy to bryten—especially children.

for Veterans Only

Now a CAR REFLECTOR with YOUR HONORABLE DISCHARGE INSIGNIA!

Here's a double-duty car reflector which identifies you immediately as a veteran and serves as a safety device. It's a handsome addition to your car, with this proud emblem in gold tones against a sparkling red background.

- *Solid clear plastic—will not tarnish*
- *Completely weather resistant*
- *Unbreakable—will not crack*
- *Safety device with reflector*
- *Gold emblem—same as lapel button*
- *Easily attached to rear license plate.*

$1 GUARANTEE: If not satisfied return, money will be refunded.

Hollis Co., 11 Commerce Street, Newark 2, N. J., Dept. 28R

Enclosed is $1.00 for my Honorable Discharge Car Reflector. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return the reflector within 10 days and my money will be refunded.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

THE THROPP

UNLESS YOU PAY OLAF HIS MONEY, WE GO HOME NOW!
MY MOOLA DOESN'T MOVE UNTIL PATER SIGNS!
SIGN THIS PAPER? IT'S A HOLDUP! IT'S BLACKMAIL!

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**

WHAT **DID** YOU MEAN?
I MERELY MEANT THAT I'D--AH--INVEST YOUR MONEY FOR YOU!
HOW QUAINT! AND WHO WOULD REAP THE PROFITS FROM MY MOOLA?
WHY, WE'D SHARE THE PROFITS, SON!

NONSENSE! IT'LL BE FIFTY PER CENT OR NOTHING!
COME BACK, OZZIE! YOU WIN!
FIFTY-FIFTY IS NIFTY, PATER. SIGN AND WE'LL ALL BE HAPPY
I'LL SIGN, BUT I'M NOT HAPPY!

Continued next week

ENDS ALL CORD TROUBLE!

NEW FARADAY Plugmaster ALL-APPLIANCE CORD SET

No more hunting to find the "right" cord set. The new, self-adjusting Plugmaster cord set fits *all* appliances—electric iron, percolator, waffle iron, grill, toaster, etc. It's a handy extension cord, too. Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories. See your dealer!

Broilmaster
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Makes your skillet an electric broiler

Just place the handy new Broilmaster over an ordinary frying pan. And Presto! You have a wonderfully convenient electric broiler! Now you can broil tasty steaks and chops in five to seven minutes. Also makes toast and grilled sandwiches. Broilmaster is easy to use—easy to keep clean. No stooping—as with ordinary oven broilers—no mess to clean up!

The amazing Broilmaster fries and boils equally well! Ideal for homes, apartments, vacation cottages. Only $3.95 at your dealer's!

SWEET TONED FARADAY CHIMES

FOR DISTINCTIVE BEAUTY

Beauty of tone—Beauty of appearance. Soundly engineered for dependable service by men who build famous Faraday Fire Alarm Systems. Faraday all-metal suspension, no strings. Ask your dealer.

FARADAY
ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Adrian, Michigan
SINCE 1884 • MANUFACTURERS OF FIRE ALARMS • SIGNAL SYSTEMS

. . . and don't forget to change your address!

★

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

Please send your change of address direct to Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. It must reach us 45 days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Be sure to send your old address along with the new one. (If possible mail in stencil label from one of your copies.)

Magazines that have been mailed to an old address will not be forwarded by the Post Office unless extra postage is sent to the Post Office by the subscriber. Avoid this expense by notifying Liberty well in advance when you move.

★

LIBERTY MAGAZINE
37 WEST 57th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

WHAT'S COMING IN THE MOVIES

Continued from Page 21

first truly international motion-picture company in the history of the cinema. It is almost certainly not going to be the last.

Felippo del Guidice, Arthur Rank's Number One producer and executive, is now in Hollywood arranging for the set-up of the new United World Pictures Company. Mr. Del Guidice, Italian-born and a refugee from Mussolini's Fascists, is certain of one thing: the future of the world and the happiness of hundreds of millions of people depend on friendly co-operation between the United States and Great Britain. "We in this century are threatened with the lethal menace of atomic science," he says. "We fear it. But the judicious use of the screen as a promoter of international understanding will cancel out the atom bomb as a threat to the race."

WHAT form will these new films that stem from internationalism have? Curiously enough, most Hollywood producers believe that the general types of films will remain unchanged, and that the differences will lie in the treatment and subject matter. Comedy, according to Mr. Goldwyn, will play an even more important part on the screen of the future than it has in the past. "A Walt Disney or a Danny Kaye," he adds, "can do as much to promote international good will as all the international diplomats combined."

"Certainly the postwar problems which our country faces will come up for treatment in the pictures we will make this year," says Mr. Zanuck. "At present I am preparing to put Somerset Maugham's great novel, The Razor's Edge, on the screen. I believe in it as a splendid drama, but I am also interested in it because it details, with fine understanding, the feelings of the returning veteran trying to readjust himself to life. I believe that the picture will help with this problem, and for that reason I am going to great pains to see that the book is properly translated to the screen."

All producers are giving new emphasis to the material from which they will make their new films. Mr. Zanuck speaks for the importance of the future screen play in these words: "I think the movies will be much better in the future from the storytelling viewpoint. We were forced to give much more attention to stories during the war because so many of our stars were in the service. And we learned again that a well-told story has great drawing power even when there aren't many stars in the cast. This is not to say that the star has been relegated to a position of unimportance. I only wish we had a lot more Betty Grables, Tyrone Powers, and Gene Tierneys. But it does mean that story values will receive much more emphasis in the future."

"The man from the brewery next door is here with a cop."
LIBERTY

There will be millions of new moviegoers demanding screen entertainment. Already there are plans afoot to bring the light of motion pictures into the darkest corners of the dark continents with the help of the 16-mm. equipment and prefabricated theaters. Much of this new audience will have unsophisticated tastes. Will the motion-picture industry be therefore obliged to reduce its standards to the lowest level of those it intends to reach?

No, says Walter Wanger, well known producer, and president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. "The film industry," says Mr. Wanger, who in January formed the EN Corporation with Ingrid Bergman, "must supply a diversified program of entertainment in the years ahead. The public is composed of many audiences and each audience has the right to enjoy that motion picture which it especially wants to see. Consequently," he continues, "motion pictures on various intellectual levels, catering to various tastes, will be produced for their corresponding audiences. One of the results," prophesies Mr. Wanger, "will be the construction of smaller theaters throughout the country, seating perhaps five hundred to seven hundred and fifty people. In these theaters the more adult product will have an opportunity to reach its public."

William Goetz believes that future films "must be more adult." He says they must "take cognizance of the fact that the average fifteen-year-old boy or girl of today thinks like the twenty-one-year-old of five years ago. War years have speeded up the growing-up period of teenagers and all youngsters are more

advanced for their years today, demanding more adult consideration. The old statement that the average theater audience is fifth grade in intelligence is ridiculous. Improved methods of communication have made more youngsters and more adults world-conscious than ever. Film producers must cater to this fact. It is one of the most important of many new viewpoints necessary to guide future production."

One of the more immediate results of the internationalization of the screen will be its wide interchange of talent. "Hollywood's progress in the postwar world," says Hal Wallis, prominent executive producer in Hollywood who recently organized his own producing company with a Paramount release, "will be determined in terms of new personalities, and its success will be measured in the ability of the men and women who make pictures to uncover and develop talent capable of catching and holding the public fancy. This is a classic pattern for Hollywood, but there are two considerations, both comparatively recent manifestations, that render the talent factor doubly important. First there is the fact that established star personalities are curtailing their activities to the extent that they make one or two films each year as against four or five annually in the past. Time was when the Gables, the Flynns, and the Ameches were off the screen only long enough to ship the film to the next theater on the route. Now, due to increased earning capacities, and other reasons, the big-name stars are enjoying longer and longer vacations between films. Second, there is the resumption of heavy production at the major studios, long curtailed by wartime shortages, and the rapid growth in the field of independent production. The combination of these circumstances spells a loud and determined cry for new people."

WHERE will they come from, these stars of tomorrow? From America, from England, from France, from Russia, from Norway and Poland and Italy and Greece—from almost anywhere and everywhere in the world. Actors and actresses of other countries will soon be appearing in important American pictures, and our own box-office favorites will be spanning oceans to meet film commitments in foreign studios.

In that connection Mr. Goetz says: "What could be more proper if we were making a picture like Wuthering Heights, with its important British locale, than to make the picture in England? Or if we were making a picture in which leading roles were Britons, to bring English actors over here to play the parts? Or to bring British set designers here to create accurate British backgrounds, or send American designers and actors to English studios for similar performances. International pictures must have international thinking. The British producers hold the same view. That is why our company has joined Mr. Rank's organization in United World."

Will the films of the future, exerting so great an influence on the people of the world, become in time the medium for propaganda? Not according to the men who will make these films.

"We will not achieve our purpose by making propaganda films," says Samuel Goldwyn. "The screen is too important a medium of free thought and the world too large for any single pressure group to use the film as the vehicle for its particular brand of politics. This does not mean that contemporary problems will be ignored. Our motion pictures must reflect the reawakened interest in world affairs."

POINT of view, producers point out, must not be confused with propaganda. Confessions of a Nazi Spy and Idiot's Delight, both made in Hollywood long before America's entrance into the war, are examples of films with a definite, uncompromising viewpoint. No one would seriously consider them propaganda pictures in the light of today. Yet, at the time they were produced, many critics used this term loosely to describe such films, by reason of the fact that they expressed opinions.

As Jack Warner made clear, however, "Truth is not propaganda. The honest exchange of ideas and factual information is, indeed, the very antithesis of propaganda. . . ."

This is the preview of tomorrow's movies by the men who will produce them. To the casual moviegoer no radical change will be apparent, except perhaps that the movies will seem to him to be improving and there will be new faces. Yet the film that is entertaining him may well be doing its bit to change history. It will not only be seen by Americans but by hundreds of millions of Europeans and Asians and Africans.

And if the film is an American one, its vast global audience will be judging America by what it sees on the screen. Thus the men who make our movies are, in a sense, our delegates to the conference of nations and the motion picture is our most powerful ambassador abroad.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

In front of a grocery store, a well-known art connoisseur noticed a dirty little kitten lapping milk from a saucer that he realized was a rare piece of pottery. He dashed into the store and bought the kitten for five dollars.

"For that sum," he told the proprietor, "I'm sure you won't mind throwing in the saucer. The kitten looks so happy eating from it."

"Nothing doing," said the proprietor. "That's my lucky saucer. From that saucer, so far this week, I've sold thirty-two cats."—*Pointer.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

EYES DEAD TIRED?

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Do they smart and burn from overwork, light glare, dust or wind? Then give them instant relief . . . two drops of soothing Murine in each eye. Murine's seven scientifically blended ingredients soothe and refresh tired eyes gently . . . at once. No stinging or burning sensation. Join the thousands who use Murine regularly . . . whenever their eyes tell them to.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

THOUGHTS HAVE WINGS

YOU CAN influence others with your thinking! Learn to impress others favorably—*get across your ideas.* Let the Rosicrucians show you how to use the power of mind. For *free book* write Scribe D.W.E.

The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California

Pfunder's ARE WONDERS!

FOR STOMACH DISTRESS
DUE TO HYPERACIDITY

● Pfunder's Tablets have brought symptomatic relief to thousands for over a quarter of a century. Don't wait another day. Try Pfunder's now!

PFUNDER'S TABLETS
AT DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

There'll be more Eclipse lawn mowers made this year than ever before in our history, but nevertheless a 4-year backlog makes a shortage inevitable. Your Eclipse Franchise Dealer will get a large supply, but not enough to take care of all his customers. Place your order now with him. The Eclipse Lawn Mower Co., Prophetstown, Ill.

Eclipse
THE WORLD'S BEST
LAWN MOWER
HAND AND POWER MODELS

APRIL 13, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

ARE WE TALKING OURSELVES INTO WAR?

WITH the ashes of the recent conflict not yet cool, Americans in high and low places are turning to one another in bewilderment. People ask with increasing frequency, "Will we have another war?"

The prospective enemy, of course, is Russia.

How does it happen this unthinkable notion has gained such currency? Why is it our ally and friend of a few months ago is regarded as a possible enemy in a war that is sure to be universally devastating no matter who wins? Is such a war possible? Can anything be done to remove this possibility? This is too serious a matter for loose and irresponsible talk. We'd best not kid ourselves or attempt to kid the rest of the world. We must understand clearly and be prepared to act promptly when and if action becomes necessary.

Twice in this century we have fought a world war for the same specific purpose —to prevent the domination of Europe by a militaristic power. Both times Germany threatened such a domination. Now with Germany eliminated as a source of aggression there are fears that the new Russian state, prideful in its victory and military power, may seek to accomplish what Germany twice failed to do.

Now, it is obvious that we can no more permit Russia to extend her sway by military means over the whole of Europe or of Asia than we could Germany. Since the shooting stopped, Russia has steadily encroached on the territories and sovereignties of neighboring states. If these encroachments keep on we will have to fight.

There will come a time when our own interests and our own survival as a nation will demand that we step in before it is too late.

A fair question to ask is, why does Russia do these things? During the war high-principled commitments were made regarding the rights of all nations, great and small. A United Nations Organization was set up for the purpose of settling disputes and assuring security to all. These commitments are being violated. Why? Is Russia alone at fault? Is Britain partly to blame? Are we?

It is evident the Soviets do not believe the UNO can assure their security. Well, neither do we. Neither does Britain. British troops are in Greece and the Mediterranean area, in Indonesia and the Far East engaged in preserving the British empire. America feels she must reach out for bases far distant from her shores in order to buttress her security. Can we expect the Russians to depend upon the UNO for security when obviously their allies do not display similar confidence?

So far we have no firm basis for suspecting that Russia wants to dominate the world. Though we must be alert and watch developments, we ought to cut out this loose talk of another war until we are sure that we're not talking through our hats.

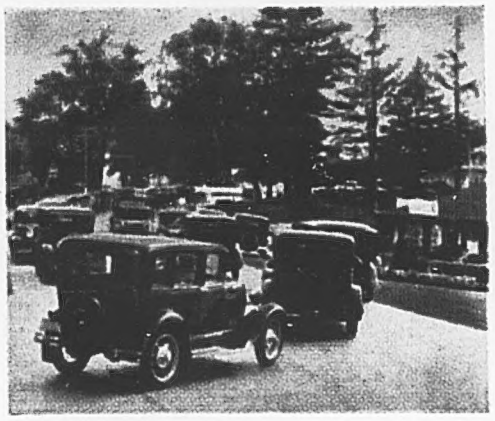
Meanwhile, all nations must turn back to the basic principles which were so clearly seen and understood while the war was on and which underlie the formation of the UNO. The world must make up its mind to depend upon collective security with no ifs, ands, or buts. The three big powers, America, Britain and Russia, must cast out their suspicions of one another. If we work together in the UNO for peace and stop shoving one another around, there will be no third world war.

Paul Hunter

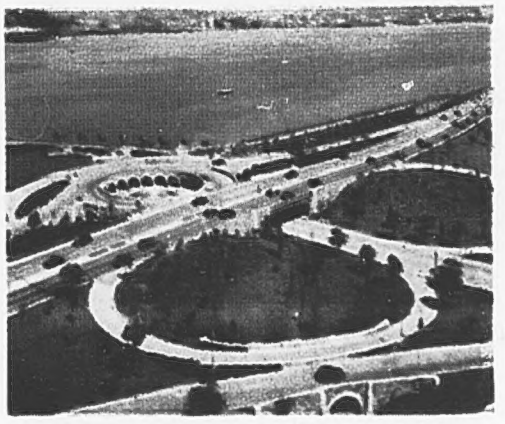
Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

Say goodbye to traffic jams!

1858 **NEIGHBORS MIGHT** band together to fill in or clear a road when it became impassable. Roads were often muddy, rutted, lonely places—nobody's business and everybody's handicap—88 years ago when the name Corby's first appeared in Canada.



1929 **AMERICA WAS** on wheels, but the wheels still travelled narrow roads. Traffic jams were everyday affairs and people wondered where the millions of new cars being built every year were going to go. This was the time when Corby's reached its 71st year of fame in Canada.



1941 **ENGINEERS TACKLED** the highway problem in earnest. Separated crossings, cloverleaf intersections, elevated and depressed highways began to appear. Then war, coming in Corby's 83rd year as a respected Canadian Whiskey name, held up highway construction.

1946 **GREAT IDEAS** are in the works. Government and local authorities are projecting expressways that will eliminate a lot of traffic jams, make driving more pleasant than ever. As you plan next Summer's trip, take time out from road maps to enjoy Corby's, the light, sociable blend. Brought to the U.S.A. from Canada five years ago, the name Corby's is well worth watching for in your bar or store. Ask for the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name.

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

Bright Thought for Spring ...

Try Schenley Reserve – it's Mellow as a Sunny Morning

Those who appreciate rich, smooth flavor and quality ingredients skillfully blended have made SCHENLEY Reserve America's most widely enjoyed whiskey. Try it soon. Blended whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.